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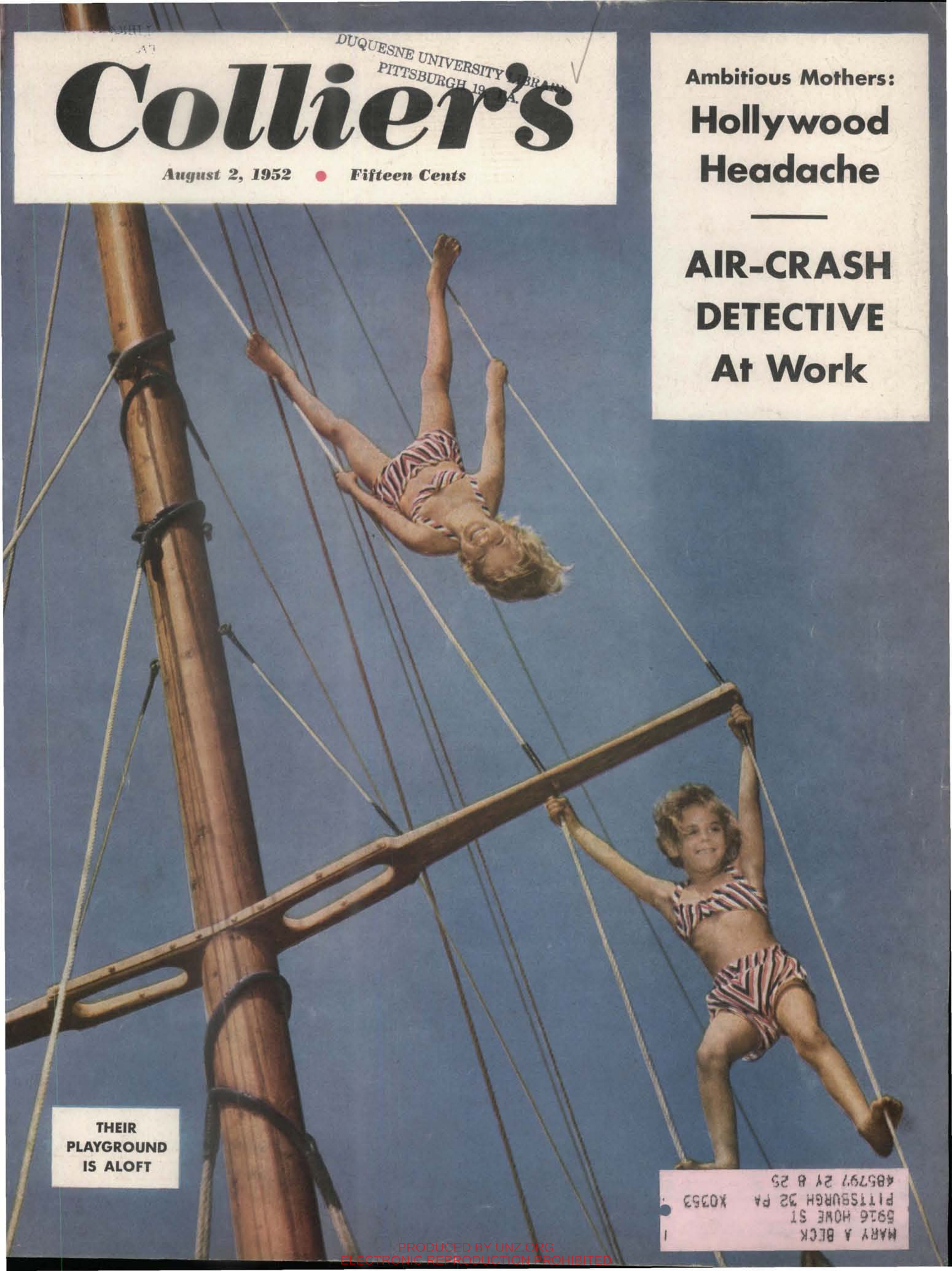
Collier's

August 2, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

Ambitious Mothers:
Hollywood Headache

AIR-CRASH DETECTIVE At Work

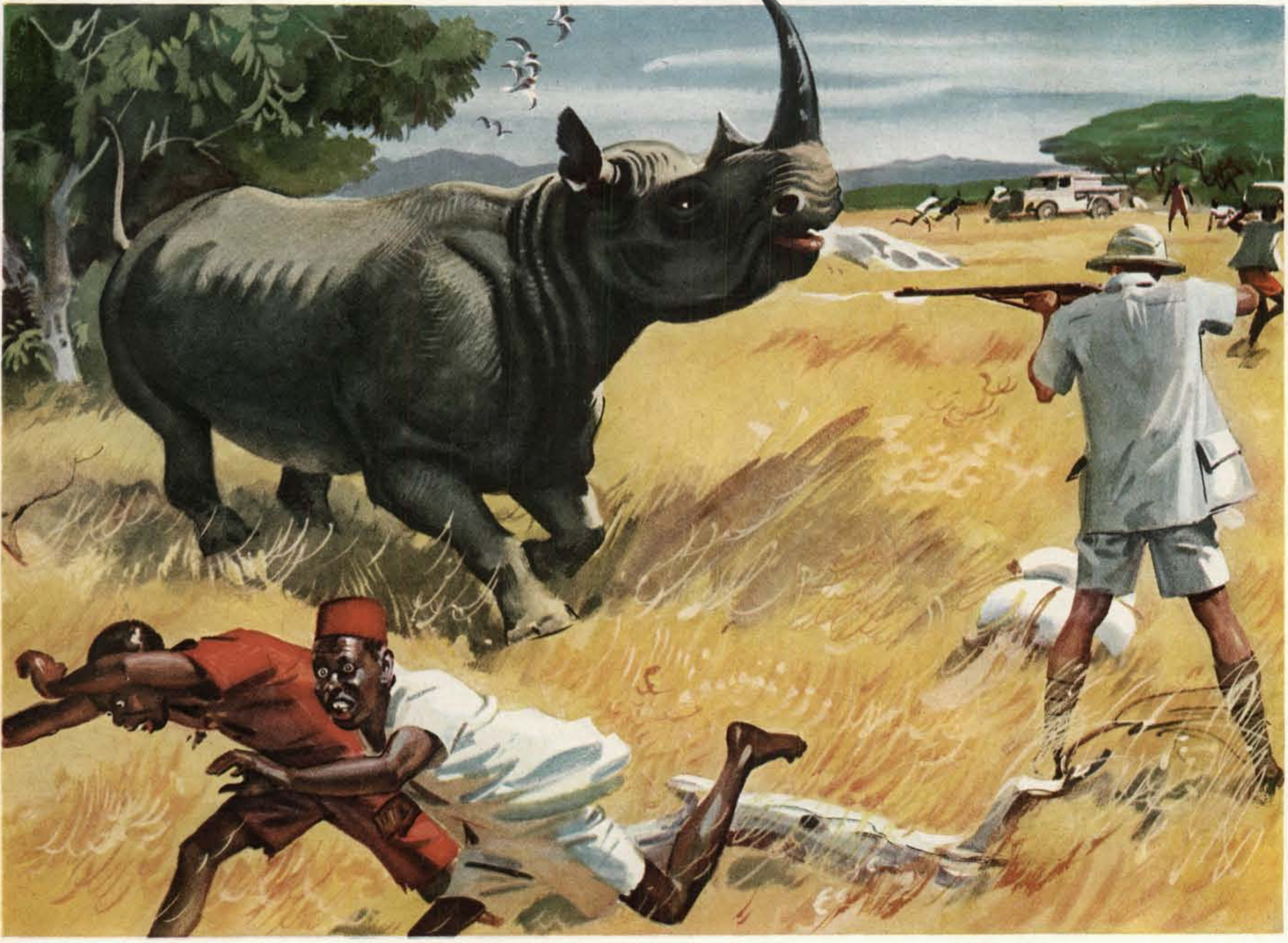


THEIR PLAYGROUND IS ALOFT

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA X0353
485797 2Y 8 25

It's a matter of Opinion

Which is the tougher customer for a shooting man — a big rhino or a giant water buffalo coming at you like a carload of dynamite? Take your choice — it's a matter of opinion . . .



. . . but it's a Fact that Havoline is the best motor oil your money can buy

Your car may be fresh from the showroom or a veteran. Either way, Custom-Made Havoline is your *right* choice. In new cars, closer engine clearances demand a Heavy Duty motor oil. *And Havoline exceeds Heavy Duty requirements!*

In any car, this Heavy Duty motor oil means more gasoline mileage, more engine power, *fewer* repairs and longer engine life! Profitable reasons to start using Custom-Made Havoline *today!* See your Texaco Dealer — *the best friend your car ever had.*

CUSTOM-MADE
HAVOLINE
REG. T.M.
MOTOR OIL
EXCEEDS HEAVY DUTY REQUIREMENTS
TEXACO
REG.T.M.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and in Latin America

Faithfully yours 50 *for Fifty Years*

Achieved in the tradition of Quality

THE ROYALTY OF TELEVISION

ZENITH

proudly announces

The New Royalty Line

with the K-53 chassis

•

The Finest Television Receivers ever
to bear the Zenith name

A wide range of superb cabinetry
*A wide range of prices beginning at 199^{95}**

This week, over the nation, Zenith dealers cordially invite you to witness an achievement in Quality Television. Here, in the new Zenith Royalty Line—is the result and climax of a thirty-three year reputation for Quality Leadership in the products of radionic science.

To those who have dreamed of one day moving up to Zenith Quality—we sincerely say there has been no better time than now.

You will recognize first in these magnificent new instruments an almost total absence of the nuisances of the past. In the wonderful and effortless switching from channel to channel, with the need for retuning all but absent. In the sparkling brilliance and sharp contrast of the vastly improved picture. In the reflection-proof quality of the new tube. In the provision for UHF.

And to you who have experienced the difficulties of distance and fringe-area reception—a promise of a revelation in improvement. Even in fringe-areas, your Zenith can be tuned with one knob and the picture "locked" to eliminate further tuning.

Here is renewed and greater evidence of Zenith's Quality policy—a policy that brooks no compromise with Quality for the false lure of low price.

Here is the result of months of testing and retesting in virtually impossible TV areas. The result of vastly greater research. The result of many more dollars in superior engineering, costlier parts, finer assembling. The result of controlling within our own plants, every step in the craftsmanship you look for in an entertainment instrument you expect to own for years.

Your Zenith dealer invites you to see the new Zenith TV. We renew our pledge and promise—that from the moment this magnificent instrument comes into your home—and through all the years of your enjoyment—you will know there is nothing in the whole wide world of television to compare with your choice.

© 1952

Ask any Zenith Owner

(Above) New Zenith Television Console Model K2260R. 21-inch (246 sq. in.). Graceful classic simplicity with genuine, lustrous mahogany veneers and selected hardwoods. $379.95*. See this and the many other Zenith models now on display at your dealer's.

**All Zenith TV prices include Federal Excise Tax and Warranty. West Coast and far South prices slightly higher.*

Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois
Backed by 33 Years of "Know-How"
in Radionics® Exclusively

ZENITH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
"LONG DISTANCE" RADIO
and TELEVISION

THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

BUILT-IN PROVISION FOR UHF

Every Zenith TV set ever built has built-in provision for tuner strips to receive the coming new-type UHF stations without the use of any outside converter or adapter. No other Television manufacturer can make that statement. Another example of Zenith engineering foresight that protects your investment in TV.

Also Makers of Zenith "Royal" and "Super Royal" Hearing Aids. Small, compact, beautifully designed. Money back guarantee. Sold only through authorized dealers at $75.

Men who care...

Suave their hair

In alligator-grained plastic squeeze flask $1

Travel size 60c

SUAVE the hairdressing created for the one man in four who'd rather pay a little more to get a lot more in grooming satisfaction. The kind of hairdressing you've always wanted, but never found before. The only hairdressing in the world with secret-formula Curtisol insures perfect hair grooming naturally.

To look suave, use Suave daily.

Suave FOR MEN
The Luxury Hairdressing

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August 2, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

The two little girls gaily performing breath-taking acrobatics on our cover have been scampering about ship riggings since they were 18 months old. Joi Gee Holmquist, top, is almost nine years old. Her sister, Ingrid, is five. They live with their parents on a 50-foot ketch that usually is anchored in the Los Angeles harbor at Wilmington, California. To learn more about this young seafaring pair whose playground is high over a deck, turn to page 62.

Week's Mail

Battle of the Sexes

EDITOR: Read your article On Guard at the Pole, June 14th issue. The article states "Blowtorch" Morgan went to the main base hospital and was kidded on return to his men about those pretty nurses. The author then added, "There wasn't an American nurse within 2,000 miles." I take exception to that statement.

We man nurses have our R.N.s and can produce documents to attest to our "pedigree," have been staffed at the best hospital north of Montreal, at the main base in Greenland, for almost 2 years.

We enjoyed your article, but the fact remains that "Blowtorch" Morgan had nurses, not "pretty ones," but he-men with scientific know-how in the medical field. ROBERT E. HONEY, R.N., APO 23,
c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

Willie and Joe

EDITOR: No more letters to "Willie" from "Joe" by Bill Mauldin? You just can't do that to us. I never thought much of people who read other folks' mail, but these to "Willie" are too good to miss.

I hope that you at Collier's can persuade Mr. Mauldin to write more "letters." We haven't missed a single one and feel it's the finest kind of reporting to come out of Korea. It makes the war there more real, as it should be, to us here at home.

BETTYJANE ZOLLDAN, Oakland, Cal.

. . . The series of articles (Up Front in Korea) by Mr. Bill Mauldin is some of the best work I have ever seen in a magazine.

I can assure you I shall look forward to a repeat series by a man that is a master in informal prose.

BOB WEEKS, Albany, Ore.

. . . Mr. Mauldin's article series, Up Front in Korea, certainly evoked considerable interest in our household. There came a time when a member of the family suggested that maybe a letter of appreciation should be written to the magazine complimenting Mr. Mauldin on series of articles which were amusing, cogent and very much down to earth, not to mention the distinguished cartoonist that he is.

The one regret was when the series ended in the June 7th issue with the usual "This concludes the series of articles by Mr. Mauldin."

Nonetheless, I believe that Collier's has rendered, through "Dear Willie," a lesson on enlightenment in the Korean picture. HAROLD H. HAGGANS,
Douglaston, N.Y.

. . . This is just a note to express my appreciation and enjoyment of your series of articles by Bill Mauldin. But what's this about the end of them? I do wish you would continue them, but if you are

A voice out of the past . . . Some messages never grow old—because the truths they express are enduring. One such message is reprinted here. It appeared 30 years ago this month as the first of the Metropolitan's health advertisements.

The Land of Unborn Babies

IN Maeterlinck's play—
"The Blue Bird," you see the exquisite Land—all misty blue—where countless babies are waiting their time to be born.

As each one's hour comes, Father Time swings wide the big gate. Out flies the stork with a tiny bundle addressed to Earth.

The baby cries lustily at leaving its nest of soft, fleecy clouds—not knowing what kind of an earthly "nest" it will be dropped into.

Every baby cannot be born into a luxurious home—cannot find awaiting it a dainty, hygienic nursery, rivalling in beauty the misty cloud-land.

But it is every child's rightful heritage to be born into a clean, healthful home where the Blue Bird of Happiness dwells.

As each child is so born—
the community, the nation, and the home are richer. For just as the safety of a building depends upon its foundation of rock or concrete so does the safety of the race depend upon its foundation—the baby.

And just as there is no use in repairing a building above, if its foundation be *weak*, there is no use in hoping to build a strong civilization except through healthy, happy babies.

Thousands of babies—
die needlessly every year. Thousands of rickety little feet falter along Life's Highway. Thousands of imperfect baby-eyes strain to get a clear vision of the wonders that surround them. Thousands of defective ears cannot hear even a mother's lullaby.

And thousands of physically unfit men and women occupy back seats in life, are counted failures—all because of the thousands and thousands of babies who have been denied the birthright of a sanitary and protective home.

So that wherever one looks—the need for better homes is apparent. And wherever one listens can be heard the call for such homes from the Land of Unborn Babies.

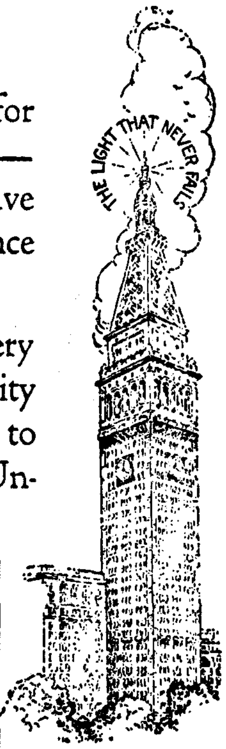
The call is being heard—
by the schools and colleges that are establishing classes in homemaking and motherhood; by public nurses and other noble women who are visiting the homes of those who need help and instruction; by the hospitals that are holding Baby Clinics.

By towns and cities that are holding Baby Weeks and health exhibits; by magazines and newspapers that are publishing articles on pre-natal care.

By Congress that has passed the Mothers and Babies Act, under which health boards in every State will be called upon to give information to expectant mothers.

All this is merely a beginning—
The ground has hardly been broken for the Nation's only safe foundation—healthy babies—each of whom must have its rightful heritage—An Even Chance—a healthy body.

The call will not be *answered* until every mother, every father and every community helps to make better homes in which to welcome visitors from the Land of Unborn Babies.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

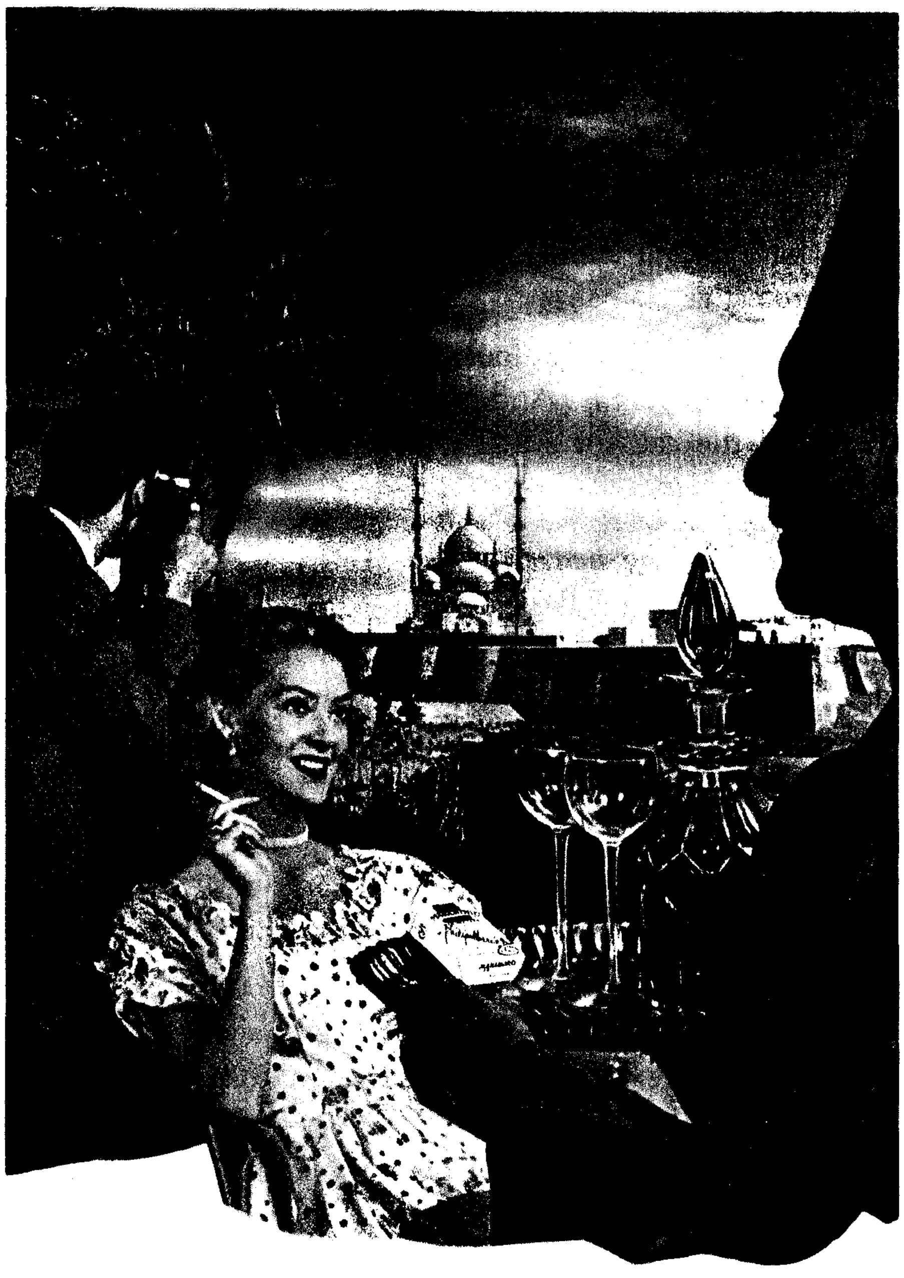
Babies of 1952 have a far better chance of growing up to be sturdy and healthy than did boys and girls who were born in 1922, the year in which "The Land of Unborn Babies" appeared.

In fact, the great gains that have been made in protecting child health—through diet, immunizations, and knowledge of infant growth and development—represent one of medicine's greatest triumphs.

Today, the infant mortality rate is, by all odds, the lowest in history. Equally heartening has been the drop in maternal mortality. At present the chances of an expectant mother surviving childbirth are better than 999 out of 1000! In these figures there is truly a story of human and social progress.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

Escape from the commonplace



Enjoy something different

...try MARLBORO CIGARETTES

Finer taste, superior mildness—a luxury in smoking unmatched by any other cigarette!

When smoking has stopped being a pleasure and becomes only a habit, it's time to freshen up your taste. So if you need a change, *remember* . . .

MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. Ltd. Inc.

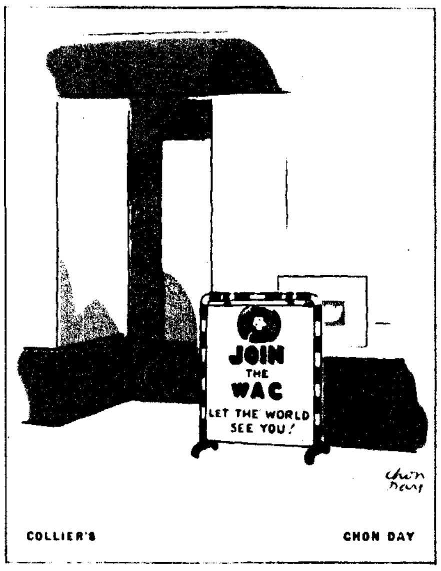
IVORY TIPS
PLAIN ENDS
BEAUTY TIPS (RED)

Marlboros are better in every way for those who smoke throughout the day!

determined to discontinue them, could you tell me if any arrangement has been made to publish them all together in book form? If none has been, something should be done to remedy the situation immediately, as I, for one, and a lot of other people I'm sure, who are Mauldin fans, would like very much to have Up Front in Korea with our copies of his other books. LORD WILLIAM TUNING, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Good news for "Dear Willie" fans. A book, Bill Mauldin in Korea (W. W. Norton & Co., Inc.), containing the Collier's Up Front in Korea pieces plus new material, is scheduled for September release.

"Join the WAC"



EDITOR: In the April 12th issue of Collier's, there appeared a cartoon by Chon Day showing a poster in front of what might be a recruiting station. The text in the cartoon said, "Join the WAC. Let the world see you!"

The Recruiting Service thanks you for this message of interest to potential members of the Women's Army Corps. In fact, your cartoon has served as the basis for a WAC poster, now in mechanical processing, which will be distributed to the Army and Air Force Recruiting Stations coast to coast.

LT. COL. F. E. GOLEMBIENSKI, AGC,
Acting Chief of Bureau,
Governors Island, N.Y.

Tiny But Friendly

EDITOR: I want to thank you for publishing that fine story dealing with my country, the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg (Our Tiniest Ally, June 7th), and I am sure that my 297,999 fellow citizens join me in doing so.

We are very glad indeed to hear that Americans seem to feel at home in Luxembourg. To my mind, the feelings of every Luxembourger toward his great ally and friend are best expressed by the following words of the president of the American-Luxembourg Society: "We can never run the risk of exaggeration when proclaiming the friendship which we hold for America, since love is safe from excess." HENRY SCHLESSER,
Château de Wintrange,
Grand Duchy of Luxembourg

Those Federal Judgeships

EDITOR: Your basic premise (June 14th editorial, Okay Blind, But Why So Slow?) that additional federal judgeships are badly needed is not debatable. You are 100 per cent correct. However, I am unable to bring my mind to concur in your censure of Congress for withholding their creation temporarily.

When we are forced to accept the submediocrity of most of the appointments made by Truman, the low level of qualifications for public service and public trust which seem to be "inherent" in the Truman mind, and the cheap subterfuges to which he will resort to defeat senatorial disapproval, it would seem that Congress did a great service in saving the country from a lifetime affliction of 23 more of his selections. By deferring the creation of these judgeships for a few months, we may hope the appointive power will have fallen into hands that hold integrity and ability above political cronyism on the sewer level. CARL S. GRAY,
Battle Creek, Mich.

Sad and Successful

EDITOR: Was pleased to read Sad and Successful in the June 14th issue. That same light and humorous sincerity which is the charm of Danny Thomas was exhibited by Richard Donovan as he wrote. Did it just rub off, or something? I am especially happy to read Thomas' real success story. Saint Jude is a particular favorite of mine, too.

SHIRLEY WRIGHT, Detroit, Mich.

Outside Looking In

EDITOR: For almost a year now, I've been among the Air Force men overseas. Here in England we have a good opportunity to observe our home country from the "outside." It soon becomes evident, when one is "on the outside looking in," how many things we Americans take for granted at home. In England, especially, we are quickly reminded of the outstanding factor that has made our country great. That solitary factor is free enterprise.

Collier's is an outstanding example of the "voice of freedom," helping to safeguard the American homes, from which we are on leave, from the many issues that threaten to engulf our federal government.

So, just a grateful word of appreciation for your fine magazine, the enlightening and ever-alert editorials, Mr. Hoover's very revealing and long-awaited series of articles on My White House Years.

Thanks, also, for Bill Mauldin's commentaries of tribute to our many servicemen who are sacrificing so much in the blind battle of Korea.

To make a long appraisal short, thanks for all the good, clean articles and fiction.

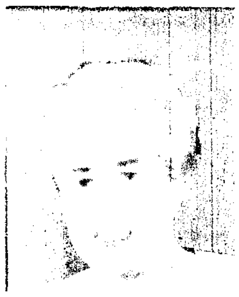
S/SGT. ROBERT S. DANIEL, APO 147,
c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

Two Vice-Presidents?

EDITOR: A wonderful suggestion has been made in the Week's Mail of June 14th—to change the Constitution of the United States to provide *two* Vice-Presidents in the executive branch of the government: the first Vice-President to act as assistant to the President, and the second Vice-President to perform the duties as provided in the Constitution as it stands now.

I believe that a great many of us feel that the pace is terrific—much too terrific for a normal person of the age of most men who reach this eminent position of President, and it would be a great help to any future President to have as his assistant a man of great ability, judgment and wide knowledge of the many facets of government—domestic and foreign—which a man in that position needs. He could sit in at Cabinet meetings, attend many functions which now the President must attend and in many ways be the President's right hand more *officially.* MARJORIE K. FOLK,
Shaker Heights, Ohio

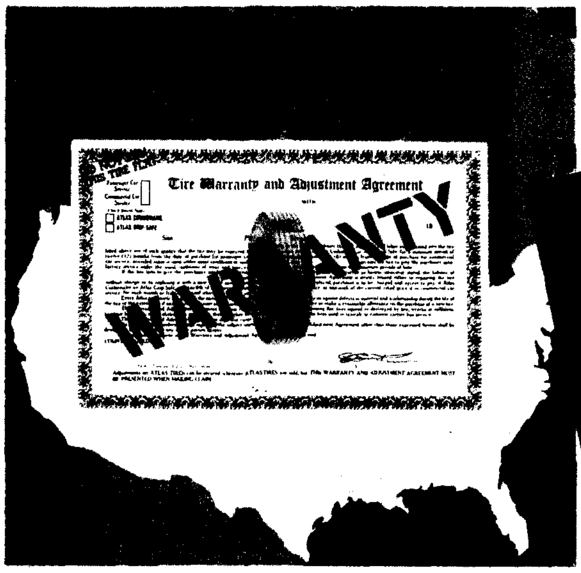
"No wonder a woman feels safer riding on Atlas Tires"



says Mrs. Frank W. Wilson of St. Paul, Minn.

"My three children and I have driven through Eastern Canada, the Southwest and lots of other places far from home. I feel safe on Atlas Tires because they stand up fine and never give me any trouble. What's more, I know that if I ever need service there's always an Atlas dealer nearby!"

The wide, flat tread of Atlas Tires puts more rubber on the road where it counts—assures anti-skid traction and economical long wear.


Tire Warranty and Adjustment Agreement
WARRANTY

The Warranty on Atlas Grip-Safe* and low-pressure Cushionaire* Tires is honored promptly by 38,000 Atlas dealers in 48 States and Canada.

ATLAS*
TIRES·BATTERIES
ACCESSORIES

38,000 ATLAS DEALERS SERVING MOTORISTS EVERYWHERE

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPYRIGHT 1952. ATLAS SUPPLY COMPANY, NEWARK 2, N. J.

STOP TRIPLE "O"

...don't let any odor offense come between you!

STOP BREATH ODOR

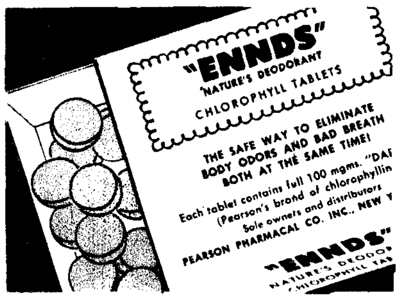
Never before—such freedom from odors due to smoking, eating, drinking—all bad breath!

STOP BODY ODOR

Never before—such freedom from all body odors—even perspiration odors from underarm and whole body.

STOP OTHER PERSONAL ODORS

Never before—such *complete, long-lasting* freedom from all personal odor offense!


"ENNDS" NATURE'S DEODORANT CHLOROPHYLL TABLETS
THE SAFE WAY TO ELIMINATE BODY ODORS AND BAD BREATH BOTH AT THE SAME TIME!
Each tablet contains full 100 mgms. "DA
(Pearson's brand of chlorophyllin)
Sole owners and distributors
PEARSON PHARMACAL CO. INC., NEW Y
"ENNDS" NATURE'S DEODORANT

HIGH POTENCY "ENNDS"

more effective than any other chlorophyll product—act faster, longer, more thoroughly to stop all odor offense all day!

YOU READ in Reader's Digest how chlorophyll, Nature's most effective deodorant, has miraculous power to stop odors of breath and body *both at once!*

Now, here's even greater news! America's most popular chlorophyll tablets, *high potency* "ENNDS", have power to protect you from *all three* forms of odor offense (breath, body and OTHER personal odors)...faster, longer, more completely than ever before possible!

Protect you from TRIPLE "O" all day!

Yes, *high potency* "ENNDS" go to work *at once*...are so effective that just one or two tablets stop TRIPLE "O" for all day!

You see, "ENNDS" are made from a more potent *form* of chlorophyll that acts faster, longer, more thoroughly throughout your system than any other chlorophyll product. *High potency* "ENNDS" tablets are triple effective.

High potency "ENNDS" stop not only breath and perspiration odors. They act internally even to check odors of "difficult days" and other odors people don't discuss. They keep you *fresh as a daisy* . . . from head to toe!

"ENNDS" are *guaranteed* to stop TRIPLE "O"...or money back! You wouldn't *expect* such protection from chewing gum or candy substitutes, or from old-fashioned deodorants, mouthwashes, toothpastes or so-called "deodorant" soaps that act only on the surface!

High potency "ENNDS"* Chlorophyll Tablets are completely safe—pleasant tasting! At drug counters everywhere.

Over 90% stopped TRIPLE "O" in clinical test

Scientific odor test . . . with hundreds of examinations of factory and office workers proved that "ENNDS" stopped Triple "O" worries as never before possible! You see, high potency "ENNDS" act inside body (where odors start) to destroy all personal odors...keep you safe from offending *always!*

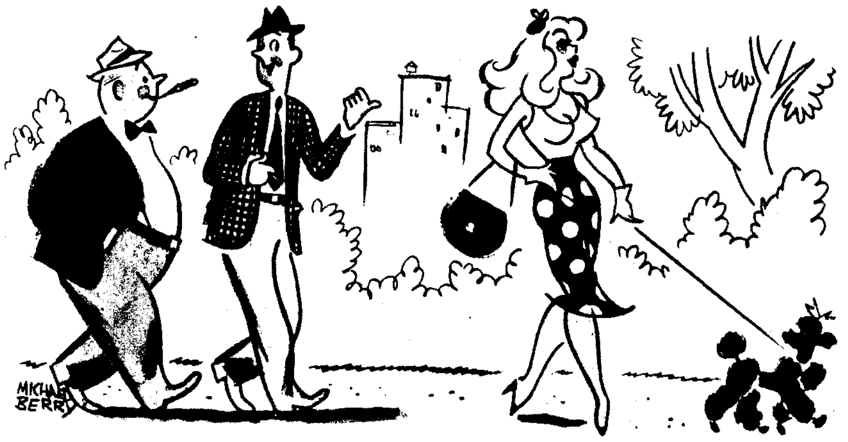
"ENNDS" contain "Darotol," Pearson's special brand of high potency chlorophyllins

Trial Size—49¢ • Pocket Size—$1.25 • Economy Size—$2.75 • Hospital Size—$12.50

Also available in Canada

"ENNDS"

CHLOROPHYLL TABLETS



MICHAEL BERRY

"Pretty woman," he remarked. "A dilly of a doll," I said

What Was That Word?

By PARKE CUMMINGS

SEVERAL weeks ago I had my first indications that a change had come over Atherton, whom I had always regarded as an unusually garrulous person. We were strolling together when he pointed ahead of him. "Pretty woman," he remarked.

I nodded. "A honey of a babe," I said. "A dilly of a doll."

"A woman," said Atherton with a grim firmness in his voice. "A pretty woman."

"Sure," I agreed, puzzled. "That's what I said."

"Every intelligent man," declared Atherton, "owes it to himself to decrease his vocabulary."

"No question about that," I said. Then I did a double-take. "Did you say *decrease*? You meant *increase*, didn't you?"

"I meant decrease," he said. "When I call a woman a woman, I decrease or eliminate the word babe from my vocabulary. And that isn't all. During the last week I have also decreased my vocabulary by the words dame, doll, moll, Jane, broad, skirt and femme. Add those to babe, and that's eight words I've got rid of. With all those eliminated that would give me room to acquire something new—like avuncular."

"What's avuncular mean?" I asked.

"That's not the point," said Atherton. "The point is that I now have room to add avuncular to my vocabulary, if I ever get the urge to do so."

"But there's no limit to the number of words a person can learn," I objected. "You don't have to throw old ones out to make room for new ones—like apples in a barrel."

"That's all very well in theory," he retorted, "but in practice it just doesn't work out. Here's what happens when a man gets the habit of using babe, dame and all those other words for woman: he doesn't want to use the same one all the time—gives him a reputation for being monotonous—so he always has to stop and consider which one to use. Continually doing this is bound to entail a certain amount of wear and tear on his mind. Therefore he's just that much less apt to be sharp and ambitious enough to learn new—"

"I get your reasoning," I admitted, "but calling a woman a woman sounds coarse and crude."

Atherton nodded. "It was tough for me at first, but you get used to it if you persevere. Now I've got to the point where I can even say woman in the presence of—"

"Women?" I asked.

"That's right," he said. "Now take fried, crocked, squiffed, loaded, plastered, blotto, tiddled, soaked, boiled, stinko, oiled, polluted."

"Yes," I said.

"That's the next set of words I'm decreasing my vocabulary by," said Atherton. "Tossing them all out in favor of—"

"Intoxicated," I supplied.

"I favor drunk," said Atherton. "It's shorter and monosyllabic, even though it may sound a little harsher to the squeamish-minded."

"But there are degrees of difference," I objected. "Just being tiddled isn't the same as being blotto or—"

"When you get in the vocabulary-decreasing business," he interrupted, "you don't bother with technicalities. You throw out the whole kit and caboodle—I mean the whole bunch," he hastily corrected himself. "The Giants beat the Pirates yesterday."

"What's baseball got to do with this?" I demanded.

"They beat them," he repeated, "instead of wrecking, crushing, submerging, stopping, smearing, smacking, clobbering, murdering, sinking, creaming or chopping them."

"Or edging or shading them?" I suggested.

"Thanks," acknowledged Atherton. "That's two more I can throw out. Thomson made a home run. The initial bag, the keystone sack, the hot corner needn't enter into it."

"If you concentrate too much on decreasing your baseball vocabulary," I warned him, "you won't have time to concentrate on anything else."

"That's true," he conceded. "It's practically a limitless field."

"There's one thing I'm curious about," I said. "How does your wife feel about this new cult that you've taken up?"

"The old lady?" said Atherton. "The ball and chain? The better half? The ever-loving spouse? The helpmate? The old battle-ax? Well—"

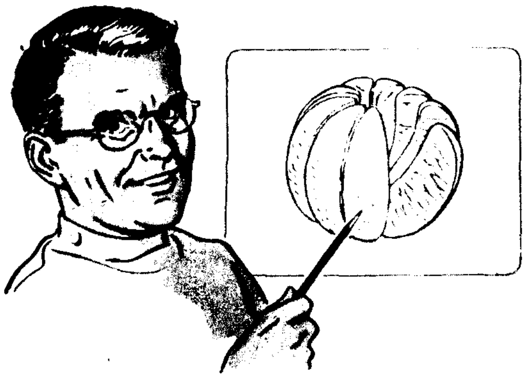
"Do you realize what you're doing?" I shouted triumphantly.

"Don't rush me," said Atherton. "It may take years before I've finished this job completely. Besides," he added, "a fellow's got to draw the line somewhere." ▲▲▲

Found... in fresh oranges...
a new wholly different health factor...

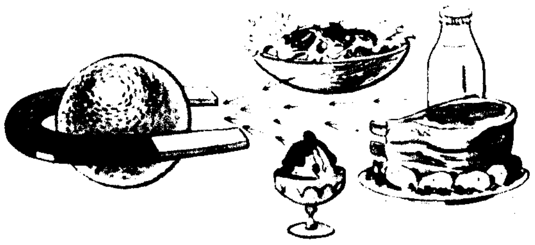
The Protopectins

By improving your "digestive climate," the protopectins help you get *more good*—more of the essentials such as *vitamins and minerals*—from all the food you eat!

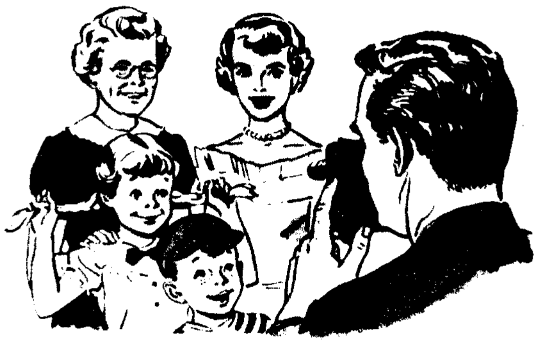


The protopectins are found mainly in the *meaty solids* of the orange—the walls of the segments and juice sacs. These remarkable substances are now being given new importance by nutritionists everywhere. This is why:—

We all plan our family meals to include the food elements we need for energy and good health—particularly the vitamins and minerals. But in these times of high speed and high pressure, too many of us fail to give our digestive systems a fair chance. *We eat well, but often could be better nourished!*



The protopectins work to correct this. By improving your "digestive climate," by "normalizing" the digestive tract and making it more efficient, the protopectins help you absorb more of the non-caloric food essentials such as *vitamins and minerals*. You get more good from the same meals! ... Yet the protopectins do *not* lead to weight gain!



This remarkable, newly recognized nutrition factor, the protopectins, can mean better nourishment for *your* family, too. Better nourishment is a key to greater well-being... to greater work-output, a keener mind, improved complexion, increased resistance... and to sound, sturdy growth for children. Let *whole fresh oranges* be the "boosters" that help make your carefully planned meals do your family the greatest possible good!

What to do: Eat an orange a day

Serve each member of the family Sunkist Oranges every day in some favorite way. This gives them their needed vitamin C. But remember that the protopectins are found mostly in the *meaty solids* ... so be sure they *peel* and *eat* at least one orange a day. When you eat oranges you get *all* the health nature put there.

Set a regular time to eat oranges... with meals, between meals or at bedtime. Include a Sunkist Orange in the lunch box.

California oranges provide a maximum amount of protopectins. Sunkist Oranges, carefully chosen for quality, are the finest of the California crop.

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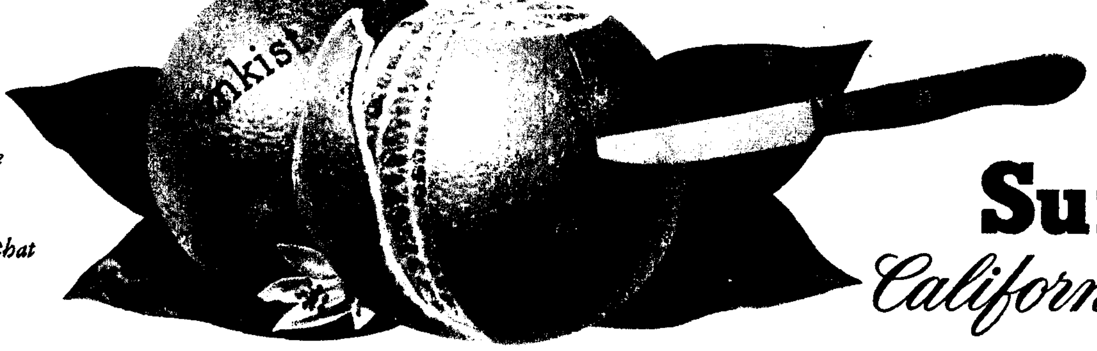


***To peel an orange quickly:** cut off top, score skin in sixths and strip off as shown, leaving the valuable white material that clings naturally.*

Sunkist®
California Oranges

Ylla photographed Tsavo elephants at 120 yards, using telescopic lens

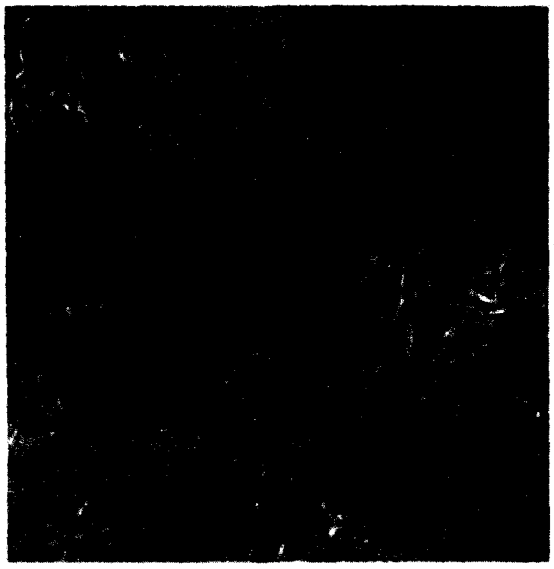
Ever See a Red Elephant?

AFRICA, where Sheba held her soirees and Tarzan triumphed, is a land where legend and truth, too, often are bizarre. In Tsavo National Park, for example, an 8,000-square-mile game sanctuary in Kenya, British East Africa, the elephants are red.

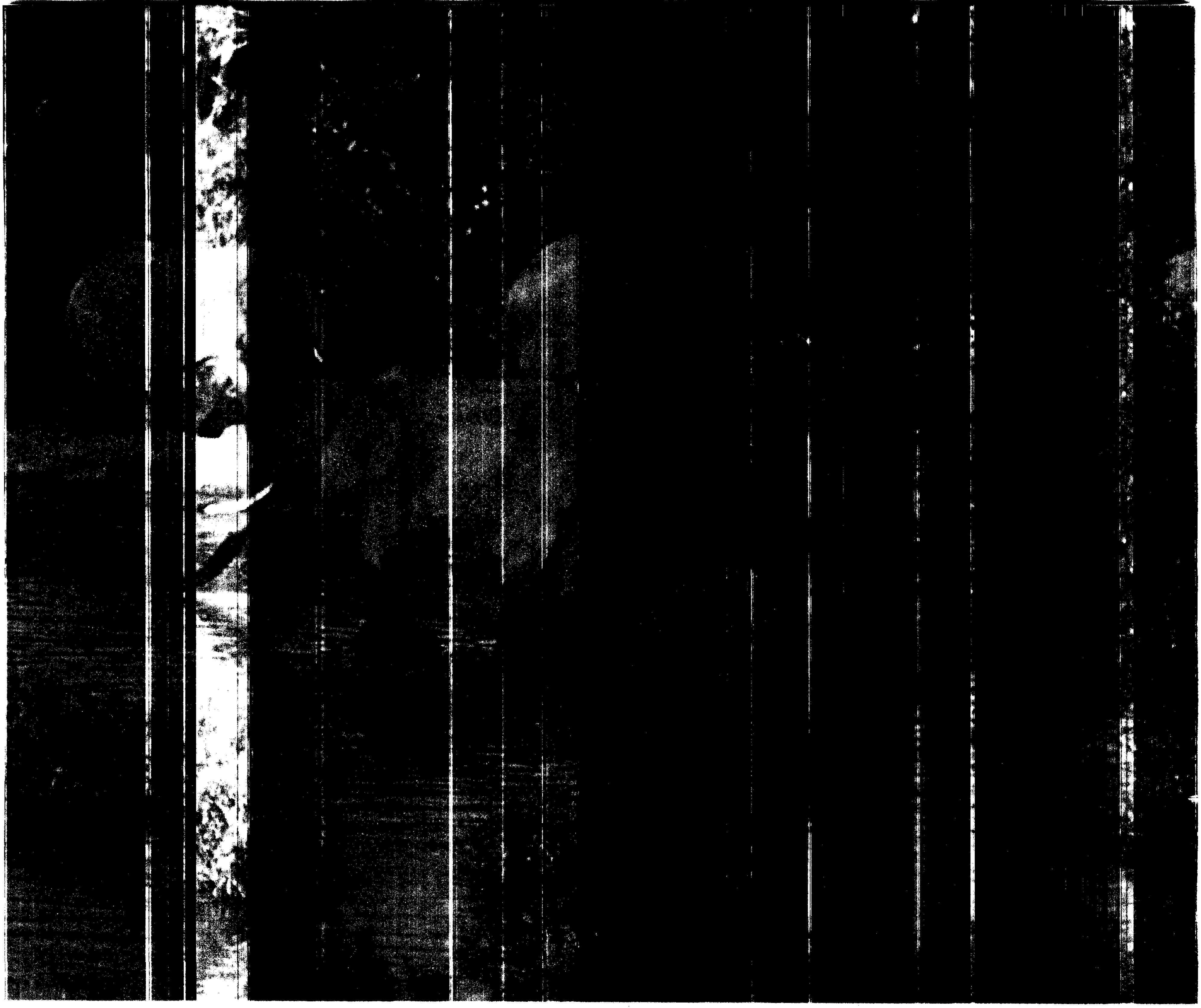
Pachyderms everywhere spend much of their time spraying themselves with dust and rolling in the mud. It keeps them cool, protects them from insects. But the elephants of Tsavo get a special beautifying effect from their earthy activities: due to the peculiar coloration of the soil in that region, their hides almost always are tinted orange. When they start kicking up the mud at local water holes, they become a violent orange-crimson, a fact which has won them fame as the "Red Elephants of Tsavo."

Their favorite watering place is at Mudanda Rock, deep in the bush country of Tsavo. It is one of the few spots in Africa where elephants may safely be observed in their natural habitat. From the Rock they can be seen bathing—and getting steadily redder—in herds as great as 300 or 400. Unacclimated tourists may gape—as did photographer Ylla, who spent a week at Mudanda Rock to get these pictures. "As for *pink* elephants," she said later, "what a conservative notion!"

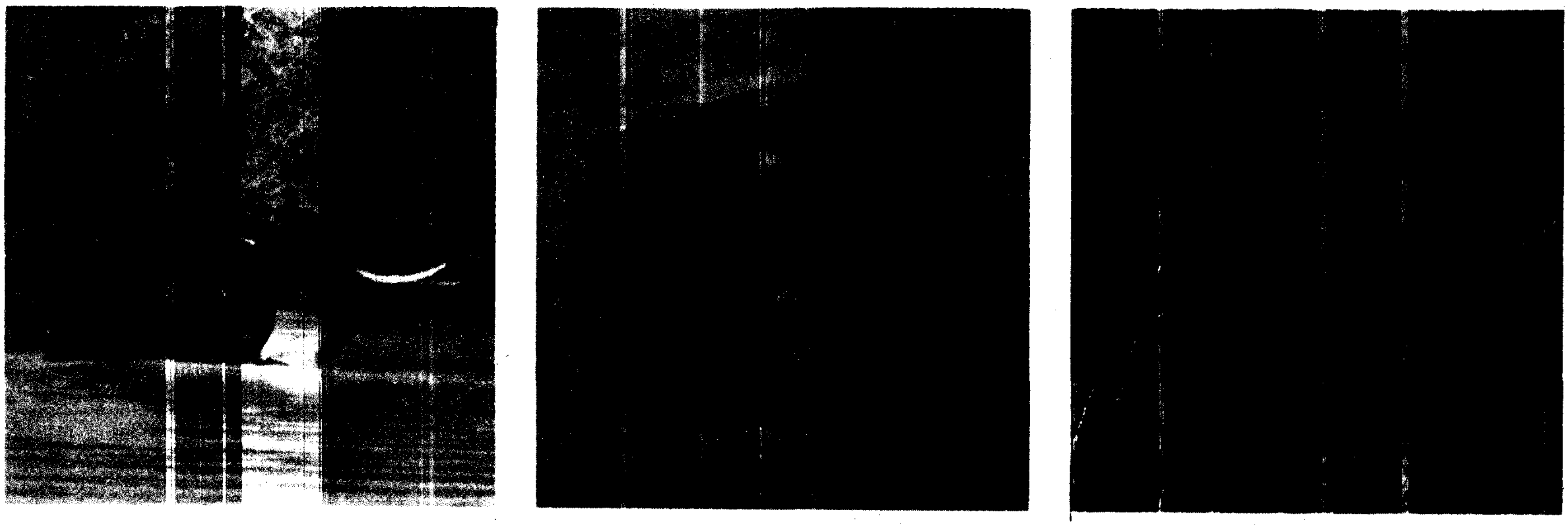
One of Africa's most unusual sights



Already colored by dust of Tsavo, elephants head for local mudholes and wash down to their



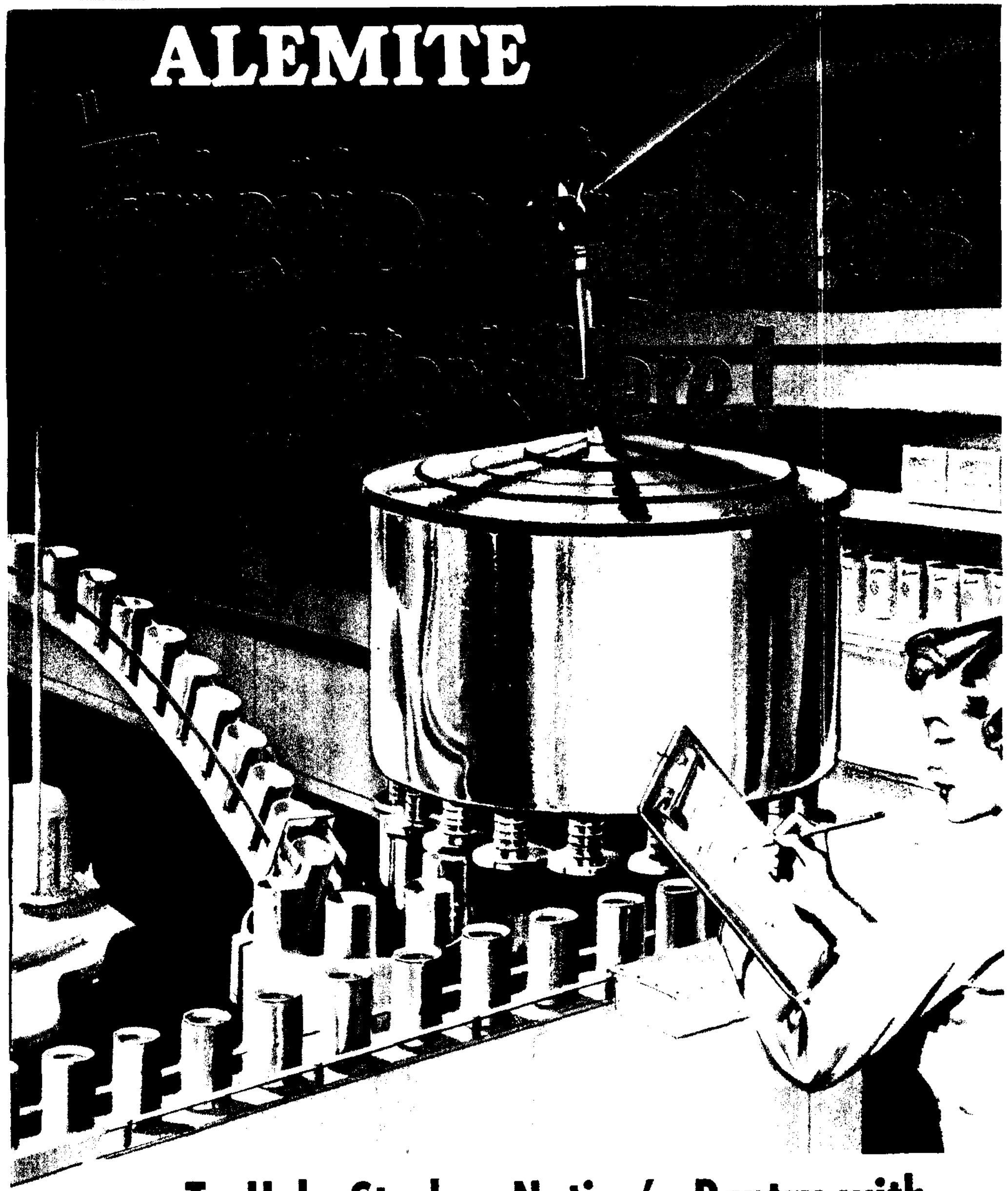
the famed "Red Elephants" of Tsavo National Park water leisurely at Mudanda Rock



drab hides. Then they spray themselves with red mud and, rebeautified, go back into jungle

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY YLLA

ALEMITE



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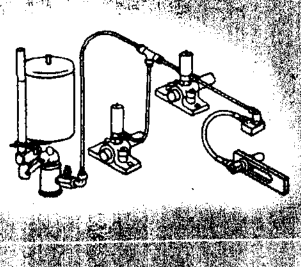

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Later this year old 48 will give you the name of the man who will be our next President. Remind us to do so in case we get swamped by other problems. We've been having a few preliminary consultations with Mr. James C. (Bishop) Derieux, who presides over our Washington bureau. Bishop Derieux (pronounced Dairy-O, as in that fine old American song The Farmer Takes a Wife) is a head shaker. Thinks the situation is pretty complicated. "Cotton's moving west," says Mr. Derieux, "cattle's moving east, Southern belles are moving north and Republicans are moving south. I dunno. I dunno."

★ ★ ★

Just received a neat booklet from Dr. George W. Crane, Northwestern University psychologist. Its title: Americans Must Never Shut Up. We're advising Dr. Crane to waste no more of his time worrying about that.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Jerry Marcus and his friend, Mr. Sam Bradlove, managed to get into an argument in Camden, New Jersey. About income budgeting. "It's this way," said Mr. Marcus. "I figure 40 per cent for food. Food's high. Then there's 30 per cent for rent. That's been climbing too. I mark 30 per cent for clothing. Gotta look good. Then 30 per cent for having fun and incidentals. Never can tell what'll happen." Mr. Bradlove held up his hand. "Listen, dope," said he, "that makes a grand total of 130 per cent." Said Mr. Marcus: "You're telling me?"

★ ★ ★

Another thing. The conventions will soon be adjourned and then there will be a pause in the sound and fury for a few weeks, leaving space in the newspapers for the heroic caperings of those reckless guys who stand up in canoes.

★ ★ ★

The Ong Lutheran Church in Edgar, Nebraska, advertises its annual Vacation Bible School. Had it not been for Mr. Seven Anderton, we might not have known. But the announcement concludes in this resigned fashion: "All children ages six through fourteen are welcome. Pray for us."

★ ★ ★

A man should have something definite to look forward to. Of this Mr. Bill Palmish of Spokane, Washington, is just about convinced. "Me," says Mr. Palmish, "I'm looking forward to the day when scouts from the big colleges swoop down on high schools offering free tuition, board and room plus a nice piece of pocket money to the captain of the state champion debating team. I got another, too, just in case the first comes easy. I want to live to hear a member of Congress declare publicly that, yes, he took the dough to influence his vote. I figure this one will last me some time."

★ ★ ★

Quiet day in the office of the Honorable Thomas Hall, Secretary of State in North Dakota. Mail just so-so—like old 48's. Suddenly Mr. Hall became more than ordinarily alert. Here was a letter from a lady in California: "Dear Sir, Please send me all the information you have. Thank you."

★ ★ ★

Being a Free Enterprise bloke from as far back as memory serves, we don't want to discourage business ingenuity. But from what we hear from Louise Baker of Enosburg Falls, Vermont, we'd think a bit if we were stopping in the Virgin Islands for a day or two on our summer cruise. Possibly in no other part of the world are there larger cockroaches than the Virgin Island species. Native kids down there trap them, flip them into small boxes and sell them to tourists as Mahogany Birds—at two bits each. Maybe they think that's the sum total of what tourists are for.

★ ★ ★

The county seat of Pershing County, Nevada, is Lovelock. It is a two-hour drive east of Reno. We are notified by Mr. W. H. Bradley that one of the busiest men in Lovelock is the justice of the peace. His name is Levant Lovelock. (Please pay attention. This one's intricate.) Judge Lovelock's office is usually crowded with divorcees who, having shed one mate in Reno, want to be rewed in Lovelock by Lovelock. The more horsy set, after remarriage and heading for home, refer to it as Out of Lovelock by Lovelock. And at this point we are ready to drop the subject if you are.

★ ★ ★

So let's try something simple. Mr. W. S. Vickerman of Ellensburg, Washington, laid down his book and took up his pen. "Dear old 48," wrote he. "I have just been reading a condensation of a book about a successful man. He was a success because he didn't waste time reading books about successful men. If all of us devoted the time we squander reading about success to working for success, there would be more successful men to write but not read about. Anyone wishing a diagram of this profundity will please enclose an envelope addressed with his name."

★ ★ ★

Things political are bound to pick up. Recently Oklahoma produced 28,506,783 million cubic feet of natural gas in the course of a single month. And the campaign has only started.

★ ★ ★

That piece Dr. Edward J. Kempf of Wading River, N.Y., wrote for the American Medical Association Archives of Neurology and Psychiatry got pretty wide newspaper publicity. The doctor said that Abraham Lincoln was once kicked in the head by a horse and that the blow may very well have been responsible for the Lincoln as we today know and reverence him. So here's the patriotic gesture of a citizen of Montana: "I will be very glad to present the White House with either a horse or a mule guaranteed not to miss any human target within twenty feet. I suggest a mule which can use front or back hoofs with equal dexterity, but leave the choice up to the White House."

* * *

Mr. W. F. Schroeder of Memphis, Tennessee, went a-touring. When he got as far as the Hotel Adolphus in Dallas, Texas, he collided with a problem. A traffic sign notified him: Right or Left Turn Only. No other signs or directions. So Mr. Schroeder took it up with a cop. The cop said the sign meant exactly what it said: If you wanted to turn right, you could turn right; if left, you could turn left. "The next street is one-way," explained the cop. "This sign is to warn you that it's against the law to turn into the one-way street going the wrong way. Clear?" Mr. Schroeder, a peace-loving man, said he guessed so and announced he'd try Fort Worth.

* * *

From somewhere in northern Michigan, Mr. Jake Settledahn notifies us that he drove through a village that announced its existence with a large sign: "Seven hundred people and a few old soreheads welcome you."

IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

We could be wrong, of course, but we can't help thinking there's something strange that a fellow named Yaascz should write us a letter violently condemning these parties who seek to liberalize our current immigration laws.

* * *

Although public clamor has not yet risen to detectable heights, Mr. Ollie Sweet, of American Falls, Idaho, may accept a Presidential draft if either party gets into a hopeless deadlock. He says he's been considering it ever since he met a guy named Cleen. Insists that Mr. Cleen be nominated for Vice-President. Has his slogan all ready to shoot, too, for the Sweet and Cleen ticket.

* * *

Wouldn't you know? We've just received word from R. Rolland-Pouteau that for one dollar he undertakes to find anything in Paris we'd like to see. But doggone it, we've forgotten her name!

* * *

Having just read a headlong prediction by a western editor that the candidate who wages the most confidence-inspiring campaign will win in November, old 48 too throws caution to the winds. We therefore predict that the fellow who gets the greatest number of electoral college votes will be our next President.

* * *

And while in that reckless mood we predict that fat women wearing shorts or slacks will also come in for widespread attention this year.

Democratic State Committee in Vermont has announced, with what looks on the surface like conviction, that the current administration is responsible for the greatest prosperity in American history. And there are a number of influence peddlers in Washington who could prove it, if they didn't object to going to jail.

* * *

There's a municipal liquor shop in Walker, Minnesota. Mr. Stowe Elliott might have overlooked telling us about it if the Village Council hadn't decided that the liquor shop needed a machine which would produce 200 pounds of ice cubes a day. So the village clerk, Georgia Morical, advertised for bids, concluding with the announcement: "The Village Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids and to waive informalities."

* * *

Somebody's sent us a cheering note from a doctor who claims that talking to one's self is not a sign of insanity. Glad to hear it. Besides, we've always been convinced that it's a good deal safer.

* * *

Mr. Chadley Johns, deciding there should be a Toronto, Canada, touch to this department of Collier's, reports that a former Minister of War in the Estonian Cabinet, Dr. Johann Holberg, is in that city working as a bricklayer. Mr. Johns adds: "Other politicians please copy."

* * *

If this didn't come from Mr. Jim Bates in Lincoln, Nebraska, we'd be tempted to say we couldn't vouch for its accuracy. But Mr. Bates says a young fellow he knows tried to beg off from his draft board by complaining of extremely poor eyesight, and he brought his wife along to prove it.

* * *

Cute little tyke in Wisconsin grade school asked his new, young and pretty teacher for her telephone number. In all innocence she gave it to him. Hasn't called her up. Neither have his parents. But the wolfish young gents of the neighborhood, to whom this cute little tyke sold the number for two bits each, have.

* * *

To the rescue of citrus growers whose trees have been ailing from "quick decline" have leaped two University of California scientists. This quick-decline thing tends to decrease the size of oranges. The scientists suggest a remedy via new plantings—a species with a sour orange root, a sweet orange trunk and a lemon top. This unscientific person does not know how that will work, but suggests going further. Irrigate the new trees with gin, add a dash of vermouth and a drop of bitters. Then tap them.

* * *

And from Knoxville, Tennessee, we have from Mr. Ted Minnishment an account of a successful horse player (the only one we've ever heard of) who retired to the land bent on being a gentleman farmer. A couple of seasons of poor crops convinced him he was no farmer. He is now taking a correspondence course in how to be a gentleman.

* * *

It had been a trying day for the Indiana highway cops—hot, lots of impatient drivers, lost tourists and what not. Therefore, Mr. Joe Martin Johnston did not argue with the motorcycle cop, who was rather snappishly disinclined to accept his explanation for the traffic law he'd fractured. That is what the cop said: "Can't help it. Can't help it. Haven't you ever heard that the law is no excuse for ignorance?" Mr. Johnston said: "No, but I've frequently suspected it." Got a summons anyway. ▲▲▲

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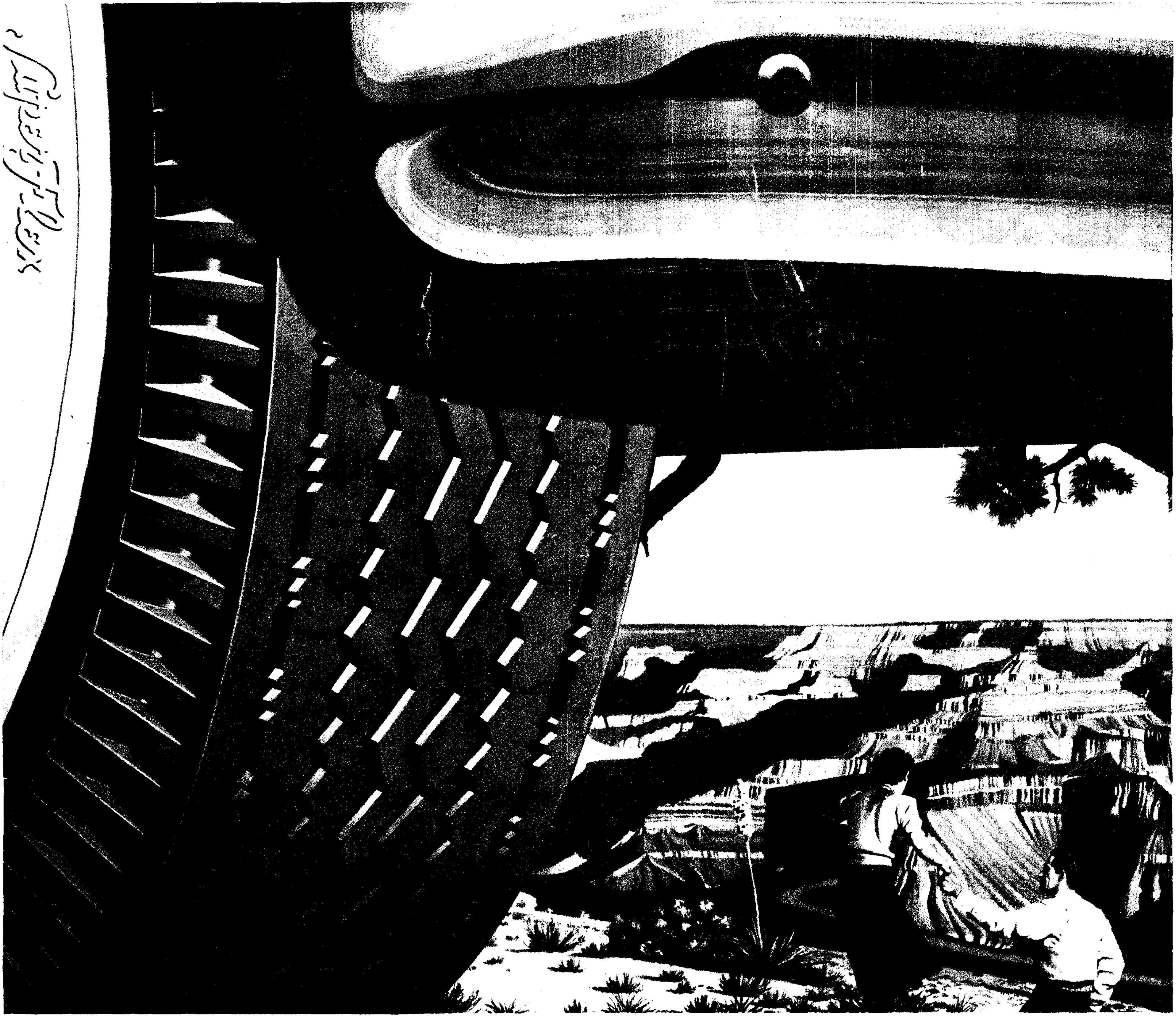

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CAB investigator Joseph Fluet matching wing sections to determine initial contact point of a transport and an F6F that collided in mid-air

Air-Crash Detective at Work

By RICHARD WITKIN

Immediately after a plane crashes, CAB investigators get to work, patiently studying wreckage and interviewing witnesses. Often their findings lead to new safety measures

ONE night last February, scant minutes after the sleeping city of Elizabeth, New Jersey, was jolted by its third plane crash in two months—a crash actuaries insist was mathematically impossible—a short, husky man with a photographer in tow bounded upstairs to the top floor of a burning three-story apartment house.

Hoping to get pictures before fire destroyed the evidence, Joseph O. Fluet, regional chief of the Civil Aeronautics Board's safety investigation bureau, raced down a hallway toward the flames, stopped the first fireman he met and asked if he had any idea where the air liner had hit the building.

Over the uproar the fireman barked: "What damn' difference does it make now? This wouldn't have happened if you guys gave a hoot about the people on the ground." Fluet, who, ironically enough, had been able to get to the scene so quickly only because he was in Elizabeth investigating crash No. 2, replied patiently. "Look, bud," he said, "you don't feel any worse than I do. I'm doing a job same as you." Silently the man helped Fluet find the parapet where the right wing had struck, cartwheeling the plane into an orphanage yard across the way.

Down by the wreckage, Fluet had to buck the human element again. A woman bystander with a blanket over her arm sneered: "Why don't you stupid phonies close down Newark Airport before the rest of our homes get bashed in?" A man holding a small boy shouted: "What are we supposed to do, sit around waiting for the next one to hit the orphanage?"

Much of the abuse was unprintable, and the show of resentment so vitriolic that local police at length advised Fluet to take off his white CAB arm band. Only then was he able to proceed with the job at hand—the start of an official inquiry into one of the grisliest crashes in U.S. aviation history.

Back at his hotel room hours later, a bone-tired Fluet reflectively added another to the long list of unpredictable experiences he had encountered as an aeronautical Sherlock Holmes. In a ten-year career with the CAB—during which he has nailed down some of the most elusive crashes on record—he had run into so many problems not in the expected line of duty that he had thought himself inured to surprise. He had had to dodge snakes in Virginia, conduct diving operations in the Atlantic and hurdle the language barrier with Arab nomads in the Egyptian desert. But the wrath of everyday Americans—roused to a furious pitch over a trio of crashes which had killed 11 of their neighbors in their own homes, as well as 108 passengers aboard the planes—was something he had never before seen and hopes never to see again.

As the public clamor spread across the nation, a jittery aviation industry overnight rustled together a top-echelon committee, called the National Air Transport Co-ordinating Committee, composed of presidents of major air lines and other key aviation agencies and headed by Eastern Air Lines president Eddie Rickenbacker, to take immediate steps toward greater air safety over congested areas; President Truman named a three-man special committee, composed of Lieutenant General James H. Doolittle, CAA administrator Charles F. Horne and Dr. Jerome C. Hunsaker, head of the department of aeronautical engineering at MIT, to survey the entire problem of airport planning. But meanwhile the Elizabeth crashes themselves had to be investigated. The dates of the three disasters were December 16th, January 22d and February 11th. By mid-March, Fluet—a forty-five-year-old

Disaster sleuths pry into a plane crash like a cop going after a killer. They solv

pilot-mechanic with an anatomy professor's knowledge of a plane's innards—had completely solved the first and the third. On the second, though stopped short of a conclusive answer, he had spotlighted an alarming "possible cause." This brought changes in wiring of the propeller system in the plane model involved.

Fluet achieved these swift results despite time out to testify before grand juries, explain the science of crash detection on radio and TV, address luncheon clubs, conduct Congressional committees on tours of the crash sites and sandwich in a probe of a fourth major crash in his Northeast region on January 14th (that of a Northeast Airlines Convair which, en route from Boston, slithered through fog into New York's East River, less than half a mile short of its La Guardia Airport goal).

His Office Has Heaviest Workload

Fluet's bailiwick covers Virginia to Maine, as well as overseas crashes of planes based in that area. Because his region is the most heavily traveled, he can generally count on the heaviest workload of all eight CAB regional offices. But actually the number of fatal air-line crashes is very small—a total of 109 since the CAB was set up in 1938, although there are now 700,000 flights a year by domestic scheduled air lines—and a regional office seldom has to handle more than two or three major investigations annually. Most of its time is spent checking on nonfatal air-line mishaps and on its share of the national total of 4,000–5,000 accidents a year involving private planes.

Thus the freak spate of four air-line disasters in four months which confronted Fluet not only flouted the law of averages but made him indisputably the busiest air sleuth in history. The CAB, created by Congress to make the rules governing American aviation, also operates as a nation-wide safety investigation bureau. Its 38 investigators have developed a standard detection system so efficient—they've cracked 85 per cent of the fatal and over 95 per cent of the nonfatal air-line crashes—that it has been adopted by many other countries.

The system is in essence based on no more than the painstaking process of elimination. But before Joe Fluet can set about eliminating possible causes of a crash—engine failure, generator fire, pilot error—he must take prompt precautions to seal off the mass of evidence from which he hopes to reconstruct the pattern of disaster. Fluet's first move, when word of a crash is flashed to him, is to phone nearest police headquarters and order the wreckage roped off and guarded against looters and souvenir hunters. Move number two is to dispatch his aids to the spot to double-check on security, interview witnesses and collar all immediate evidence they can find.

The "process of elimination" which Fluet sets in motion, after the preliminary precautions in all crash cases, begins at whatever local hall he has lined up for his headquarters the morning after a crash has occurred. By then, a corps of specialists will have poured in—from the air line concerned, the CAB, the plane, engine and propeller manufacturers, and also from the Civil Aeronautics Administration (the agency that enforces CAB rules and operates the airport control towers and other facilities of the aerial highways).

Fluet divides the corps, over which he has full jurisdiction, into teams of four or five: one to work on engines, one to look for structural failures, one to seek clues in the electrical system, one to study the plane's records, and one to interview eyewitnesses. In addition, he will launch a dozen special tests prompted by the special nature of the particular crash, such as an autopsy on the pilots, or a metallurgy test on a sheared rudder assembly, or a chemical analysis of burn marks on a plane tire.

The "team" procedure is followed in every major inquiry, even if the cause of the crash seems as obvious as a man standing over a murder victim with a smoking gun in his hand. Most inquiries, Fluet has found, will turn up an accessory to the crime: overloading, pilot error, malfunction of an emergency system.

Fluet's aeronautical career might properly be dated from the day his father, a grocer in Lawrence, Massachusetts, replaced his horse-drawn wagon with a Model T truck. Fluet, thirteen at the time and a born putterer, appointed himself chief mechanic. From hot-roddist to pilot was the next logical step. But there was no direct route from a Model T to a cockpit unless you had money for private lessons or a college degree for the Air Corps cadets. Fluet had neither.

He had taken up amateur boxing after high school, and one night, after he had won a bout at Manchester, New Hampshire, the local congressman congratulated him, adding perfunctorily: "Let me know if I can do anything for you, my boy." Fluet seized the opening and wrote him next day. He soon found himself in Air Corps uniform at Mitchel Field, Long Island. The next step was mechanics school at Chanute Field, Illinois. That was in August, 1927.

Once he became a graduate grease monkey, it was a simple matter to cadge plane rides and flying lessons. Eventually, he logged enough time for a commercial license. After finishing his Air Corps hitch, he began earning a living as a private pilot. From 1930 to 1940, he held down a catch-all job as airport manager, flying instructor and mechanic at the Fitchburg, Massachusetts, airport. He also flew as aerial chauffeur for a steel-company executive. Shortly after Pearl Harbor, the CAB asked Fluet to join its expanding safety investigation squad.

Fluet was at his home in Great Neck, Long Island, on the Sunday afternoon last December when word of the first Elizabeth crash was phoned to him from the CAA office at La Guardia. All that the CAA knew was that a C-46 Curtis Commando—believed to be operated by Miami Airlines Inc., a nonsked outfit—had just plowed in about seven miles southwest of Newark.

Fluet made several quick phone calls: to the police, to ask them to take security precautions; to his two aids, Eugene Searle and George Clark, dispatching them to the scene; and to Newark Airport. The Miami Airline agent reported: "It was our plane all right. Taking off for Tampa. Fifty-six on board. Right engine caught fire. Fell right in the middle of Elizabeth." Fluet hopped in his official car and headed for the scene.

Wreckage Showed None Had Survived

He knew as soon as he saw the wreckage that none of the 56 on board could have survived. But fortunately the plane had dropped into virtually the only uncluttered area in the business center—a narrow stretch where the shallow Elizabeth River ambles between two solidly built-up blocks. As a result, no one on the ground had been killed, only one person injured. The local citizenry was less indignant than relieved that it hadn't been worse.

The morning after the crash, Fluet organized his teams and started shuttling between the scene, the courthouse and the detection lab. In the evenings, he threshed over the day's gleanings with team leaders in their rooms in the Winfield Scott Hotel.

Since it was known that the right engine had caught fire, the engine team was the main focus of attention. Piece by piece, the battered right engine was dismantled. It was a slow process, requiring use of acetylene torches, special hammers, bolt cutters, snips, odd-size wrenches and delicately rigged pulling equipment.

Hours were consumed disengaging a badly damaged piston assembly from a distorted and partly molten cylinder. Each part was examined to see if it had been burned in the air or only after the plane struck the ground. Working from the rear of the engine forward, Fluet sought to chart the

Fluet, in his New York office, examines part of the wing of a wrecked transport. When there is an accident, he assigns teams to study remains of the plane and to interview witnesses

JERRY COOKE

5 per cent of fatal accidents

course of the blaze as the slip stream whipped the flames backward from their point of origin—the point where the "something" he was looking for had gone wrong.

The investigators hammered away for a week, removing the exhaust, fuel and oil pumps, carburetor and numberless other parts. Finally, they came to the end of the line—the No. 10 cylinder. Nothing forward of that cylinder had been burned before the plane crashed. Plainly the fire had got its start at that point. The technical division of the CAB in Washington examined the cylinder and found that the real culprits were the 15 bolt assemblies that hold a cylinder to its moorings. They had failed, and the cylinder had broken loose, allowing gas to spurt onto the red-hot engine.

Fluet tied up the investigation on January 11th and hastened home; he had been there only two days—Christmas and New Year's—since December 16th, and was looking forward to some time with his wife, Grace, and his two boys, Joe, twenty, now a candidate for an Air Force pilot's wings, and Chuck, who at eight is putting in some stick time under his father's eye in the dual-control Stinson Voyager the CAB has assigned to Fluet.

Poor Visibility Caused Pilot Error

Three days later came the Convair crash into the East River; luckily, the 36 people aboard escaped death. According to the information disclosed during the public hearing, Fluet's investigation indicated that the pilots had misjudged the approach to nearby La Guardia because of poor visibility.

Eight days after that crash, Fluet had to move back to Elizabeth. An American Airlines Convair carrying 23 persons—including former Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson—fell out of ragged rain clouds into a row of houses only a few blocks from the first crash point. All on board were killed instantly, and this time there was no escape for the ground-borne citizenry. Seven residents of the houses were killed and nine hospitalized. For the first time, public clamor to shut down Newark Airport reached serious proportions. Committees were formed, protest meetings held, and legislators poured into town for a firsthand look.

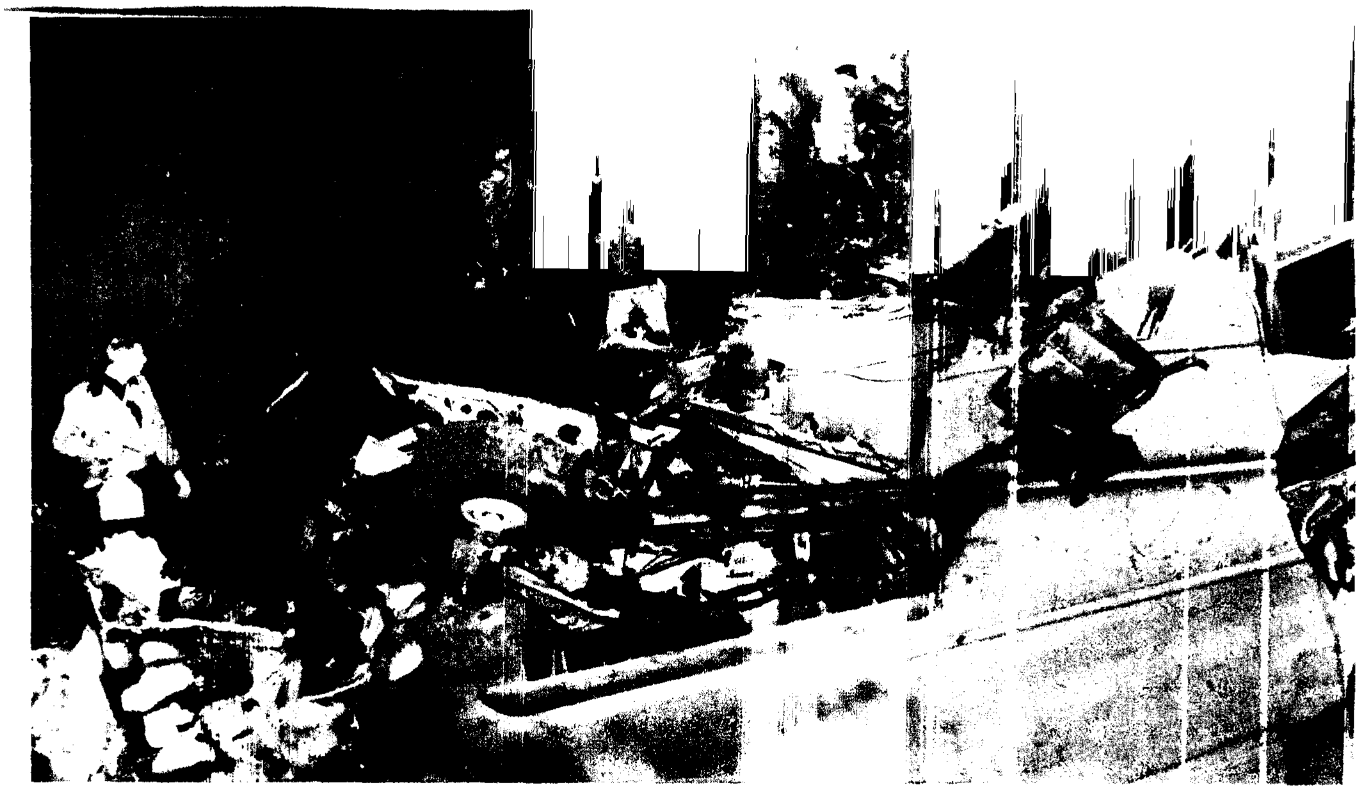
Fluet rolled up his sleeves and went hunting for clues. The inquiry was destined to be the only one of the Elizabeth trilogy that would refuse to yield a hard-and-fast answer. But he managed to rule out all except two possible causes, one of which led to radical new safety precautions.

All that was known—from radar—was that the Convair had been making a normal approach through the soup when it suddenly swerved to the right and plunged to the ground. Both of Fluet's possibilities assumed that the swerve to the right must have been caused by trouble in the right engine. That would have allowed the good left engine to pull the plane to the right.

One theory was that the pilot may have forgotten to apply carburetor heat, and that ice formed in the carburetor and choked off the gas supply. The other was that a short circuit twisted the right propeller blades momentarily from normal to reverse angle. That would mean that the propeller, instead of grabbing air and pulling the plane forward, started backwatering furiously like a ferryboat just before it docks. The air line was so alarmed over the prop-reversal theory that it ordered propeller wires isolated from all other wiring and covered with extra insulation to make a short circuit virtually impossible.

Only 20 days after the second Elizabeth crash, the impossible occurred: a third air liner—a National Airlines DC-6 bound from Newark Airport for Miami—plummeted into Elizabeth, hit an apartment house and landed into an orphanage play yard. Twenty-nine of the 63 persons aboard were killed. Four apartment-house tenants died as the plane spewed flaming gas through their windows. Seven others on the ground were injured.

Fluet had been asleep about an hour when word was flashed to his hotel room a few minutes after midnight. He is convinced that if the authorities



ACME

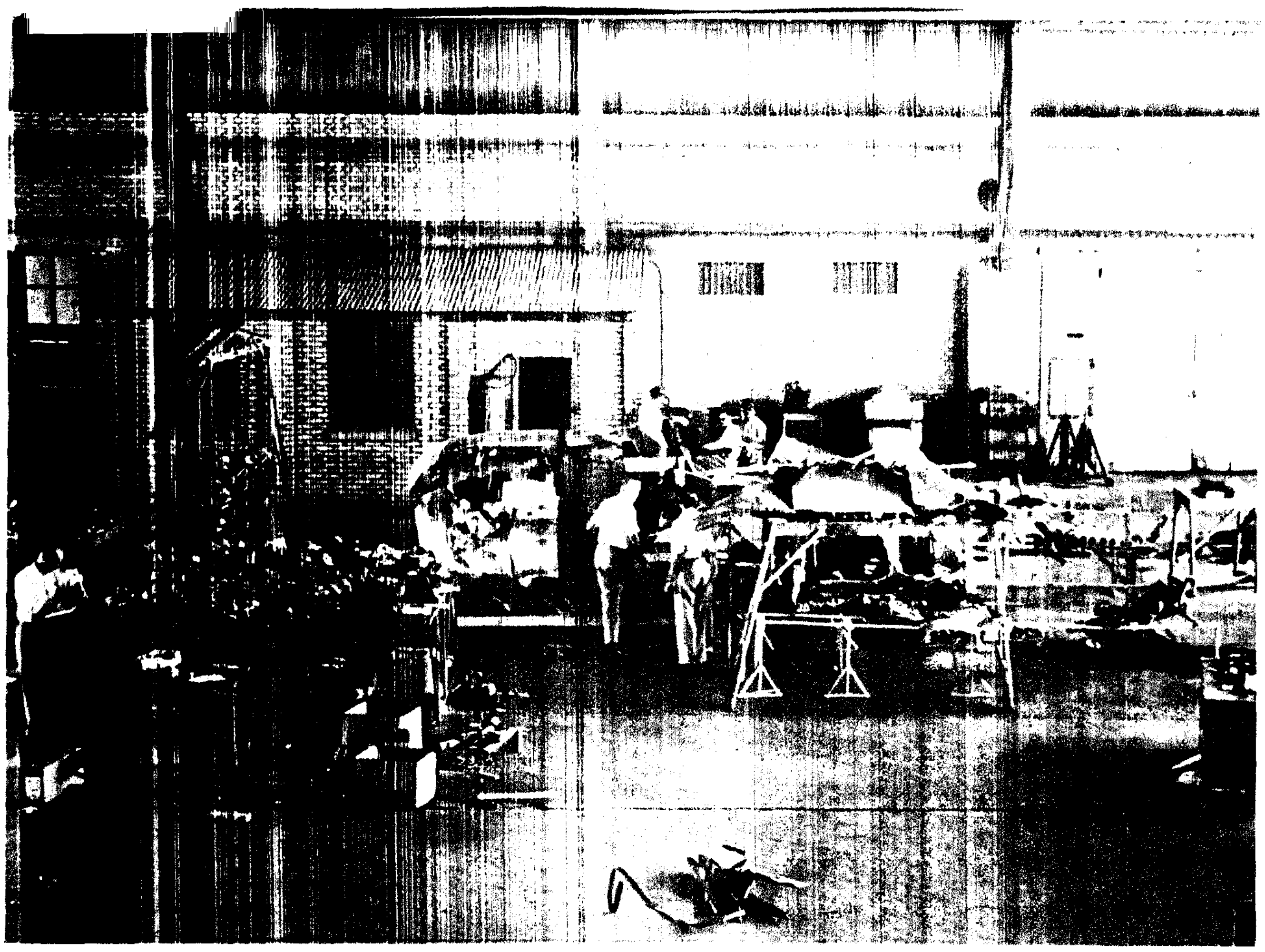
Crash No. 1 in Elizabeth took the lives of all 56 aboard the Miami-bound plane, but only one person on ground was hurt. The cause was failure of bolt assemblies to anchor a cylinder

INTERNATIONAL

Crash No. 2 came 37 days later, when a plane dived into a row of houses. The death toll was 23 passengers and crewmen, 7 residents. Fluet has not been able to pin down the cause

Crash No. 3 brought death to 29 on plane and 4 apartment-house dwellers, and an outburst which forced closing of nearby Newark Airport. Fluet puts the blame on a propeller blade

WIDE WORLD



Temporary laboratories, like this one in Egypt, are set up wherever an American craft crashes, for examination of all remaining plane parts. When cause is found, safety measures follow

had not closed down Newark airport voluntarily, Elizabeth residents would have carried out threats to close it themselves by sitting on the runways.

It was in this crisis atmosphere that Fluet set about determining what had crippled the DC-6. For clues, he had an emergency message from the pilot—"I lost an engine, am coming back"—and a flight path showing the plane had veered to the right.

If the pilot had simply lost one of his four engines, he should not have had any trouble coming around for an emergency landing. Fluet knew something else must have gone wrong. The swerve to the right focused attention at the outset on the two right engines. Fluet and his engine team examined the propeller settings. For it was logical to assume that, if either or both the right engines had conked out, the pilot would have tried to feather them—that is, turn the propeller directly into the wind to minimize air-speed-killing drag.

What Study of Propellers Revealed

Though the propellers were twisted like pretzels and had snapped in several places, complicated measuring instruments made it possible to determine at what angle each blade had been set at the moment of impact.

Fluet and his crew discovered first that the right outboard propeller was, in fact, feathered. That accounted for one engine lost—as the pilot had radioed. They next set about measuring the blade settings on the right inboard propeller. Several of the team suspected that they would find this propeller feathered also. But they found something far more interesting. They found all the blades—except one small fragment—in reverse pitch, indicating that the engine had been using its hundreds of horsepower to backwater. No wonder the plane had been unable to keep flying!

One dissenting opinion came from the propeller manufacturer. The company pointed to the one blade fragment that was found in normal—not reverse—pitch. It argued that this fragment, found in the apartment house, must have struck the parapet first, and that the force of the blow twisted the other blades into reverse.

But Fluet gathered evidence in an effort to refute this theory. Some of the tests involved would tax the understanding of a *summa cum laude* in engineering. To cite just one example: mathematicians figured out the speed with which the propellers would have had to change pitch—if the company's theory were right. The first blade to hit the apartment house would have been at 29 degrees positive—or normal—pitch, and the blow would have been powerful enough to twist the second blade to 18 degrees negative—or reverse—pitch by the time this second blade struck the parapet.

That would have meant a 47-degree blade twist in the time it took the roaring propeller to turn one third of a revolution. Assuming that the propeller was turning at a normal 2,600 revolutions per minute, it could have meant a 47-degree twist in 17/1,000 of a second—90 times the normal maximum rate. It would also have meant that hydraulic oil in the blade-twisting system would have had to spurt through an opening no larger than the head of a pencil at the rate of 692 gallons a minute. Fluet and his teams concluded that such speeds were, to say the least, highly unlikely.

Two days after the crash, the CAA ordered the same corrective measures on all DC-6s that American Airlines already had taken on their Convairs after crash No. 2. Prop-reversal wires were ordered isolated from all other wiring to prevent short circuits.

As a result of the furor churned up by the Elizabeth cycle of disaster, Fluet was repeatedly asked to make public his own views on the safety problem. But he was reluctant to prejudice the recommendations the two investigating committees were then drafting and also preferred to wait until he had wound up his investigations of the three crashes.

Fluet's self-imposed waiting period has passed, and he now reveals what he thinks might be done to cut aviation hazards to the unavoidable minimum. His major complaint is that there is a tendency for various segments of the industry to go off in their own directions without co-ordinating their activities with the other segments.

"In working out traffic-control rules," he says, "somebody should ask the advice of the man in the control tower who has to carry them out—the man who has seen traffic pick up speed from 175 miles an hour yesterday to 300 today, and is sweating out the 400-mile-an-hour commercial jet that's on the way. We need more liaison between the plane manufacturer and the airport designer, between the airport manager and the city planner. That can do more to induce safety than anything I know."

The list of specific safety measures Fluet has been advocating privately is a long one. Many have been on his mind since long before the Elizabeth tragedy. Among them are these:

1. Widest possible use of the preferential runway system. This is a system of first and second priority runways at major airports under which—when weather allows—planes take off and land on strips that point over swamps or water instead of on strips that point over the center of town.
2. Installation of radar-landing equipment on all secondary runways. Because equipment is so costly, current airport practice is to install complete radar facilities only on the main runway. "I realize there's a big economic problem," Fluet says, "but if we had had radar on that runway at La Guardia, that Convair wouldn't have landed in the East River."
3. Operation of new-model planes on a strictly cargo—no passenger—basis for the first year, if economically feasible. This would allow for ironing out the inevitable bugs in a new design without risk of passenger injuries.
4. Zoning of areas adjacent to airports. This would prevent constructions of homes or other obstructions just off the ends of runways, and limit the types of building in a wider safety belt.

Flights from Newark Restricted

The Doolittle and Rickenbacker committees have adopted or recommended some of these same ideas. The Rickenbacker committee, set up by the industry, already has taken sweeping measures to step up use of the preferential runway system in the New York area. It was under terms arrived at by the Rickenbacker Committee that air operations were partially resumed at Newark Airport on June 16th. Severe restrictions were put into effect and the Port of New York Authority believes that full-scale operations will be held off until next fall when construction is completed on the new runway.

The Doolittle Committee's recommendations on airport planning suggested that when new airports are built, a safety zone half a mile long and 1,000 feet wide should be marked off at both ends of dominant runways. These zones would be quarantined against housing or any other form of construction. There would be an additional fan-shaped zone—running two miles beyond the first zone and 6,000 feet wide at its outer limits—in which building would be strictly controlled.

The Doolittle group also recommended removal of training flights from metropolitan areas, modified zoning around existing airports and extension of the practice of building single-runway airports. (The direction of the single runway would be based on prevailing winds and with a view to keeping traffic away from congested areas.)

On June 5th, the President asked the government's Air Co-ordinating Committee to see what could be done about putting the Doolittle Committee's recommendations into effect.

Looking back on the Elizabeth debacle, Fluet draws consolation from the fact that it forced the industry to stop and look at the weaknesses it had noticed only in passing in the wild scramble for progress. The outraged public was considerably mollified by the prompt measures taken to steer traffic away from congested areas. The improving climate was manifest when a cargo plane smashed into a crowded section of Jamaica, Long Island, on April 5th after missing an over-the-water approach to Idlewild. (Fluet managed to trace the crash to a defective part deep in the bowels of the left engine.) There was a resurgence of close-the-airport agitation, but it never really caught on.

Sometimes, sitting at his desk at the edge of New York's Idlewild airport watching the silver air liners stream in and out, Fluet wishes that science would give the poor human being a break. He wishes it would let the commercial pilot get comfortable in the cockpit of his new 300-mile-an-hour plane before routing him out and tossing him into a 400-mile-an-hour jet.

"But with the world situation as it is," he admits, "we've got to keep up with the parade. It's too bad. Here we are beginning to get used to these new Stratocruisers and Convairs, and the British go and put a jet in passenger service. In a couple of years, jets will be streaming in here at 400 miles an hour, knocking traffic control into a cocked hat. New safety problems on our necks just when we're starting to feel we've got the situation in hand. There's only one way we'll lick them. Start planning now." ▲▲▲

Montana's Favorite Redhead

Here's an American saga, the story of Susan Haughian and her two-fisted, dedicated tribe. Broke 20 years ago, she controls sheep-and-cattle holdings, worth $1,000,000 today

By HUNTINGTON SMITH

MILES CITY, Montana, an up-and-coming cow town with a short but vivid history, is proud of such traditions as the local ranching ventures of Teddy Roosevelt, and the cowboys who shot up its bars and swam great cattle herds from Texas across the Yellowstone. But its pet tradition is as current as this morning's newspaper. She's a salty, redheaded grandmother with a north of Ireland brogue, who is universally known as Susan Hawkins, because nobody can manage her right name, which is Haughian.

At mention of Susan, Montana bankers and businessmen chuckle and launch into anecdotes about her warm heart, quick tongue and sometimes rowdy sense of humor. But they also fall over themselves to extend her credit, for they find Susan a gilt-edged risk. As president and matriarch of the Haughian Livestock Company, a family corporation, she owns or controls some 90,000 acres, is rated the biggest woman sheep-and-cattle operator in the state and could, according to reliable guess, sell out for close to a million dollars.

What's more—to quote a classic Montana-ism—"She done it alone." At the rock bottom of the depression she was left a widow with five sons, five daughters, a small ranch and a load of debts.

Today, neighbors and friends brag of her success as though it were their own, which in a way it is. Like them, she has battled economic crises, drought, grasshoppers and—as they see it—those human gadflies in faraway Washington who tax them unmercifully and then "squander

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY PAT COFFEY

When the Haughians gathered recently, redheaded Susan posed proudly with her children and grandchildren. Note the number of carrottops

the people's money." Though she is old enough to have 23 grandchildren, Susan's flaming hair is only lightly touched with gray. Her eyes are as clear blue as a colleen's, and her waistline is neat; although the early days of harsh soap and Montana weather have lined her face so that she is occasionally mistaken for older than her sixty-four years. "But Ah don't mind too much. It's yerself that counts, not yer age," she says in her clipped speech.

With a Young Square-Dance Partner

That's an opinion others share. Susan is an expert square dancer and has a special number which she puts on, in costume, with a twenty-two-year-old neighbor boy as partner. "It takes a twenty-two-year-old to keep up with her," is the consensus. A while ago she took out a $100,000 life insurance policy and passed the physical, examiners told her, "like a high-school athlete." That was the first "key man" policy of its size ever issued to a woman in the state; the sum represents a conservative estimate of her value to her company, which is composed exclusively of red-haired Haughians.

Susan's huge acreage is divided into two impressive ranches just north of the Yellowstone on which she runs 2,500 head of cattle, including calves, and two summer bands, or 3,000 head, of sheep. But her family is her biggest asset. Montanans never tire of telling how she handled her sons, as wild a bunch of Irish boys as ever hit town on a Saturday night, and shaped them into a grand productive team.

"Those boys were really rough," one admirer recalls. "They would fight at the drop of a hat; they could ride anything that wore hair, and they could drink plenty of whisky. But when Susan said: 'Boys, it's time to go back to work,' back they went."

"How many Hawkins boys are there?" one spectator is reported to have asked another at a rodeo, as a series of carrot-topped youths came out of the chutes on exploding horseflesh. "You'd have to ask their mother, but I don't believe she knows herself," was the answer.

When their father was alive, each Haughian boy when he reached a certain age would be given a few head of sheep, and a record was kept of the increase. But after they were all on their own, Dan, the eldest boy, one day said to Susan: "What are we keeping books about? We'll turn all these over to you."

So they did, in 1932. That was the start of Susan Haughian and Sons, later the Haughian Livestock Company. Today Dan, just past forty, is vice-president and manager. He and brothers Leo and Jerome live on the irrigated ranch at Susan (renamed in her honor by the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific Railway Company a few years ago). Brother Henry lives on the upper ranch at Little Sheep Mountain. All four are on the board of directors. The fifth brother, Alexander, whom the others call "the wanderer," is the only one who has moved away; he's a cowboy on a Wyoming ranch.

Of the five Haughian girls, Teresa, Dorothy, Susan and Kathleen are married. But all their homes are near Miles City, where their mother now lives with the unmarried daughter, Helen, manages the business end of the family operation and keeps open house for the clan.

No Haughian ever uses "I" when discussing family affairs. It's always "we," and we-ism for years back has governed them. During World War II, Leo and Henry volunteered for service and thereby gained an exemption for Dan, who was needed as head of the outfit; all three were unmarried at the time. "I never would have dreamed of telling them, 'You stay, and you go,' " Susan says. "They settled it among themselves."

She was born Susan Quinn, near Belfast, of a big lively family. In 1905, adventurous Dan Haughian, who had worked in the diamond mines of South Africa as well as in the American West, went back to Ireland to court a girl he remembered. But he married her sister instead, and so Susan came out to the wide Montana plains as a bride of seventeen, to a 40-acre homestead and a two-room log cabin, and not much else. But there was still some free range in those days, and by 1931 they had a decent little ranch of a few sections and a band of sheep.

That year Dan, Sr., died of cancer. Tessie, the oldest, was twenty-three; Helen, the youngest, only ten. Beginning then, no team ever pulled harder than the Haughians. The boys herded sheep and did everything else outdoors; the girls gardened and canned. For months at a time Susan was away from home, living in a sheep wagon, cooking for the boys.

They got by for a time, but then came 1934, the year when 1,000 head of cattle out of 6,000 in a typical eastern Montana locality starved to death or died of thirst in July; when it was so dry and the grasshoppers so thick at the sheep camp that "they were rattling like hailstones on a tin roof and you could even smell them"; when the bottom fell out of a livestock market so swamped with disaster selling that the federal government was offering to take out distressed ranchers for $20 or less per cow (they are now worth roughly $200 each).

The Haughians had a few cattle by this time, although up to now—with their old-country background—they had thought in terms of sheep. ("Ah'm no cowboy. Ah can't even remember our own brands," Susan says today.) But after Dan, Sr.'s, passing, cannily figuring that one species of livestock would be insurance for the other, they had started buying little scrub heifers—anything that could raise a calf—and turning the increase and the proceeds back into the herd. By 1934 they had a little ragtag bunch of 50 or 60 head, half-dairy stock. But for these they spurned the disaster price.

That summer the boys trekked a hundred miles, moving their little mixed outfit up to Jordan near the Missouri River, where there were still a few spears of feed.

They got it, when the whole countryside was perishing, simply by starting sooner. By the first of June they were out hunting water and grass.

Strangers Digging Out the Spring

Driving here, there and everywhere, Susan found the land they wanted a few miles out of Jordan. She wrote the owner, enclosing a check for the lease. They did not know for weeks whether their offer had been accepted, but in those days you couldn't stop to worry about things like that. When the Haughian herds trailed in footsore and weary from the long trek, slavering with thirst, two strangers were already there digging out the spring.

"Doing this for us?" Dan asked. "We've got it leased." When the men demanded to see the paper, Dan turned to a younger brother and bawled him out for leaving it in the wagon. The bluff worked and the strangers pulled out.

But one water hole wasn't enough for their outfit. Not long after that, Susan was driving into Jordan with a letter in her purse, ready for mailing to the owner of another spring the family wanted. When she stopped to get gas, she overheard two men talking and realized from their conversation that they were after the same lease. Jumping back in the car, she drove 87 miles to the nearest telegraph office in Miles City, abandoning any plans for lunch. Her wire clinched the deal.

Just the other day in Miles City, she ran into one of the men she had outwitted. They greeted each

No Haughian ever uses "I" when discussing family affairs. It's always "we"

other as old friends. "It was dog eat dog in those days," they agreed, and bent an elbow on it.

Several times after that, in dry, hard years, the Haughians left their home range, moving long distances north or west to find better conditions for their livestock. Wherever they went, the pretty daughters with their flaming mops didn't hurt the good will of the family one bit. Once it even got them a lease on a spring—the owner being young and a bachelor.

Meanwhile, from the earliest days of her stewardship, Susan was acquiring springs on her own. All around their home place were a lot of old dry homesteads, abandoned by the would-be wheat farmers of World War I and turned back to the county for taxes. Scrimping and saving, she started buying up half sections of these around the water holes for 75 cents or a dollar an acre. (The same acre is now worth ten dollars.)

Her passion for land has never left Susan. "If ye don't have land, ye're a drifter," she comments, apropos of stockmen of another mind who put their money into sheep or cattle first, then pick up grazing leases where they can find them. Susan regards this as an unsubstantial practice—which explains in part why she is the bankers' darling.

When Fifty-Cent Supper Was Luxury

In those early days everyone was awed by the hard work and self-denial of the widow Haughian and her family. One winter when times were very tough indeed, some wool buyers went out to the Haughians' sheep camp to see about contracting their next year's clip. "About dark that evening they all came to town accompanied by one of the boys," a friend recalls. "Being cold and hungry, the first thing they thought of was supper. When they went into the restaurant they missed the Haughian boy. One of them went outside to look for him and found him standing against the building. 'I thought I'd better wait and go back to camp and eat,' he explained. Supper in town costs fifty cents!"

Not that Susan's boys were always angels. They liked to dance and ride bucking horses, and to fight too. "The police were alerted whenever they came to town," chuckles one admirer. "Those boys were so keen on fighting, they'd fight without getting mad, just to show who was best."

And the battles with nature and hard times weren't the only ones the Haughians had to fight. In the late thirties, when the federal government was buying up submarginal homesteads under the Bankhead-Jones Act, it decided to resettle a group of dry farmers—displaced from unproductive holdings in the southeastern part of the state—in an irrigation project east of Miles City. Known as Kinsey Farms, Inc., the project, under the auspices of the Resettlement Administration and later of the Farm Security Administration, was to give each of these families 120 acres of irrigated flatlands along the Yellowstone. They were also to have grazing rights in a huge community pasture stretching northward almost to the Missouri, on which they could run around 80 head of cattle or the equivalent in sheep. The families—83 in all—were to pay rent to the government, but everything was going to be set up for them.

Everyone in Miles City approved the plan. It had a catch, however. The only way to get the pasture was to take it away from ranchers who had been making a living on it for many years. But the energetic superplanner at the head of the project, armed with Uncle Sam's vast buying power, went to the county and to the Northern Pacific and leased up everything in sight, including 15 or 16 sections of railroad land long under yearly rental to the Haughians. With a dozen other families, Susan and sons woke up one morning to find that their leases had been yanked out from under them; while they owned their own water, it was no good without the adjoining pasture. Eventually they'd have been forced out.

The ranchers fought tooth and nail for their grazing land through hearing after hearing before the state Grass Conservation Authority. But sheep

Susan, now sixty-four years old, still pitches in and helps her four sons to brand calves on their ranch near Miles City, Montana. A fifth son is a cowboy in Wyoming. Below: indulging in a favorite pastime, she square-dances with neighbor Jay Vollin, 23, at party in the school gym

With her boys (Dan, Jerome, Henry and Leo), Susan sets out on a survey ride of their holdings, some 90,000 acres about 40 miles from Miles City

"Why do Americans get where they do? Because they're always dissatisfied"

can't eat speeches. "What did you do?" Dan was asked.

"We went on using the land," he replied a shade grimly.

The climax was as good as a movie. Came a fair May morning after weeks of storm. "We had just finished lambing, Dan hadn't shaved for six weeks, and his whiskers were an inch long and red as fire," recalls Gayle Taylor, who now runs a bar in nearby Terry, but who was then working for the Haughians. "Everything looked good, and we were riding along happy as larks, when here came this car full of men from town." Among them was the superplanner. Dan spurred his horse and rode to meet them.

"Then he jerked one guy out of the car and told him what he'd do if they tried to run him off," Taylor continues. "They said: 'We'll be back.' Dan said: 'By golly, I'll be here if you send a car every day for a year.' They said: 'We're bringing a band of sheep in.' He said: 'If you do, I'll buy a thousand head of steers and turn them loose, and they'll eat off every blade of grass ahead of your sheep.' "

The men went away and never returned. Officials of older federal agencies, who never had any sympathy with the highhanded proceedings, credit the Haughian stand with defeating the Kinsey pasture plan. But Susan wasn't resting on any laurels. She raised some money and took a train to Minneapolis, where she bought the 9,000 acres of their former lease from the Northern Pacific at the prevailing low price. Enough other ranchers also bought to kill the pasture project forever. Today the Kinsey project as such has been liquidated, but the Kinsey families or their successors are acquiring title to their lands under a deferred-payment plan offered by the Farmers Home Administration and are prosperously raising sugar beets on their irrigated fields along the Yellowstone. They and their ranching neighbors are friends.

The episode was significant in its revelation of, among other things, a state of mind. One day, as Susan drove by the Kinsey project, she took note of its bright, new government-built houses and its generally model appearance. Later, in talking with a friend, she pictured all this to the disparagement of her own rather tattered-looking layout, many of its buildings needing a coat of paint.

"But Ah'm the type that'd rather eat me own beans than the government's strawberries," she concluded. "We'll paint when we see our way clear."

In so saying, Susan was talking not just for Susan, but for all the rest of the stubborn, hard-bitten Montana breed which has wrested a living from sand and sagebrush, and whose pride is: "We done it alone." Their war cry is still: "No help—and no interference!" They all feel very much as does Susan, who sometimes mourns for the rough, tough old days.

"When ye lost then, it was all yer own loss," she says. "Now it's just a tax deduction."

Her Formula for Getting on With Men

For a howlingly successful businesswoman she has some old-fashioned ideas about woman's place, as evidenced by the fact that there are no daughters on the family board of directors. Once in a while she whispers her formula for getting along with men: "Make them think they're the boss."

Among the men she meets in the ranching business, she takes a modest back seat. When someone asked her if she had listened to a certain speech on range problems at the last convention of the National Woolgrowers Association, in Portland, she replied in surprise: "Oh, no. They make those speeches at the men's meetin's. Ah went to the meetin's of the ladies auxiliary."

Now that she lives in Miles City, Susan has become quite a clubwoman, showing up regularly at luncheons of the Toastmistress Club or of the Soroptimists. Another aspect of town life which she likes is the nearness to church; she goes to Mass every morning. For all her innate thrift, she has one extravagance—horses. She had ridden horseback all her life, wearing divided skirts—no frontier pants or Levi's for her. "Everybody should have a hobby," she grins. "And Ah always say the range lacks something if there's no horses on it. But we've not got many any more." Only eighty or a hundred head.

Susan and her boys have never ceased making improvements on their ranches. No sooner did they have their pumps going along the river than they began putting in dams and developing flood irrigation from Custer Creek. By World War II, they were able to raise all the grain and alfalfa they needed for winter feed. Today they have 40 earth dams, built to catch every trickle of water a cow can drink, and 16 artesian wells pumping into galvanized metal tanks.

They now also have some non-Haughian help: Francis Mothershead, a cowboy turned tractor-and-engine man; a man to break horses; a man at the cow camp; a sheepherder; a chore man, and in summer two extra men with the sheep. In addition, there are the seasonal shearing and haying crews.

In anybody's language 90,000 acres is a big spread, but the extra dividend the Haughians reap from this bigness is not economic, but spiritual: a sense of freedom and space. Susan has had this feeling for many years now, before her wealth came; she felt it as far back as 1928, when, after years of absence, she returned to Ireland to visit her mother.

She found that she had some mental adjustments to make, as her relatives took her around and showed her their neat, ancient farms. "Oh, bring in yer eyes, Susan," they would tell her as she peered off horizonward, looking for the boundary line being pointed out to her. "It's right here under ye."

Her mother was gently embarrassed by her tales of life in Montana, of how many miles they drove to get to town and how quickly the dish towels dried out on the line in the high, dry Western air. "Don't tell any more of those stories, Susan," she admonished. "I believe ye, but the people don't."

Later Susan told her children she wished that her visit to Ireland had taken place many years sooner, as it would have made her more contented in the early years of hardship in Montana.

"Sixteen acres to the farm, but they had water running everywhere," she recalled recently of her relatives back home. "Here we've not got the water, but we've got that dissatisfaction. Why do Americans get where they do? Because they're always dissatisfied. I've no patience with the old countries whatever. They want something, but they won't get out and change themselves for it. They'd rather sit still.

"Suppose my boys had said: 'We've got 320 acres—that's good enough.' Where would the Haughians be today?" ▲▲▲

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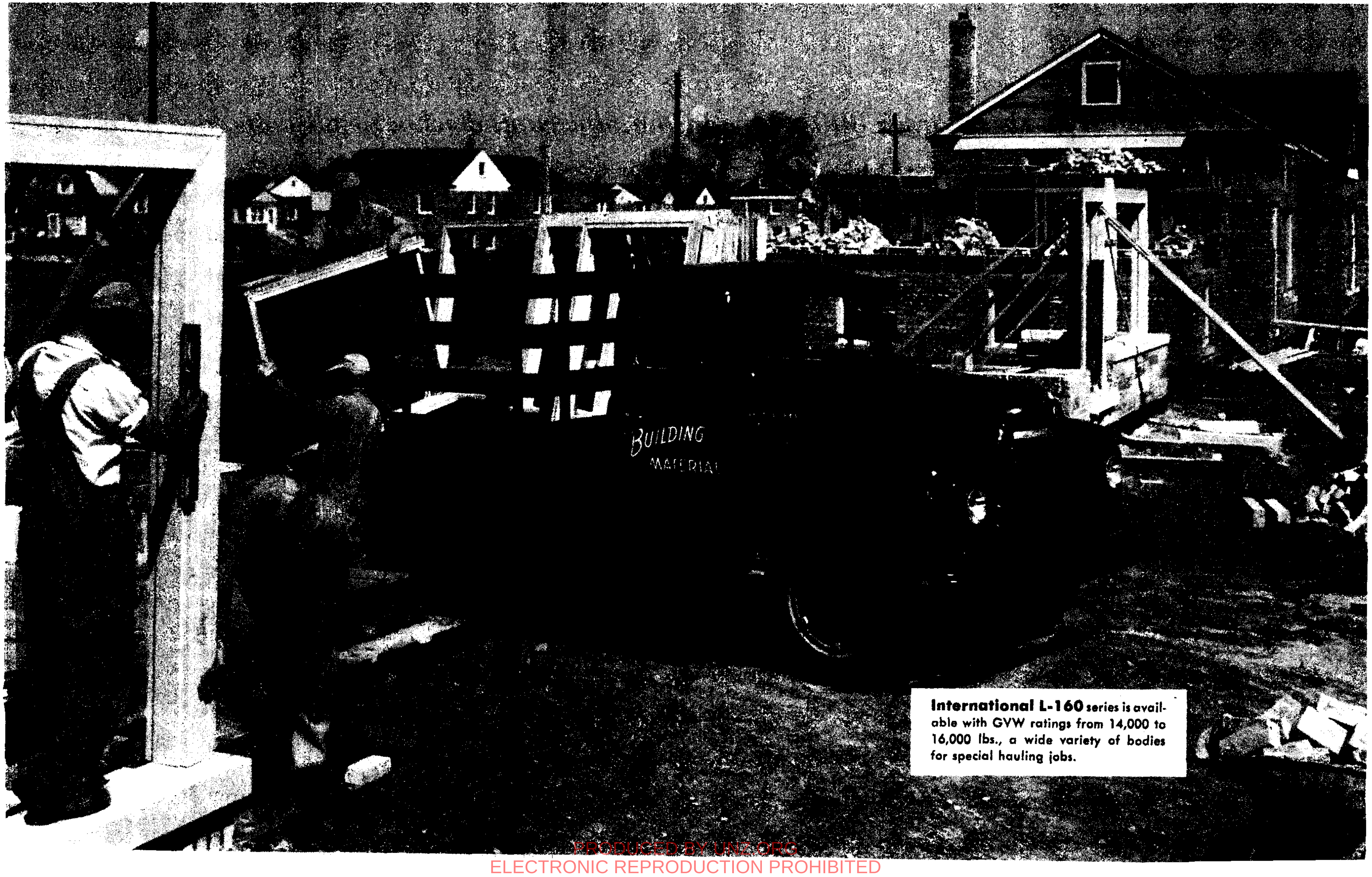

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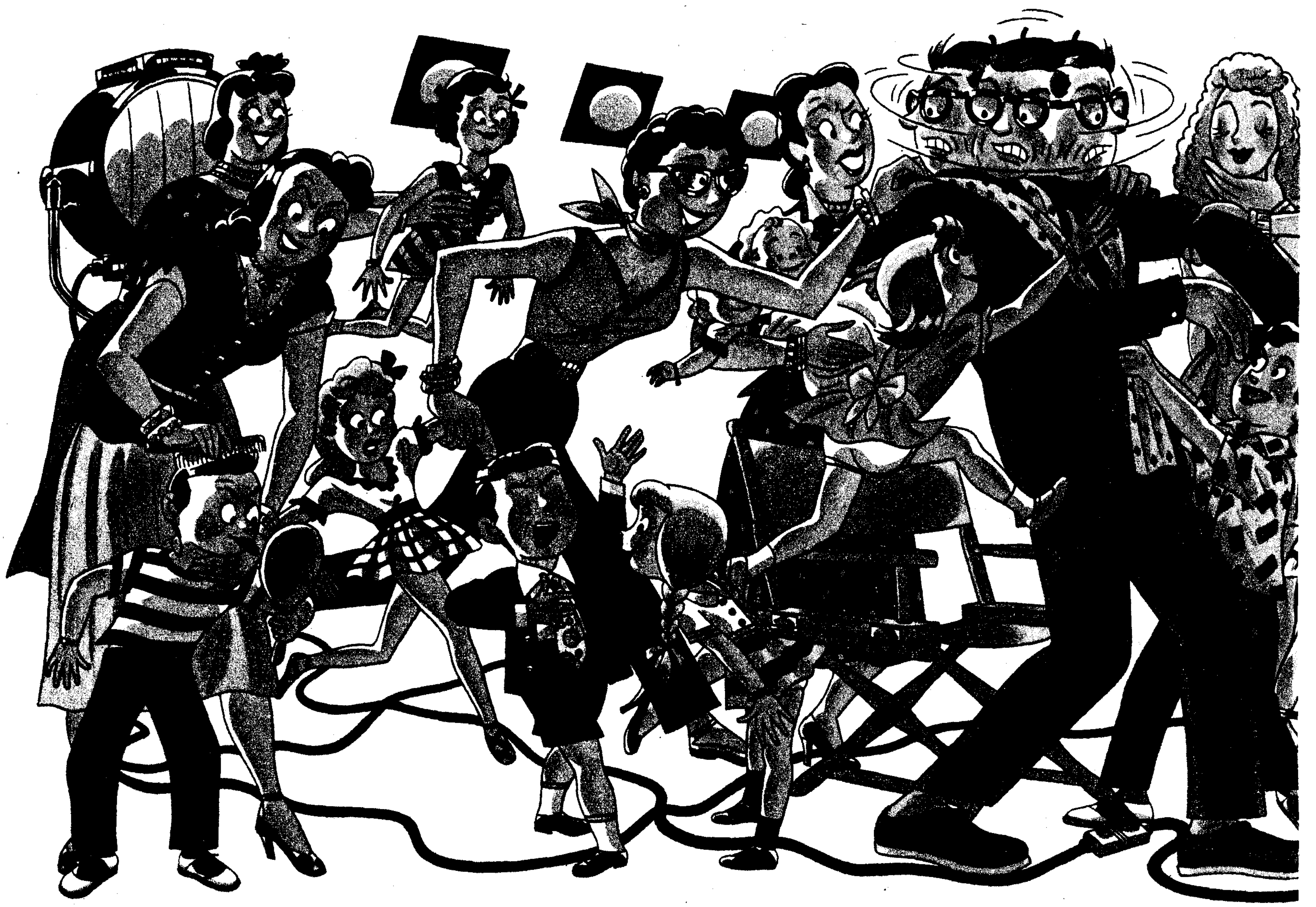


Ambitious Mothers:

HOLLYWOOD

There are 5,000 Moms in the film capital who, at all costs, are determined

ONE day recently, Solly Baiano, head casting director for Warner Brothers Studios, was pacing his office, trying to solve a vexing casting problem, when his secretary buzzed him: "Some lady's on the phone from the Good Samaritan Hospital. She won't tell me what she wants, but she says it's urgent."

Baiano jumped for the receiver.

"Mr. Baiano?" a feminine voice said enthusiastically. "I hope you don't think I'm just another one of those proud parents—but this morning I gave birth to the cutest, blue-eyed baby boy you've ever seen. I know you must hear this from a lot of mothers, but I'm sure my child is very unusual. So won't you please remember us the next time you need a baby for a picture?"

Another woman had just joined the ranks of the Hollywood Mothers.

There are some five thousand of these strange creatures known as Hollywood Mothers in the film capital today, each one aiming for the same goal—a movie career for her child.

You will find some of the more successful ones—the reigning queens, so to speak, and there are but a few—driving Cadillacs, living in expensive homes, and sitting regally on movie sets, guiding the destinies of their children.

But you will find many more riding on streetcars and living in cheap apartments; haunting the outer offices of producers, agents and casting directors, waiting with Joblike patience to buttonhole and badger someone into giving their children a bit or extra part in a picture; and standing in line at the California State Employment Bureau to collect their children's unemployment insurance so that they can eat between jobs.

Although they are a product of Hollywood, most of these mothers have migrated to the film colony from other parts of the country. Some bring whole families with them, others leave their husbands to shift for themselves while they and their progeny go off alone to take a crack at Hollywood. Some attempt to start their children in pictures before they are able to toddle; others have the good sense to hold off for a while—at least long enough for their children to show some talent, no matter how slight.

But whatever her background, one fact is certain: the Hollywood Mother will leave no producer, agent or casting director unturned in her unstinting efforts to grasp fame for her incipient Jackie Coogan or Shirley Temple.

Over the years, some Hollywood Mothers have been genuinely admired by everyone in the picture industry. Mothers of Shirley Temple, Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Deanna Durbin, Jane Withers and Elizabeth Taylor, among others, have been respected and well liked for the unobtrusive way they have handled themselves and their children's careers.

But Hollywood Mothers, as a group, have a remarkably bad reputation among studio personnel—from front-office executives right on down to the hairdressers on the sets. Perhaps the stigma attached to them is an unfair one, for undoubtedly it's been the behavior of the most obnoxious Hollywood Mothers that is largely responsible for tainting the reputation of them all.

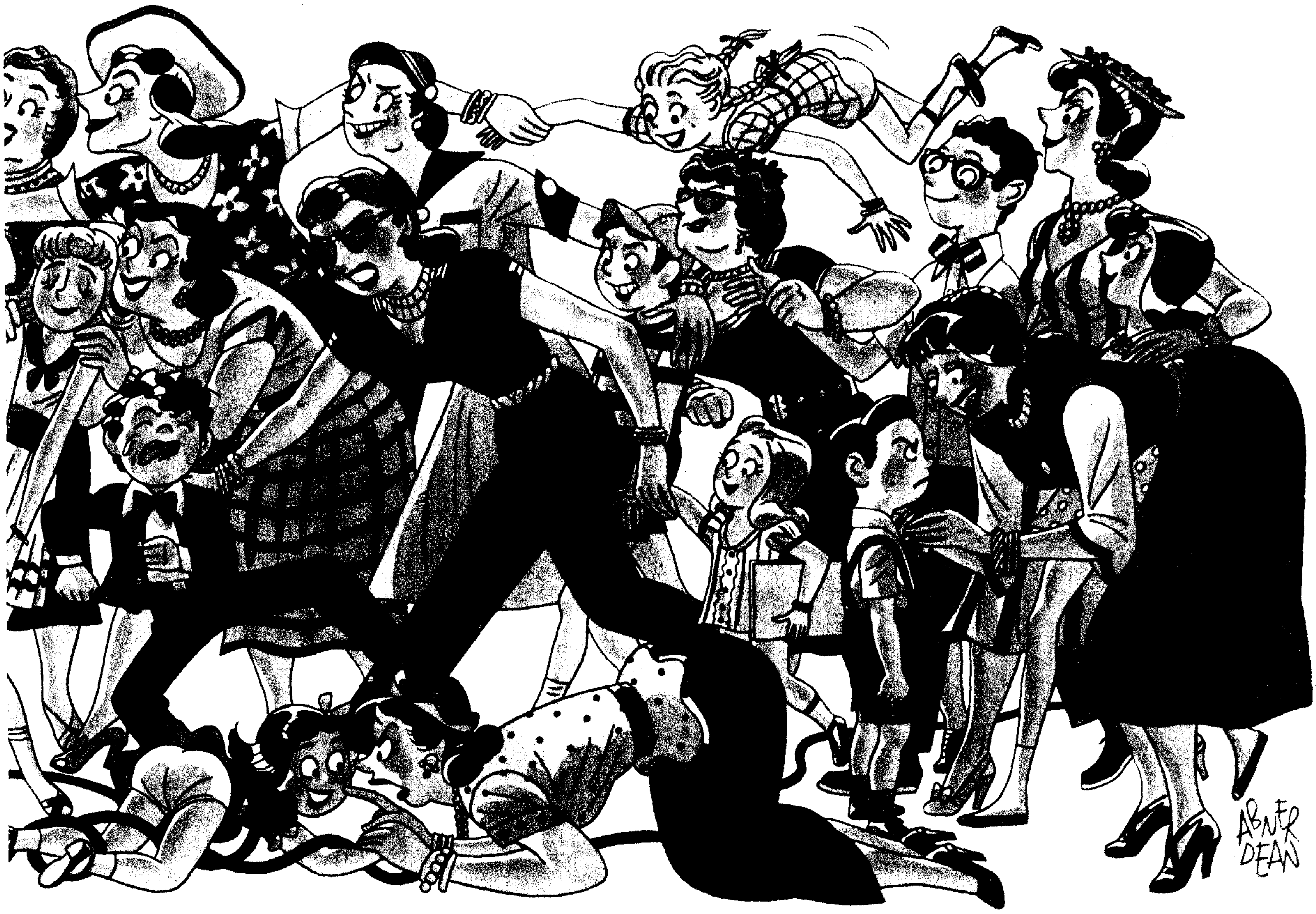
Norman Taurog, whose Oscar-winning Skippy some years ago stamped him forevermore in the business as an outstanding moppet director and all-around kid-handler, has probably been buttonholed by more of the overambitious type of Hollywood Mother than any other man in Hollywood. One mother whom he would particularly like to forget crashed his office on a Saturday noon just as he was about to leave for the University of Southern California-Notre Dame football game, and shoved a blond seven-year-old boy in front of him.

"I want you to hear my son recite The Raven," she exclaimed. "He's simply bursting with talent, and you just have to give him a part in a picture."

Taurog hastily explained to her that he wouldn't be doing any casting for several months, and attempted to leave. But the mother grabbed his arm and clung tenaciously to it until he agreed to listen.

The boy, obviously nervous and embarrassed, began declaiming in a rapid, expressionless falsetto. It was hopelessly amateurish, but the mother

ILLUSTRATED BY ABNER DEAN



HEADACHE

By ARTHUR MARX

o win stardom for their offspring. Movie makers find that "no" is no answer

beamed at Taurog through the whole torturous experience, and when her son had finished, she said eagerly, "Well, what do you think *now*, Mr. Taurog?" Ignoring her, Taurog asked the boy if he wanted to be an actor.

"Johnny, don't answer that!" shouted the mother.

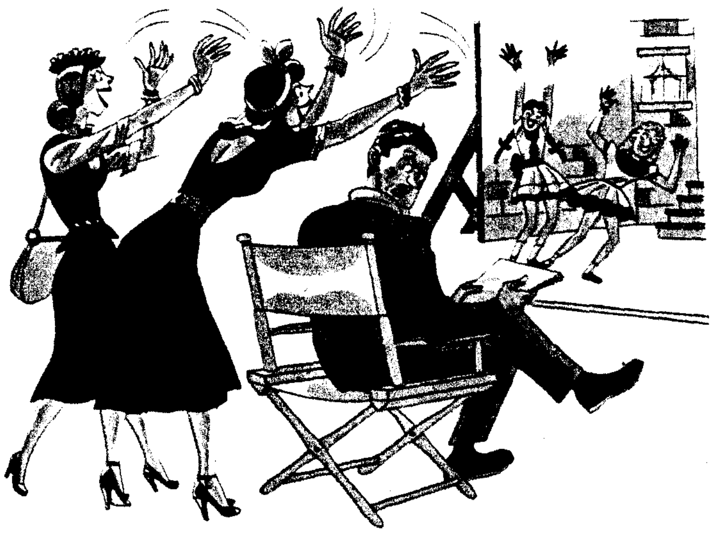
Taurog repeated the question, and finally Johnny gathered up the courage to blurt out tearfully, "I hate acting—I want to be playing. Besides, I don't like having my hair dyed yellow!"

Some mothers employ other tactics. M-G-M producer Mel Frank tells the story of the time he was interviewing a group of small children for Callaway Went Thataway. After he had talked with each child individually, he lined them up in a row and paced back and forth in front of them, trying to make a choice. As Frank walked by, one little boy, who had obviously been coached by his mother, stepped forward and said loudly, "I *love* you, Mr. Frank!"

Why does a woman, who could be home rearranging furniture or putting too much starch in her husband's shirts, prefer the life of a Hollywood Mother? Why does she want to go through all this heartbreak herself, and humiliate and deprive her child of any chance of having a normal upbringing? Few of the reasons have anything to do with whether or not the child is talented or wants a career.

Parental pride—the kind that makes some mothers assume that their daughter is cuter than Shirley Temple or their son more talented than Mickey Rooney—unquestionably influences her decision. Secondly, many Hollywood Mothers are disappointed actresses. They feel that by putting their children into pictures they can vicariously live theatrical careers that they weren't fortunate enough to have themselves.

The director looked back and discovered the mothers were signaling their children how to play the scenes



But money is undoubtedly the strongest motivating factor—and the most understandable one. The rewards are great for the lucky few who reach the top; and to the average Hollywood Mother, who is usually not too well off financially, this appears to be a quick and easy way to better herself and at the same time to make it possible to give her child some of the things she never could have afforded otherwise.

Mrs. Rita Jackson, a widow with three children, all of whom work in pictures, is unusually candid on the subject.

"Sure, I deliberately put my kids in the movies for the money. Sherry makes five hundred dollars a week in a picture, and Gary and Curtis do pretty well, too. Where could *I* make that kind of money if I went out and tried to get a regular job?"

Few Hollywood Mothers are as frank as Mrs. Jackson. Most, in fact, would have you believe that they fought tooth and nail against Junior having a career, but that his talent was just too overwhelming to be stifled.

Some juvenile stars, particularly those who came from show-business families —Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green, Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper, Judy Garland

Last year only 1,344 child actors in Hollywood worked at all; only 212 of then

and Donald O'Connor—did have a natural bent for the stage when they were very young and probably didn't need much, if any, coaxing. But generally speaking, it's the mothers, not the children, who spark the careers, and will do just about anything to see that those careers pay off.

Unfortunately, from the studios' point of view, Hollywood Mothers are a necessary evil. No one as yet has figured out a way of making realistic pictures with adults playing the parts of children, or of hiring children without having their mothers (and sometimes fathers, aunts and grandmothers) tagging along as guardians and self-imposed business managers. Nevertheless, producers, directors and actors have come to regard Hollywood Mothers and their pint-sized Barrymores as natural enemies.

Producers complain that they add thousands of dollars to production costs. Whereas the average picture might take 30 days to shoot, one with children will take 40. There are two reasons for this. First of all, children are naturally difficult to work with; and directors spend about half of the children's working hours trying to cajole them into concentrating on their work or forgetting what their mothers have previously taught them about acting. And secondly, California State labor laws permit a child to be before the cameras only four hours a day.

In addition, some mothers, particularly of important child stars, have a tendency to tell producers how to run their business and to criticize scripts, "about which they know nothing," says M-G-M producer Joe Pasternak. "This is something I don't understand. Just because some dame happens to have a kid with a cute face who got a lucky break in pictures, all of a sudden she thinks she's an expert."

Guardian Hired for Mother

Occasionally a mother can be so troublesome that a studio will drop her offspring from the payroll, even though the child may be a valuable property. Several years back, 20th Century-Fox, reversing the usual order, had to hire a guardian for the *mother* of one of its kid stars. A drunkard and a kleptomaniac, she was continually getting into difficulty with the police and embarrassing the studio.

Actors and actresses have mixed feelings about juvenile stars and their mothers. They don't know whom to dislike the most—the children (because they are born scene-stealers) or the mothers (because they made it possible for the children to be there).

It isn't surprising that they feel this way. An actor can be turning in the best performance of his career, but if a baby gurgles a couple of "goo-goos" in a scene, or a precocious five-year-old emits a sentenceful of three-syllable words, few in the audience will be paying much attention to the adult.

But stealing scenes isn't the only reason kid stars annoy adult actors and actresses. From time to time a juvenile will come along who will show up his or her elders in a most humiliating manner. Shirley Temple, for example, had an unfailing memory for dialogue, and very often could be counted upon to do a scene involving pages and pages of tricky banter on her first attempt. It isn't any wonder that her fellow performers, all of whom blew lines occasionally, sometimes wished Shirley's mother would send her back to kindergarten. Margaret O'Brien was so uncanny in this respect that Lionel Barrymore once remarked, "Two hundred years ago they would have burned her as a witch!"

But the main burden of working with children and mothers falls squarely on the director, whose job it is not only to get good performances out of his actors, but to bring the picture in on schedule.

Frequently, he has trouble accomplishing either, largely because so many Hollywood Mothers fail to understand that the best way to further their children's careers is to stay in the background.

One director, who had an impressive list of good pictures to his credit but who had never worked much with juveniles before, couldn't figure out why two little girls in his cast always played the scenes perfectly in rehearsal, but were incredibly amateurish once the cameras began to grind. Then, on a hunch, he glanced over his shoulder the next time they tried the scene, and finally discovered what was happening. The mothers were standing behind his chair, signaling the children their own ideas of how the scenes should be played.

Giving credit where credit is due, sometimes producers and directors would be lost without the assistance and advice of Hollywood Mothers. For instance, when a child is supposed to cry in a scene, the director can't always be persuasive enough. But a mother, if she knows her child well, can bring her youngster to the proper emotional pitch beforehand. Gertrude Temple used to take Shirley aside and in a quiet, somber voice, speak to her about things that she knew would make her daughter feel bad. If need be, she'd even mention death or some frightening sickness. Shirley, naturally high-strung anyway, would be so overwrought by the time she actually had to play the scene that she could produce tears on cue.

COLLIER'S "Catching anything?" GARRETT PRICE

Casting calls nearly always bring out a mother's worst qualities. When a group of them is summoned to a producer's office for an interview, the usual procedure is for each aspirant to be interviewed individually. The rest remain in the corridor, waiting to be called in.

Secretaries in neighboring offices are often amazed by some of the things they see and hear at moments like these. The majority of worried mothers will back their respective children into corners and, like football coaches, give them last-minute instructions. Often heard are exhortations such as, "Now, when you go in there, honey, remember to smile at the nice producer, and for Heaven's sakes, curtsy real cute-like and tell him what a lovely man he is!" Or, "Don't you dare say you don't want to go in there, Sammy, or I'll take you over my knee and give you a spanking you'll never forget!"

Frequently Mama is angry when her child fails to impress the producer and someone else's child is given the opportunity to test for the part, sometimes so angry that she spanks her child the moment they emerge from the producer's office.

Although producers are constantly reiterating that they would rather hire children with no professional training, because they're more natural, most Hollywood Mothers will always believe otherwise. They persist in lavishing dramatic, voice and dancing lessons on their offspring. As a result, scores of professional schools have sprung up everywhere in the film capital.

The Meglin Kiddies Dancing Studios, with its over 3,000 weekly paying pupils and its seven branch units to take care of them, is probably the largest and best known of the schools. The students, ranging in age from two to thirty years, pay from $1.50 for a 30-minute class lesson to $3 for private instruction. And according to founder Ethel Meglin, 99 per cent of them are being prodded into movie careers by their mothers.

The Screen Children's Guild is another enterprise that caters to parents who are anxious to further their children's careers. Despite its name, it is not a guild in the strict sense of the word, "but we function as one," states Phillip McClay, who runs the organization.

To qualify her child for membership, a mother must pay a $30 initiation fee, in addition to $25 a year in dues. In return for this, McClay publishes each child's name, accomplishments and photograph in a printed directory, which he sends around to the various casting offices and to producers of radio and TV shows. At the moment, McClay is handling, and trying to get jobs for, a thousand young hopefuls.

Although there's no denying that Hollywood Mothers work assiduously at their trade, few of them have any chance of ever achieving their goal. There are fewer juveniles working steadily in Hollywood today than ever before in its history. Out of the 5,000 hopefuls in town, only six are under contract to major studios, and only one youngster could possibly be considered a name star—twelve-year-old Gigi Perreau (who is free-lancing). As for the other five, it's doubtful if many movie-goers would even recognize their names. They are M-G-M's ten-year-old Donna Corcoran; 20th Century-Fox's fourteen-year-old Billy Gray and fourteen-year-old Gloria Gordon; Paramount's sixteen-year-old Anna Maria Alberghetti; Walt Disney's fourteen-year-old Kathryn Beaumont; and Warner Brothers' six-year-old Georgie Winslow.

Moreover, the Los Angeles Board of Education, clearinghouse for all minors seeking employment, reports that in 1951 only 2,445 child actors came close enough to jobs even to take out work permits; only 1,344 worked at all; only 212 worked more than two days; and only two worked as many as 150 days.

The Few Who Make a Living

Somewhere among those disheartening statistics are a handful of underaged Thespians who somehow manage to scratch out a living in show business for themselves and for their parents. Most prominent among them are Jimmy Hunt, Natalie Wood, Sherry, Gary and Curtis Jackson, Susan Whitney, Sammy Ogg, Iris Mann, Cliff Tatum, Jr., Bunny Lewbel, Chris and Rudy Olsen and Peter Miles and Janine Perreau (Gigi's older brother and younger sister).

However, even those lucky enough to get jobs will never grow rich—at least not in the picture business. Infants from two weeks to a month old are worth $75 a day; from one to three months, $50 a day; and from three to six months, only $25 a day. After six months if they remain in the "extra" class, as most of them do, they can only make $15.56 a day.

The free-lance kids with speaking parts fare better. They earn anywhere from three to five hundred and occasionally seven hundred and fifty dollars a week. But averaged out with the weeks between pictures, their annual incomes don't amount to a great deal.

The "contract" children, in general, make the most money. Gigi Perreau made as much as $1,000 per week as a free-lancer after her contract with Universal-International had expired. And although that could hardly be considered slave wages, it doesn't even approach the salaries made by some kid actors in days gone by. Shirley Temple made $6,000 a week for many years; and Jackie Coogan, at the height of his career, earned $10,000 a week plus a percentage of the profits.

It was Jackie Coogan, as a matter of fact, who actually started the stampede of mothers to Hollywood. It all began on a closing night at the Los Angeles Orpheum Theatre in 1918. One of the acts on the vaudeville bill was a song-and-dance team known as Coogan and Cox. Near the finish of his performance, Coogan, at his wife Lillian's behest, stepped into the wings and brought his four-year-old son, Jack, Jr., onto the stage. To the audience's delight, the little fellow performed the shimmy, a dance that was the rage in those days, and for an encore did impersonations of well-known show-business figures.

Charlie Chaplin, who was in the audience, was so impressed with the boy's talent that he went backstage immediately after the performance and asked Jack Coogan, Sr., if he could use his son in a picture. He'd pay him $75 a week.

"Dad and Mom were all for it—and so was I," recalls Jackie Coogan, who is now thirty-seven, practically bald. "So we all went over to Chaplin's house and sat around for a couple of hours while Charlie tried to think of a good idea for a picture. Finally, around midnight, he got the idea for The Kid."

The Kid made Jackie Coogan a star overnight. Within a couple of years he was making $10,000 a week and had his own Rolls Royce.

The parade of children who tried to follow in Coogan's footsteps during the

or more than two days, and only two as many as 150 days

next three decades is ample proof that the mothers of America were not idle. Some of the best remembered are the Our Gang Kids, Mitzi Green, Coy Watson, Jr., Jane Withers, Jackie Searle, Baby LeRoy, Jackie Cooper, Bobby Coogan, Mickey Rooney, Ann Rutherford, Bonita Granville, Freddy Bartholomew, Judy Garland, the Mauch Twins, Bobby Breen, Deanna Durbin, Margaret O'Brien, Peggy Ann Garner, Butch Jenkins, Claude Jarman, Jr., Elizabeth Taylor, Donald O'Connor, and, of course, Shirley Temple.

All were important stars—and a few are still going strong—but of the group, only Shirley Temple was able to capture the imagination of the public in the way that Jackie Coogan did.

The rags-to-riches stories of the Coogans and Temples no doubt inspired the careers of other well-known Hollywood Mothers, and kept them going during the inevitable lean years before their children were discovered.

Except for Sarah Taylor, Elizabeth's mother, who is married to a successful art dealer, none of them had an easy time of it. Gladys O'Brien, Ada Durbin and Virginia Garner were all in very modest circumstances before their children made good. And Ethel Gumm (Judy Garland's mother) and Nell Carter (Mickey Rooney's mother) weren't much better off. Nell Carter was married to a struggling burlesque comic, and Ethel Gumm (a former vaudevillian herself) to the owner of a movie house in the tiny town of Lancaster on the Mojave Desert.

They Have Their Own Careers

Of the group of Hollywood Mothers whose children were no longer children at the time of their first successes, but who nevertheless are responsible for putting them where they are today, Lillian Grable, Grace Hayes, Lady Lawford, and Lela Rogers are perhaps the most prominent. The latter two not only masterminded Peter Lawford's and Ginger Rogers' careers, but took advantage of their positions to win jobs for themselves in the picture business. Lela was a dramatic coach at RKO for many years, and Lady Lawford, whose professional name is Mary Somerville, is a contract featured player at M-G-M.

Today, with the radio and television industries on the scene as well, Hollywood Momism has become such a big business that California juvenile authorities have had to step in and restrain by law the activities of some greedy parents who have no qualms about using their children as meal tickets.

The legislature has enacted a law that virtually forces minors to have long-term movie contracts approved by the Superior Court of California, which has the power to recommend mandatory savings, and nearly always does.

The state supervises the welfare of the juvenile actor in other ways, too. Before he or she can go to work, a minor must apply to the Board of Education for a permit. In order to get one, the child must have satisfactory school marks and be able to pass a physical examination.

The studio employing the child must provide a welfare worker on the set and be able to furnish at least three hours of schooling a day by an accredited teacher, until the child is either graduated from high school or reaches the age of eighteen.

Despite the fact that the state of California is doing everything it can to see to it that movie children have at least a chance for future happiness, there are many intangibles that they can't be protected from.

The emotional strain of competing with adults in a cutthroat business, of having to earn a living and absorb an education more or less on the run, of having to live in a fish bowl where they are the constant center of attraction, and of the lack of childhood companions and pastimes—all these things must take their toll in one way or another.

The children themselves, the ones who've been through the movie mill and are now grown up, have mixed feelings about it.

Some, like Jane Withers and Peggy Ann Garner, could hardly wait for the awkward age to wash them up and send them back to public schools and more normal lives. Shirley Temple is another who says she wants no further part of the picture business.

Margaret O'Brien, on the other hand, makes no bones about the fact that she is terribly unhappy now that she is no longer an important star. And according to her mother, Gladys, it's all she lived for.

Margaret's attitude is typical of most former movie moppets, who, with a few exceptions, rarely ever achieve the kind of success in adulthood that they knew as kids.

Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Elizabeth Taylor and Donald O'Connor somehow managed to hurdle the awkward age successfully and have even gone on to conquer new fields. And Jackie Cooper, after a long break in his career, co-starred in the recent Broadway hit, Remains to Be Seen.

But Jackie Coogan and Shirley Temple faltered at the first jump. Shirley tried a brief comeback; but the lukewarm reception she was given quickly discouraged her from further attempts, and she's now in complete retirement—if you can call taking care of two babies complete retirement. And Jackie Coogan, though he's always managed to make a living in one form of show business or another, has certainly never even approached his early popularity.

When Child Stars Grow Up

Other famous children of yesterday are doing various things: Margaret O'Brien, Freddy Bartholomew and Peggy Ann Garner are occasionally featured on TV shows. Bobby Breen and Mitzi Green are playing night clubs. Butch Jenkins, when last heard from, was quietly working for a college degree. Claude Jarman, Jr., became too ungainly for kid's roles and Metro let him go. Baby LeRoy, before he went into service, was working in a delicatessen. And the Mauch Twins, who some 15 years ago touched the hearts of movie fans with their portrayals of The Prince and the Pauper, are now cutters on the Warner Brothers lot.

Whatever the effects on her own or her child's life, the Hollywood Mother is proud of being a Hollywood Mother—so proud that a number of them got together in 1939 and founded an organization known as Motion Picture Mothers, Inc., which has as its slogan, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

At present, Motion Picture Mothers, Inc., has over a hundred mothers—not only mothers of kid stars (though they were the founders), but of adult actors and actresses as well. It's an official organization, with a printed book of by-laws, and each member must carry a membership card containing the Latin inscription *Stellarum Matres* (stars' mothers).

The leading figures among the *Stellarum Matres* are mothers of Ginger Rogers (Lela, in fact, wrote the by-laws), Robert Taylor, Gary Cooper, Judy Garland, Joan Crawford, Harold Lloyd, Mickey Rooney, Bing Crosby, Lana Turner, Fred MacMurray, Dorothy Lamour, Dean Martin, Donald O'Connor, and DeWolfe Hopper, Jr. (Hedda Hopper). Greer Garson's mother, Nina, belonged once, but she had to drop out because the club's activities interfered with her career. Nina works as an extra on the Metro lot.

The function of this group, which meets for lunch at the Beverly Hills Hotel on the second Tuesday of every month, is to collect funds for charity—especially for needy people in the motion-picture business.

There was a time at the meetings when the mothers used to discuss their children's careers quite openly with one another. But a rule had to be passed forbidding this sort of thing because it precipitated so many heated arguments. One mother would confide in another that her child was up for a certain juicy part in a particular picture. Whereupon the mother in whom she confided would tell her she was out of her mind—*her* child was going to get the part. On one or two occasions, blows were almost struck.

Several weeks ago, so the story goes, two Hollywood Mothers were discussing the scandalous behavior of a young starlet who had partially disrobed at a large party and taken a bath in the fishpond in front of all the guests.

"Why didn't her mother stop her?" asked the woman who was hearing the news for the first time.

"What for?" replied the other Hollywood Mother. "There were a lot of producers there!" ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S "Oh, relax—I'm wearing my playsuit!" SALO ROTH

Cold facts
for hot days
From the "Garden of the Vines" in New York State comes this
CAPTURED FLAVOR
TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Rhine Wine

The cold facts are that you'll not find anything more refreshing or pleasant than long, frosty Wine Coolers made with the authority of Taylor's Rhine or Sauterne, Claret or Burgundy. For these are New York State wines, with *body* and *flavor* bred in! Ask for Taylor's wherever fine wines are served—or sold. The Taylor Wine Company, Vineyardists and Producers.

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NEW YORK STATE
Wines and Champagnes

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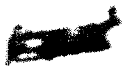
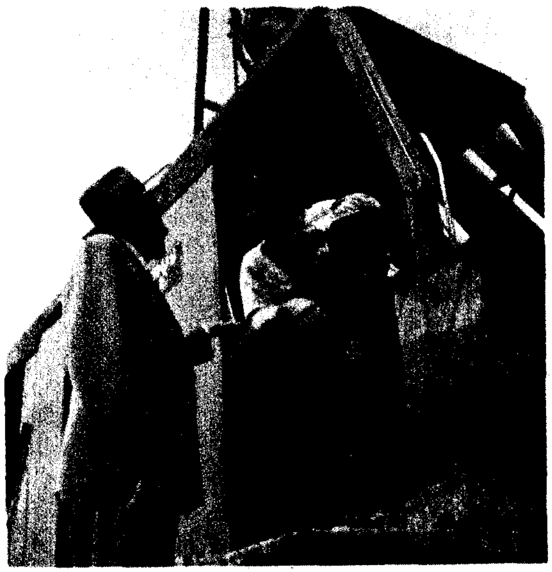


He Changes the Face of

Morrison at the Cabinet Gorge power installation in Idaho. Before building the dam, he handled perhaps the toughest river conversion job



JOHN FLOREA

Morrison and Cabinet Gorge dredge operator George Huff. He calls his men by first names

JOHN FLOREA

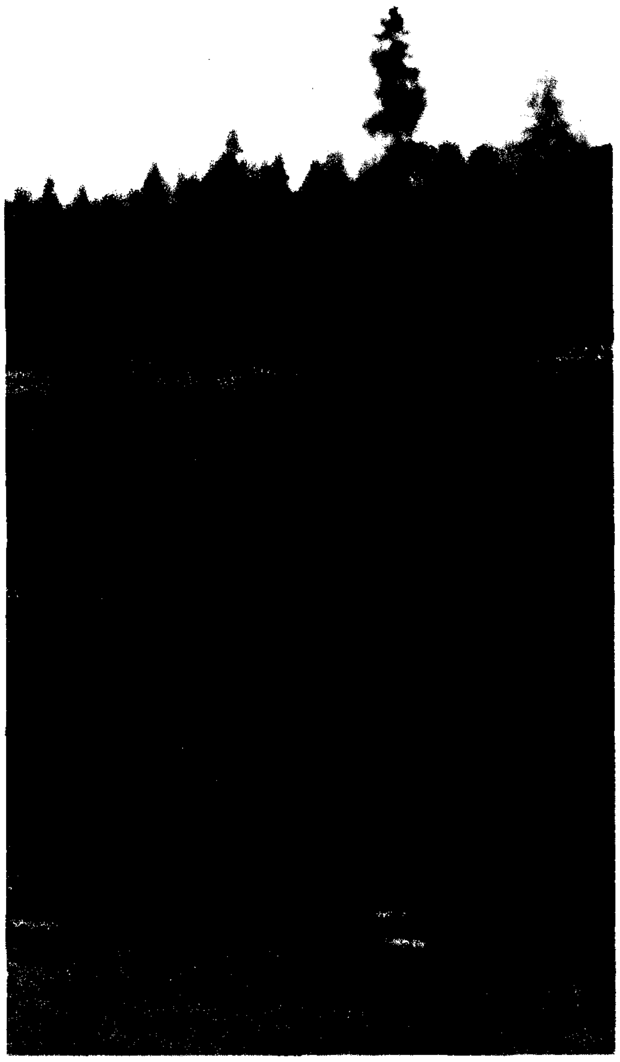
Mrs. Morrison goes with her husband on trips to check jobs, traveling 150,000 miles a year

Natives were employed on Afghanistan project to irrigate 700,000 acres, build power plant

he Earth

Harry W. Morrison still keeps his office in Boise, but he ranges all over the globe to boss the world's biggest construction firm

By ROBERT de ROOS



JOHN FLOREA

n history. Project is costing 40 millions

Morrison's men conquered mountain and jungle to build Santa Cecilia Tunnel in Brazil

ONE day last August, a shrill whistle split the clear air over Cabinet Gorge, the breathtaking canyon of the Clark Fork River in northern Idaho. For a few minutes there was silence. A tense little group of Morrison-Knudsen's dam builders stood looking into the gorge, mentally checking, trying to remember if everything had been done. There was nothing left now but the gamble. Someone said, "Let her go."

With a shudder and a roar which rocked the mountains, 65,000 pounds of dynamite exploded in one mighty, echoing clap. A sheer granite cliff towering above the river moved slowly upward, hunched itself forward and crumpled into the canyon. The torrent smashed against the new barrier, swirled and began to pond up. Three hundred yards upstream, the rising river rippled, then roared into its temporary channel—two tunnels 29 feet in diameter drilled through a thousand feet of rock. The Clark Fork River, one of the deepest and swiftest streams on the continent, was temporarily harnessed.

The mammoth explosion—which threw the cliff 140 feet across the river—was the key to perhaps the toughest river diversion job ever attempted. It was a colossal gamble. If it had not worked, several million dollars would have gone down the drain, and Cabinet Gorge Dam would have been delayed a year. No one had that kind of time to waste because under the defense program the first generator must be on the line by September 15th.

Morrison-Knudsen took on Cabinet Gorge under "impossible" conditions—agreeing to build dam and powerhouse for the Washington Water Power Company in less than two years. The wise birds said it would take three, and the Army once estimated it as a four-year job.

Cabinet Gorge and its 265,000 horsepower hydro plant is a formidable undertaking—a $40,000,000 package which would be a pretty big job of work for almost any contractor. But Cabinet Gorge is only one of the 270 jobs Morrison-Knudsen, its partners and foreign and domestic subsidiaries have under construction.

Morrison-Knudsen Company, Inc., of 319 Broadway, Boise, Idaho, is something special on the American scene. Although relatively unknown, it is a spectacular example of American enterprise and daring, the largest construction company on earth and builder extraordinary to the world. M-K says mildly: "We are prepared to undertake the engineering and construction of projects of any magnitude anywhere."

Morrison-Knudsen has had a competent hand in building the biggest things man has ever dared to put together and has probably done more to rearrange the face of the earth than any other outfit. Right now, 9,000 "Em-Kayans" plus thousands of native workers are building a dozen major dams—Cabinet Gorge is the smallest—from British Columbia to Afghanistan, driving a score of big-bore tunnels from New Zealand to the Alps, pushing ore railroads into the wilderness of Venezuela and Labrador, and laying pipe lines along a thousand-mile front and building airfields from Alaska to North Africa. They are building a highway in Colombia where it rains 300 inches a year, where earth moving means moving mud. In Peru, they are carrying through a reclamation project in an area where it has not rained since 1946 and the dust raises hob with their machines. In Canada, they are building the world's largest powerhouse—which, incidentally, is underground.

The hazards are unpredictable. On an Idaho highway job, a shovel operator loaded a truck with a barrelful of hibernating rattlesnakes. The truck driver, a man of many bottles, served an ultimatum. "If those snakes aren't real," he said, "I quit." On the desert, the equipment gets too hot to touch. In Canada, when the temperature dives to 35 below, steel gets brittle and parts snap unreasonably. In Ceylon, leopards and Russell's vipers were minor hazards until the jungle could be cleared for Gal Oya Dam, but mosquitoes were the real enemies until DDT went to work. Communists' bullets drove M-K engineers out of the gorges of the Yangtze.

The hazards are also routine. To the grease monkeys, green cutters, wood butchers and cat skinners of M-K, they are an expected part of the job. The construction stiff accepts discomfort and impossible jobs with a sad sort of *élan*. "A human being, if he ain't in trouble all the time, he ain't happy," says one. "This here business is a disease, and there ain't no cure for it."

The world-changing operations of the Morrison-Knudsen Company are directed from a modest one-story brick building in Boise.

Why Boise? What is the world's largest construction outfit doing in an outpost of the old Oregon Trail? Everyone asks that question. One M-K official, mentally drawing great-circle courses, answers, "Why not? The business is all over the world. We can run it from Boise as well as anywhere else."

The real reason Morrison-Knudsen is in Boise is that Harry W. Morrison, the intense, square-jawed driver who is its president, board chairman and surviving founder, started there. Boise is home, and he sees no reason to leave.

Boise is the nucleus of the company, and its executives whirl around it like electrons. They are continually on the move—few other businessmen live such fast-moving lives—and from time to time they wing back to Boise like swallows checking in at Capistrano. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison travel in the Lady Ann, a DC-3. Last year, the Lady Ann flew 120,600 miles, but Mr. and Mrs. Morrison outdistanced their plane by traveling 30,000 additional miles on commercial air lines.

Boss May Drop in Almost Anywhere

Morrison's employees from Ceylon to Rio are never surprised to see the Boss come striding onto the job. He stops to say a few words to a veteran shovel operator, shakes hands with the concrete boss or a tunnel stiff—always greeting them by their first names—and lopes off, his intent gray eyes taking in every detail of the work. In 1951, Morrison visited every major M-K job except the Labrador "spread," where his men are pushing a railroad into the incredibly rugged wilds of Labrador—the newest source of iron ore for U.S. steel mills.

Besides the Lady Ann, the company flies two other DC-3s and a twin-engine Beechcraft for its executives. Last year, these planes covered 343,000 miles. That constitutes the present M-K air force, except for a converted Liberator bomber which packs freight into Alaska and four helicopters, two of which are used as elevators on the face of a 2,500-foot cliff on a Canadian job. No one has ever put together the over-all M-K travel bill. Transportation out of Boise last year totaled $580,000, including $360,000 for executives' planes—but that figure did not include travel on "joint-venture jobs" or for subsidiary companies. M-K is one of United Air Lines' best customers, and the same is probably true of Pan American and Trans World Airlines, too.

Morrison was away from Boise more than 60 per cent of the time last year. Several other officers, notably the operating vice-presidents, are away almost all the time. Idaho collects income taxes only for the time its residents are actually in the state, and last year, John B. Bonny, M-K's vice-president and general manager, paid a tax on only 7 per cent of his income because he was away so much.

The M-K and its domestic and foreign subsidiaries were engaged in 402 jobs in 1951—including joint ventures. Of these, 194 jobs—worth $318,000,000—were completed, and 208 jobs were carried over into 1952, giving the company a current work load of $371,000,000. World-wide M-K

Morrison's construction stiffs labor in desert heat and 35-below-zero cold

companies bid on an average of 60 jobs a month and land about 20 per cent of them; so these figures change almost from day to day.

The boss of this world-wide spread is Harry Morrison, a man whom Admiral Ben Moreell, wartime head of the Navy's Bureau of Yards and Docks and now chairman of the board of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation, calls "the outstanding individual builder in the world."

Although his exploits make Paul Bunyan seem like a well-intentioned midget, Morrison himself is no ring-tailed roarer. Placed against the immensity of some of the things his Em-Kayans have built, he seems an incongruous figure. He is tall and thin, and his tanned face, under his white hair, has an unsmiling sort of placidity. This is deceptive. Morrison is not placid. His movements are jerky, betraying an inner-spring nervousness and impatience to get along with the job. He does not drink or smoke, and he would not bet a dime on a ball game—but he will gamble millions of dollars on the ability of the men of M-K to get any job done.

He has worked a minimum of 12 hours a day for the last 40 years and now, at sixty-seven, shows no sign of letting up. His tremendous drive never gives him any rest, and there is no rest for those around him. "What are we waiting for?" and "Let's get going" are his favorite expressions.

His associates regard him with a respect which approaches awe. Woody Williams, a corporate director and M-K's ace dam builder says: "He's just a million-horsepower generator. The reason he's got to be the biggest and best is because he gets 150 per cent out of everyone who works for him. He makes a man bigger than he really is. You do more than you think you can do because Harry thinks you can."

Harry Winford Morrison started his race against clock and calendar in Tunbridge Township, Illinois, February 23, 1885. His mother died when he was four, and he was reared by his father, manager of a grain elevator. He had left home at seventeen to work as a water boy for an Illinois contractor (Bates & Rogers) with whom he went later as a timekeeper to work on Minidoka Dam in Idaho as a water boy. He joined the Bureau of Reclamation and began to advance: axman, rodman, levelman, draftsman, concrete foreman, superintendent. He was a gangling boy with a big head of prematurely graying hair, who worked all day and took correspondence-school courses in engineering at night.

The bureau sent Morrison to Boise Diversion Dam in 1908. The crew had been giving trouble, and when the boss, Morris Knudsen, saw him come onto the job, he told Mrs. Knudsen, the camp cook, "Momma, they just sent a damn' kid to do the job." Morrison, however, grabbed an ax handle and bullied the men back to work. "Momma," said Knudsen, "it looks like we got a real man after all."

Boise Diversion Dam was the cradle of Morrison-Knudsen. There the three men responsible for its greatness came together. There, Morrison and Knudsen met Francis T. Crowe, "the Westerner from Maine, the best dam builder who ever tamed a river." Morris Knudsen (he died in 1943) was 23 years older than Morrison but, as a couple of hard workers, they hit it off from the start.

The partnership of Morrison and Knudsen started in 1912 with $600, a dozen wheel barrows, 36 shovels and a few picks.

"We borrowed money from the first day we were in business," Morrison recalls. "Those were the days a banker would just bet on a guy." He adds proudly: "We never put up a dollar in collateral in our lives."

Today M-K deals with the Bank of America in California and with the big ones in New York, but Morrison says, "We're still doing business with the banks that lent us money in the early days. They were there when we needed them damn' bad and they'll get a share of our business as long as I've got anything to say about it."

In 1914, Morrison married Ann Daly, a Boise girl, and since the day of their marriage, she has rarely been away from his side. She has lived in dirt-floored construction-camp tents, endured his seventy-mile-an-hour driving, wilted under the oven heat of the world's deserts, climbed the catwalks and ridden the skips on a thousand construction jobs.

"Ralph is the intellectual type. He's always talking about books and pictures and people and things"

COLLIER'S DAVID HUFFINE

In the early years of their marriage, the business grew slowly for the simple reason that it had little capital. The Morrisons took only $100 a month because every dollar the company made went back into the till.

The railroad boom was over when M-K began but Morrison grabbed his share of the contracts—logging roads in Idaho and Oregon, railroad repair, irrigation works and highways. Utah Construction Company, an old-line railroad builder, felt Morrison's pressure when he went after Union Pacific work.

Teaming Up for Two Dam Jobs

W. H. Wattis, head of Utah, was impressed with young Morrison, and, in 1925, Utah and M-K combined to bid in the contract for Guernsey Dam in central Wyoming. Morrison hired Frank Crowe to build it. After Guernsey, Utah and Morrison-Knudsen teamed up again to build Deadwood Dam, their biggest and most difficult job.

Morrison persuaded Wattis to go along on Hoover. Wattis thought Utah and M-K could do it alone, but the job required a minimum of $5,000,000 in contractors' capital.

Morrison went out to get partners—in the process putting together the first major "joint venture" in the construction business.

This was the famous Six Companies, Inc. The final line-up was Morrison-Knudsen ($500,000), Utah Construction ($1,000,000), J. F. Shea Company ($500,000), MacDonald & Kahn ($1,000,000), Pacific Bridge ($500,000) and a unit formed by Henry J. Kaiser, W. A. Bechtel & Company and Warren Brothers ($1,500,000). Kaiser had planned to put together a combination of his own to bid the dam but joined Morrison when he found how far Morrison's syndicate had progressed. Even after the scrimping years, M-K had to borrow $100,000 to make up its share.

Kaiser became the Washington representative for the contractors. He made two great coups: when Secretary of the Interior Ickes fined the company $350,000 for violating the eight-hour-day law, Kaiser got the bite reduced to $100,000. But even more important was Kaiser's work in getting the government to accept the completed job and to pay the final $2,500,000 due—within six months of the completion of the job, a tribute to his energy and persuasive powers.

Six Companies bid $48,890,000 and walked away with the biggest construction contract awarded up to that time. Hoover was the model and laboratory for the later mammoths. It was the beginning of a decade of large construction projects which trained and outfitted contractors for war and the beginning of really gigantic construction equipment.

Under Crowe's driving, the big job was finished in 1936, more than two years ahead of schedule, and the Six Companies' stockholders split a profit of $10,400,000.

When things started hotting up for war, the Six Companies group—although it had broken up as a formal unit after Hoover, and the partners frequently bid against one another—was ready. Morrison-Knudsen took a financial interest in some of the war babies, the fabulous producers of ships: Permanente Metals, Calship, Oregonship, Marinship and the Joshua Hendy Iron Works (Liberty ship engines).

M-K sponsored a $30,000,000 airport near San Francisco. It built gun emplacements, ammunition depots and vast cantonments. Its men were fortifying Midway and Wake Islands when the Japanese struck—1,245 were captured and 98 killed by the Japanese. In Alaska, M-K was hired to build fields at Juneau, Gustavus, Naknek, Bethel, McGrath and Northway. Washington was worried about the Aleutians as a possible invasion point for the Japanese, and Morrison-Knudsen moved in to build a vital air base at Cold Bay near Dutch Harbor, without official authorization. M-K spent $400,000 there before a formal contract was signed. From that field in June of 1942, 110 light bombers blasted the Japanese into retreat.

But the great M-K feat of the war was the construction of the underground fuel tanks at Pearl Harbor (M-K was project sponsor for the group of eight contractors known as Contractors, Pacific Naval Air Bases). It was a $50,000,000 venture into the unknown. No one had ever attempted such a job before. The Navy desperately wanted bombproof fuel storage, and it had planned a series of horizontal tunnels under Red Hill. Morrison's men came up with a daring new idea: why not carve really large storage tanks out of the heart of the hill? That was what was done. Twenty capsule-shaped tanks, 250 feet high and 100 feet in diameter—each as large as a twenty-story building based on a city block—were mined out of the hill, lined with steel and reinforced with concrete.

Tempered by the big jobs of the thirties and the war, the joint venture is now a strong tool of the trade. While the "coadventurers" compete for smaller jobs, they frequently combine for the big ones—the joint venture is the prudent way to corral the necessary capital, combine planning brains and spread the risk involved in the whoppers. There has been one notable improvement in the tool: the Six Companies was a corporation but the new joint ventures are simple partnerships. Earnings from these partnerships can be taken into the Morrison-Knudsen general accounts, and losses on individual projects come out of the same accounts. "That way we can balance the loss on one job with profits from another," Morrison explains.

Jack Bonny, the general manager, says, "We may bid a large job which we could easily do alone, but we'll take from 25 to 50 per cent and call in other firms for the rest. They call us the same way. We end up with the same amount of gross income, but the hazard is shared. We can put together a $50,000,000 deal just by picking up the phone."

Big Loss on Tunnel Contract

If it were as simple as that, no one would have any worries. But contracting in the big leagues is a full-speed business clouded with hazards. Morrison says, "Those fellows who claim they never have any losses are lying in their teeth." M-K, naturally enough, tries not to make mistakes, but when it does, they are usually pips. Currently the company is losing more than $1,000,000 on a $5,000,000 tunnel job through the base of Russian Hill in San Francisco because the underground conditions were not as anticipated. "So far as we are concerned," says Bonny, "that is one of the legitimate hazards of the business."

Taking hazards in stride, Morrison-Knudsen last year showed a profit of $5,300,000 after taxes—including its shares in joint-venture jobs, and its foreign and domestic subsidiaries. The gross was $312,000,000.

Part of this gross—$66,000,000 worth—was contributed by the H. K. Ferguson Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, one of the leading industrial-construction firms in the country, which was purchased by M-K in 1950. Ferguson's men built a large part of the original atomic-energy plant at Oak Ridge and the atomic plant at Brookhaven on Long Island. "They can build an antibiotic plant or a detergent plant or a powder plant—and there are only a few outfits that can do that kind of work," Morrison says. "H. K. Ferguson fitted right into the M-K pattern. Rome was not built in a day, they say, because Ferguson didn't have the contract."

"If you ask Morrison why he runs himself ragged," a close friend says, "he'll tell you, 'To make money.' But that is just not true. He is in the construction business because it is his pleasure: he gets a thrill out of doing the tough jobs."

The Morrisons are childless, and there is no direct Morrison kin at the top of the company. Morrison's heir apparent, however, is James D. McClary, Mrs. Morrison's nephew. He was an M-K truck driver at sixteen and now, at thirty-three, he is assistant to Bonny, the general manager.

Although Morrison tells himself he is no longer as active as formerly in company affairs, no one believes him. He is still the boss, although much of his load is handled by the operating vice-presidents. Morrison subscribes to the contractors' axiom: the top man is no better than his support. Morrison is very much in evidence when a big job is shaping up, galloping all over the headquarters building, dipping his finger into every part of the organizational work. "Harry just wants to build," Mrs. Morrison said recently. "He just wants to build the next biggest job that comes along."

"I've been turning jobs down, Ann, I've told you that," Morrison protested.

"Yes, one job a couple of weeks ago. That's the first one you've turned down in 38 years." ▲▲▲

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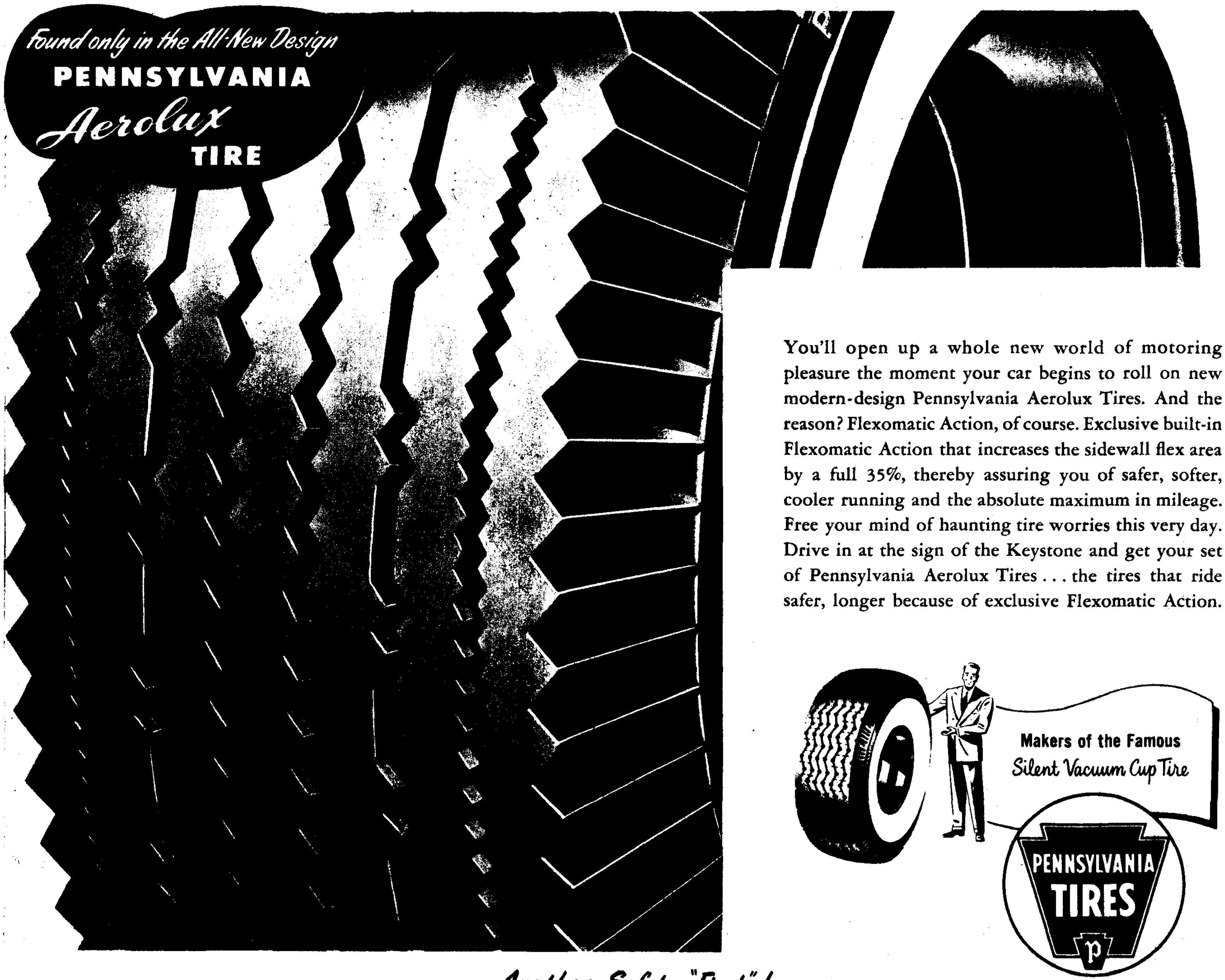
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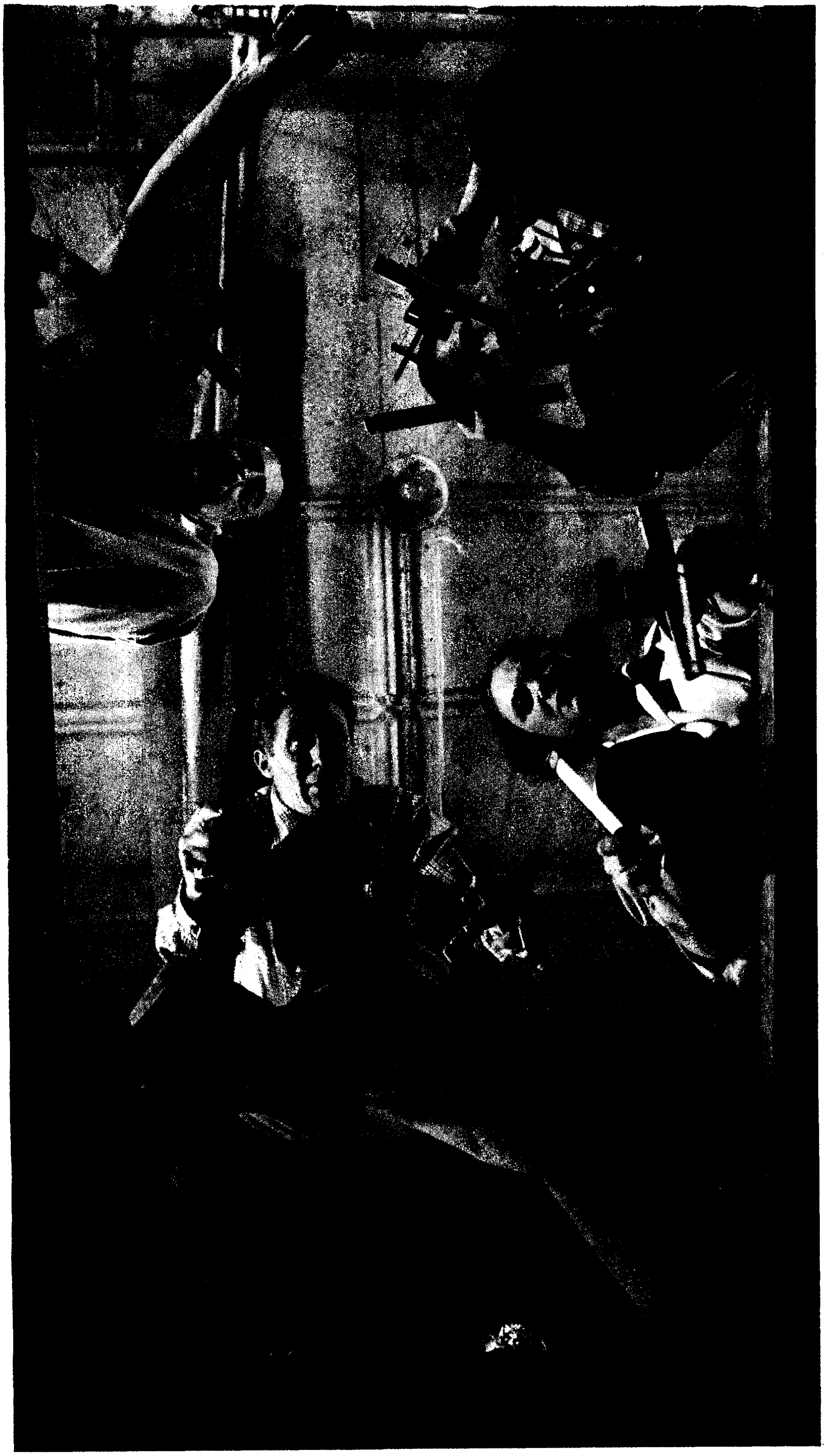


In behind-scenes view of TV rehearsal at their studio home, Bil and Cora Baird (r.) stand on boards maneuvering puppets on stage below. Aids are Ray Hedge (l.) and Frank Sullivan

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EILEEN DARBY

Bil Baird, who's made some 700 marionettes, uses self as model for puppet's expression

STRING PULLERS

TELEVISION has again turned the limelight on puppets, an ancient art form that has long languished in a quiet backwater of the entertainment world. For, in its search for talent, TV has found that marionettes—singing, dancing and playing any variety of roles from Mata-Hari to the mad March Hare—are the answer to a budget-minded producer's prayer.

Bil and Cora Baird, master puppeteers behind CBS' fairy-tale adventure series The Whistling Wizard, think that, in television, puppets have the edge on people. "In the first place," says Bil, "people aren't built right for it. Their proportions are all wrong, and you either have to cut them off at the knees or leave their heads out of the picture. With puppets you can emphasize what's important—head, legs or whatever—and make it with room to spare."

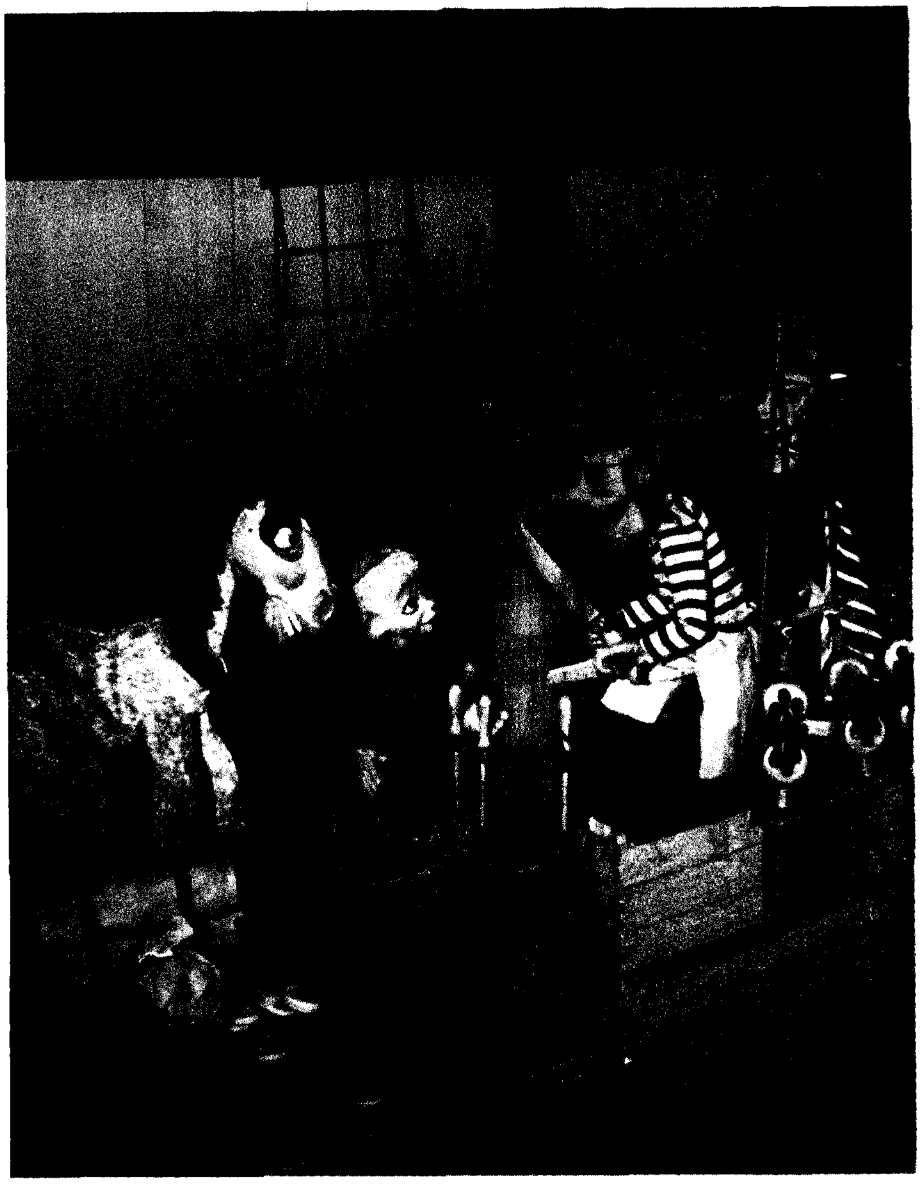
For 15 years, the Bairds, an energetic couple in their late thirties, have made their headquarters in a converted coach house and onetime bootleggers' den on New York's West Seventieth Street. They call it Fire Horse Manor. In this combination home-workshop-TV studio they have carved, clothed, painted and brought to life a family of some 700-odd paddle-footed progeny. Here, too, battered puppets get new heads, feet, hands, rest up between shows and finally retire.

Their goggle-eyed gang is the product of Cora's early theater training and Bil's motley experience as cartoonist, stage designer, carpenter, musician, dancer and general handy man.

Remarkably versatile, the Bairds' performances range from stories of adventure on the high seas to a night-club strip-tease act in which the puppet removes everything including her head. "We're not trying to imitate people," says Bil, "but to burlesque, satirize and interpret them. And we have to adjust to each medium. For a kids' show, we may get off on a dragon kick; for club dates a ballet or *chanteuse* kick, and so on."

Armed with Baird-supervised words, music and plot, the puppets have bounced into supper clubs and have twice been to Broadway, most recently in Flahooley, where their pony ballet was the hit of that musical. They've played at Radio City Music Hall, at the Roxy and at two World's Fairs.

This fall the curious adventures of the Whistling Wizard will turn up in book form and on records. So, the Bairds admit, things seem to be galloping along in a manner befitting Fire Horse Manor. ▲▲▲



On the Bairds' Whistling Wizard video show, J.P., the boy hero, and Heathcliff, his equine pal, try always to meet danger with a smile

Multiple exposure shows frantic above-stage activity during a puppet act. Besides manipulating puppets, string pullers must speak lines

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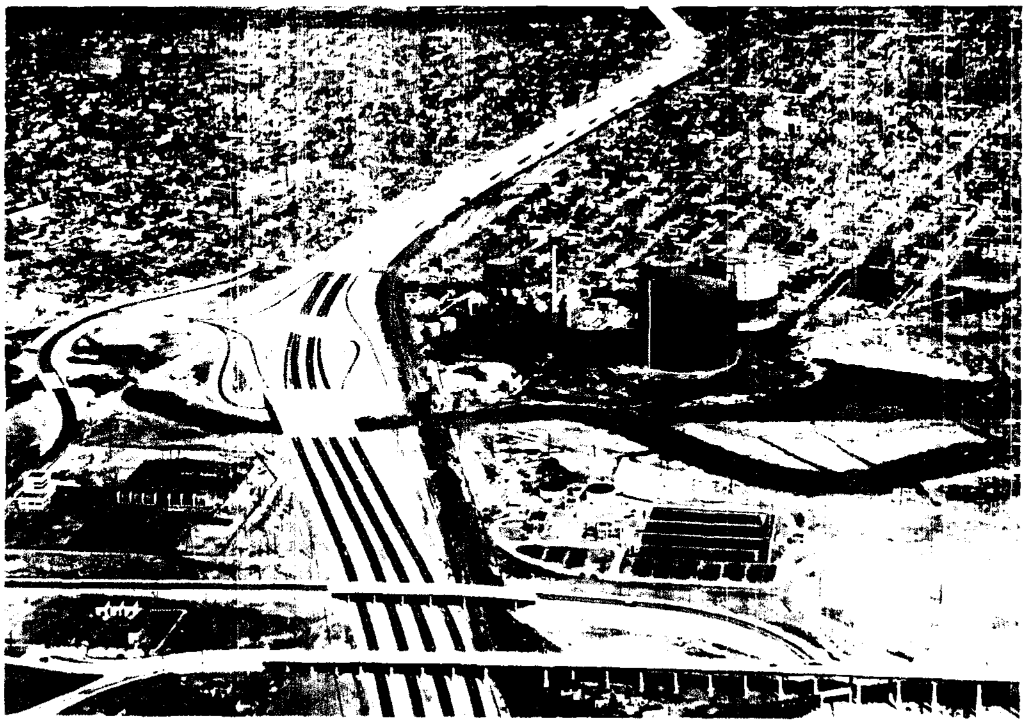
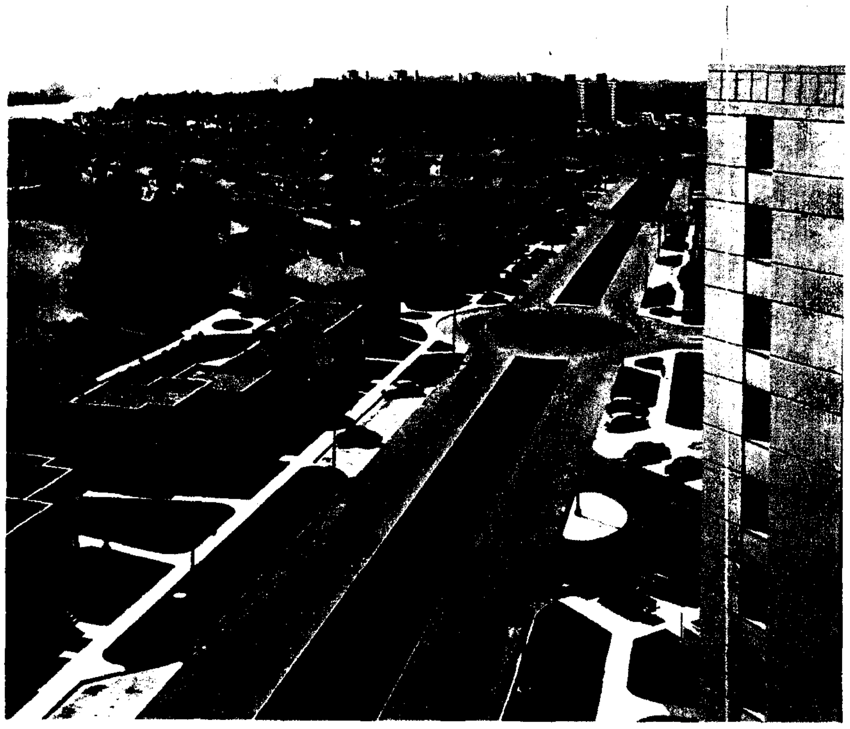


FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEYS

Superhighway: the New Jersey Turnpike. Insurance firms advanced $220,000,000 to enable building of recently completed 118-mile road



MASON WEYMOUTH

Big percentage of public's premium dollar has gone into new housing, like Metropolitan Life's huge Parkmerced Apartments in San Francisco

INSURANCE COMPANIES: *Wha*

Life-insurance funds are a primary source of investment capital today. In large part, they make our economy run. Without them, great projects might bog down or not get started at all

By BEN MERSON

MOST people buy life-insurance policies for three reasons: they want to protect their heirs. They want to protect themselves. Or they want to protect themselves from themselves, since insurance is a form of compulsory savings.

These are all practical motives. But when my neighbor recently bought a policy his approach was quite spiritual.

As he explained it: "Not only do they worry about safeguarding my money, but they worry about me personally. Who else—except an insurance company—would stand around praying for my health and success without expecting me to buy them a drink, or at least a cigar?"

My neighbor is an artist, and somewhat surrealistic. Insurance companies are more realistic. They expect nothing from a client—except that he live out his allotted span. To increase the allotment, they are spending over $700,000 a year on medical research. "And it's money well spent," says one company executive. "For we have found that a healthy client is most inclined to pay his premiums."

This happy inclination leads 86,000,000 Americans to spend more than $7,750,000,000 annually for the protection of life-insurance policies. Their premiums are as little as $.05 a week for a $160 policy to as much as $200,000 a year for the $7,000,000 bundle which is held by industrialist Pierre du Pont, of Wilmington, Delaware.

But few persons realize what happens to their premiums. Some—like my artist neighbor—believe the money is buried in a vault, pending its release by his own ultimate interment; others vaguely know that the money doesn't molder, that it circulates in the lifeblood of our economy.

Actually life-insurance funds are today a major source of investment capital in America. The money accumulated from premium payments has converted the nation's 684 life-insurance companies into a composite financial giant with $68,500,000,000 in assets; and these are growing at the rate of $4,000,000,000 a year.

Because of this herculean stockpile of dollars, the insurance companies as long ago as 1940 began to look beyond their traditional sources of "risk-free" investments. In addition to government bonds, these included state and municipal bonds, railroad and utility bonds, prime industrial mortgages and choice real-estate mortgages. But there simply weren't enough of them around to guarantee doughnuts for the insurance dollars.

So the companies broke with tradition as laws were passed to permit them to. Today their investments range from tires to oil to automobiles, to roads for the automobiles to run on. They include steel mills, ships and docks; locomotives, terminals and freight cars; hard goods, soft goods and canned goods, and the paper and twine that wrap them.

Insurance funds also go into tunnels, bridges and skyscrapers; department stores, hotels and housing; diapers, dynamos and kiddy cars; distilleries, bottles and headache pills; telephones, peanuts and pipe lines.

The investments run the whole gamut of our American economy. And in a large measure, they make our economy run. Without them some of our nation's big business might bog down, or never get started at all.

A typical illustration is the New Jersey Turnpike, the superhighway that stretches diagonally across the state, from the George Washington Bridge to the Delaware Memorial Bridge at Deepwater, New Jersey.

For years Jersey officials had visions of building this 118-mile dream road. But politically the idea was a nightmare. The screams would be devastating if taxes were boosted to raise the money.

Simple Solution of Finance Problem

Nevertheless, Jerseyites clamored for the highway. So, in 1948, the legislature solved the problem (for itself) by bequeathing it to the Turnpike Authority, headed by three commissioners. Aside from their titles, these three officials—Paul L. Troast, a contractor; George F. Smith, a manufacturer; and Maxwell Lester, Jr., a broker—were given the honor of raising an initial $220,000,000 almost overnight without any suggestion as to how to do it. Troast and his fellow commissioners went to the nation's leading life-insurance companies for the money.

It was the first such proposal the companies had ever received. But it became a model of finance. To save the Authority interest charges, the companies agreed to advance the required $220,000,000 not as a lump sum, but under a "borrow-as-you-build plan." The tolls collected—$1.75 for the entire trip for passenger cars, $5 for trucks—would more than cover the interest and amortization on the Turnpike bonds. And thus they could be painlessly retired between 1960 and 1985.

So sound were these arrangements that insurance companies from all over the country joined in the financing. The list reads like a travelogue. Besides the Jersey organizations—such as Prudential and Mutual Benefit, both of Newark—they include Guardian Life, Teachers Insurance, Manhattan Life, New York Life and Home Life, all of New York.

New England is represented by Connecticut Mutual, Massachusetts Mutual, New England Mutual and John Hancock. On the Pennsylvania roster are Reliance Life Insurance Company of Pittsburgh and Fidelity Mutual of Philadelphia. From the South are the Life Insurance Company of Virginia and Acacia Mutual of Washington, D.C. Investors from the Midwest include Equitable Life of Iowa, and Union Central of Cincinnati, Ohio; while those from the Far West are Pacific Mutual of Los Angeles and Western Life of Helena, Montana. And from across the border, Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada.

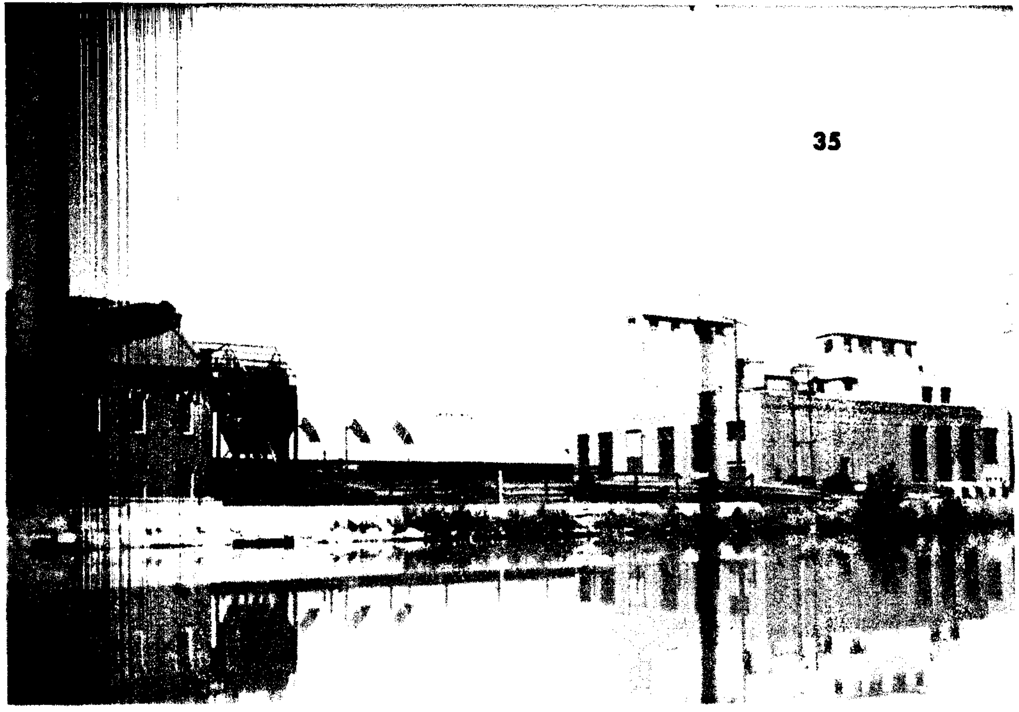
Insurance funds furnished five out of every six dollars. And by constructing the Turnpike on a borrow-as-you-build plan, the New Jersey Turnpike Authority saved twelve and a half million dollars in commissions and interest charges.

Vast and impersonal as the companies may be, occasionally not all is big business. For instance, a girl from the Missouri Ozarks sent the following letter to a prominent New York company: "I would like to apply for a loan of $15 to buy a box of baby chickens from a neighboring farmer. I am thirteen years old, I go to church regularly, and I have nothing to do with boys, except that once in a while I talk to them in school. I know this sounds awful. But my morals are good, and I'm sure you can trust me for $15. When I raise those chickens, I'll have more than enough money to pay you back. The baby chickens are bound to become mama chickens."

Because the young entrepreneur was underage, the insurance company regretfully turned down

ENE B GER

Government-built town Greenhills, O., was ordered sold. Hundreds of families formed corporation to buy; insurance firm took mortgage



PAT COFFEY

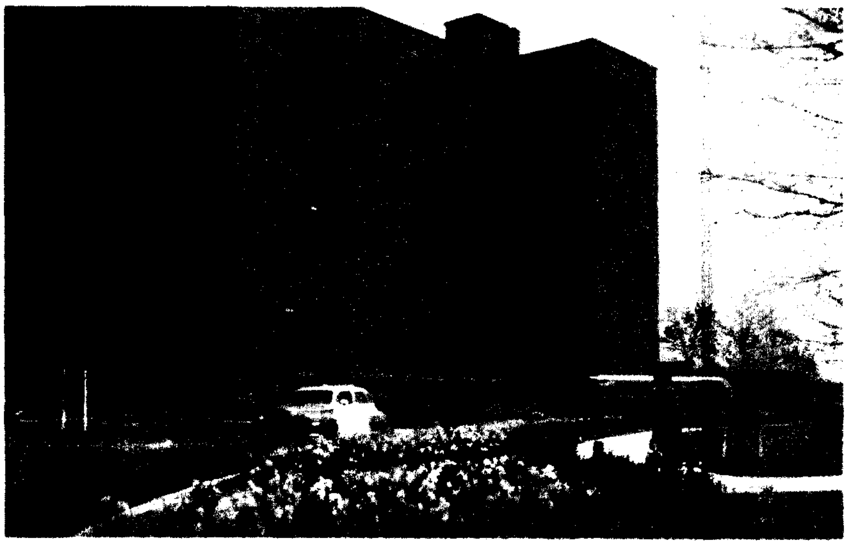
New power plant in Pueblo, owned by Southern Colorado Power Co., was built with part of $2,000,000 loan from three insurance firms

Do They Do with All That Money?

Gamble Skogmo SHIPPING & RECEIVING DEPARTMENT

RALPH ROYLE

Mutual Life rents out fleets of trucks and autos to nationally known business organizations, like Gamble-Skogmo company of Minneapolis

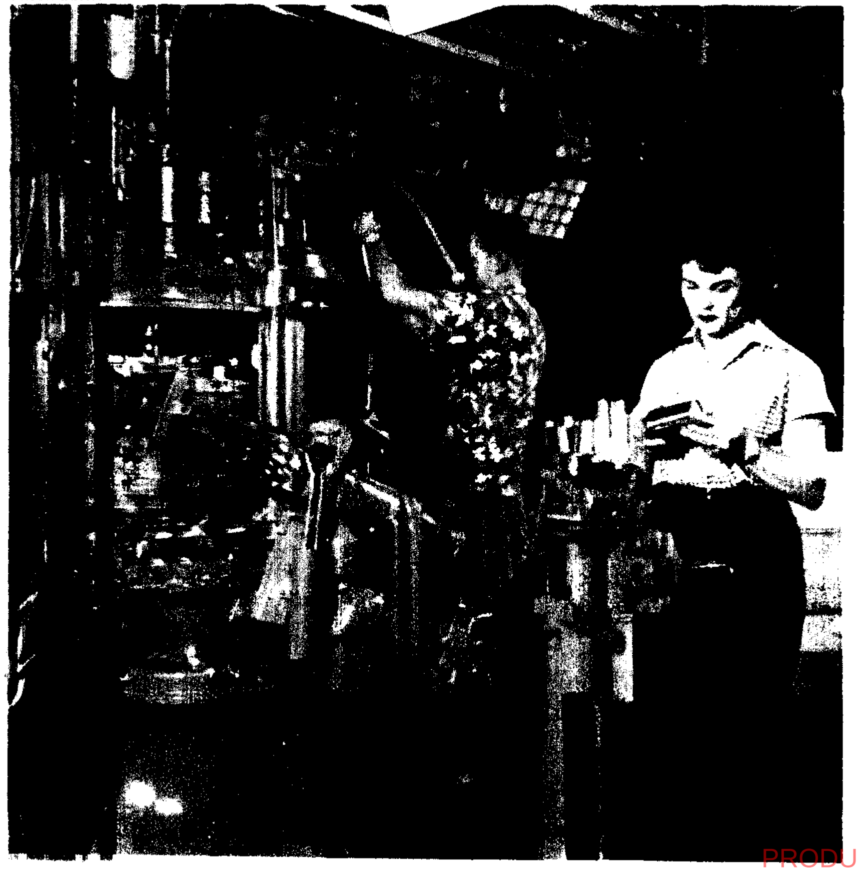


CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

New York Life's housing project, Fresh Meadows in Flushing, N.Y., is considered a model; it has spacious lawns and many playgrounds

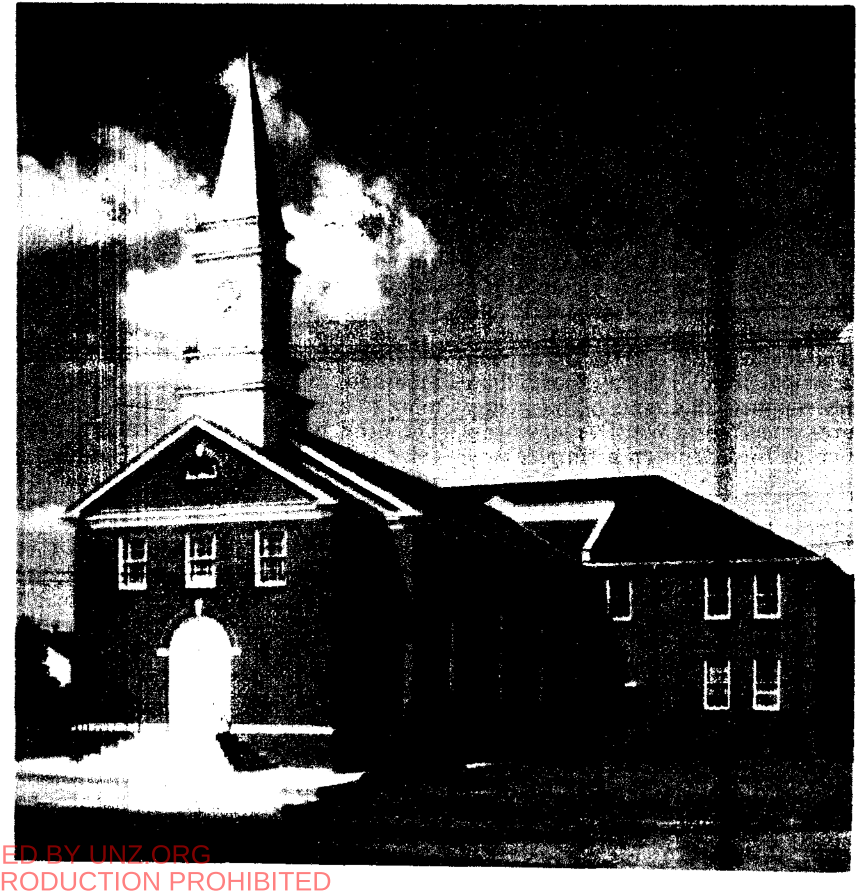
Continental Can acquired this new $1,000,000 Sacramento plant by long-term lease of factory, in effect, built to order by insurance firm

MASON WEYMOUTH



Connecticut General Life gave loan, 35 per cent of value of property, to build new Midwood Baptist Church and Sunday school, Charlotte, N.C.

DONALD MARTIN



the loan. But a member of the statistical department enclosed this gratuitous advice: "Our records show that what a chicken can do, a rabbit can do better. And you won't need to start with a boxful. Two rabbits will be more than enough."

That was last year. A few months ago the girl finally replied. "Thank you very much," she wrote. "I did like you said. And it worked out so good we had to move our goats onto the porch to make room in the kitchen for all the rabbits."

Rabbits, of course, need little help in their free enterprise. But big business is less fortunate. And in the past decade insurance companies have often come to the rescue, not only with hard cash but with hardheaded business ideas. One of these is credited to Thomas I. Parkinson, president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

It had its genesis in the summer of 1949 when Parkinson met Champ Carry, president of the Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Corp. Carry's firm, which builds railroad freight cars, was suffering from lack of orders, as was almost every other car-building company. "It isn't that the railroads don't need rolling stock," said Carry. "They need it badly. They're saddled with obsolete stuff. But the railroads just haven't got the cash to buy from us. And without cash we can't build."

"How about building it for us?" inquired Parkinson. He thereupon called in Warner H. Mendel, Equitable's counsel, outlined his idea and suggested that Mendel work out the details with Carry. "It was the happiest chore I ever received," says Mendel. "I always loved trains when I was a kid, but I never got to play with them."

Big Business for a Big Country

A few weeks ago, Collier's carried a series of articles by David E. Lilienthal **(Big Business for a Big Country, May 31 through June 28, 1952).** *They urged government to adopt a more realistic attitude toward big business. The editors feel much of this point of view is implicit in the article on insurance companies on these pages. In fact, we have a few words to say; please turn to our editorial on page 70*

Under Mendel's plan, which is now in operation, Equitable ordered 19,000 freight cars. Their cost averaged approximately $6,000 each. And besides the Pullman Company, they were built by the American Car & Foundry Company, Pressed Steel Car Company and Greenville Car Company and others. Payment was 80 per cent in cash, with the balance spread over five years.

How the Boxcars Were Rented

Upon completion the cars were turned over to the various railroads which had ordered them. These included the Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio, Maine Central, New York Central System, Atlantic Coast Line and Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad Company. But they were not sold to the railroads. They were rented out to them for 15 years on a sliding scale, starting at about $1.60 a day for a boxcar. At the end of this period they may revert to Equitable for scrap or the railroads may renew the lease for 10 years at a greatly reduced rate.

Through the years both big and little business have come to lean more and more on life-insurance funds. Bond issues and real-estate mortgages have been the principal crutch. Today four billion dollars supports this type of financing. But ever since World War II, many firms have come to depend on a simpler way of raising capital.

The method is known as the purchase lease-back, which means that the insurance company buys the firm's property or property needed by the firm, then immediately rents it to the firm under a long-term agreement. Thus, in all cases the insurance company is assured of a sound investment, while the tenant gets an unencumbered lump of cash, an expense deduction for his rent and a raise in his credit status.

Among the first to use the plan was Sears, Roebuck and Co., which now has 35 stores, from Maine to California, under lease-back, mostly from the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. Scores of other prominent firms followed. Among them were Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., whose bottling plants in California, Illinois, Maryland, New Jersey and other states were put under lease-back from Mutual. Mutual also became the landlord of the $615,000 Associated Telephone Company, Ltd., building in Long Beach, California, and the $3,300,000 research laboratory of Sterling Drug Company, at Rensselaer, New York.

In Baltimore, New York Life bought and leased back the parts depot of the International Harvester Co., and entered into lease-back deals with the W. T. Grant Company stores in Albany, New York; Haverhill, Massachusetts; Leominster, Massachusetts; Phoenixville, Pennsylvania; and Jersey City, New Jersey.

Under the same arrangement, Equitable paid $10,000,000 for Filene's department store in Boston and an average of $250,000 each for 10 service branches of the Fruehauf Trailer Co.; while Prudential acquired a baby-food factory from Gerber Products Company, and an ink plant from Sanford, Inc.

Montgomery-Ward, F. W. Woolworth Co. and A. S. Beck Shoes have put certain stores under lease-back deals. Such well-known department stores as Bonwit Teller, Inc., New York; Hahne, in Newark, New Jersey, and Goldblatt Brothers in Chicago are under lease-back arrangements.

As a result of these vast operations, the insurance companies now own $800,000,000 worth of commercial and industrial property. It was all acquired since 1942. Previously most states prohibited the companies from doubling as landlords.

Recently the insurance companies have added a new fillip. They have become builders, too. If a firm needs a plant, the insurance companies build it to order, then rent it to the firm on a long-term lease. Among the firms which have thus souped up their expansion is the Continental Can Co., Inc. It acquired new factories costing $12,000,000 in six states through New York Life Insurance Co.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York finances the renting of thousands of cars in fleets of 100 or more to nationally known organizations. The firms pay a monthly rental and receive new cars every year. The plan is administered by Peterson, Howell & Heather, fleet management firm of Baltimore. Included in the companies rolling along on this arrangement are E. I. du Pont de Nemours, Sunshine Biscuits, Inc., Johnson & Johnson and Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company. The rental plan has also been extended to trucks on a somewhat similar basis.

Faith in a large sense is behind the thousands of insurance loans that have been granted to help build new churches or add to existing facilities. Companies throughout the country are underwriting this program. And all the major sects—Protestant, Catholic and Jewish—are receiving assistance.

The money is lent in conventional manner, with the usual foreclosure clause, but, "We wouldn't dream of using it," explains one company executive. "Religious institutions are the most trustworthy clients in the world. Not one has ever broken faith with us."

Funds for U.S. Defense Effort

Uncle Sam is an equally good risk. And this year they held almost $11,000,000,000 in government securities to help finance our defense effort. In addition they have handed over $3,000,000,000 in loans to defense-supporting industries.

Typical of these is $100,000,000 to the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.; $6,000,000 to the National Gypsum Co.; and $7,000,000 to the Budd Co.—the latter for construction of a new plant for machining tank bodies. Also $85,000,000 to the Reynolds Metals Co. for a new aluminum reduction plant; an advance of $110,000,000 to the Chemstrand Corp., newest in the nylon-producing field; and a loan of $100,000,000 to the Electric Energy Co., of Joppa, Illinois, to build a power plant for the Atomic Energy Commission in Kentucky.

Since the policy holder is a domestic animal, his domicile has always been of prime concern to the insurance companies; and as the American yen for private ownership has increased, so also has the demand for insurance funds, with the result that the companies today have over $15,000,000,000 invested in farm and home mortgages. But it adds up to more than just a vast statistic. It summarizes a whole way of life.

The village of Greenhills, Ohio, is a compelling example. It is a tidy little community located in the rolling countryside 13 miles north of Cincinnati. The houses are of brick and stucco, neat and solidly built. The plots are wide and bordered by shrubs. But four years ago its 3,700 residents just looked upon Greenhills as a place to hang their hats.

Their attitude, if any, was more unsettled than that of the average tenant. For they were under the psychological handicap of having Uncle Sam as a landlord. Greenhills had been built by the government in 1937. Congress had appropriated the funds. But what one Congress gave, another might take away. And a feeling of impermanence hung over the community.

Then it happened. In 1948, Congress passed a law ordering the government to sell Greenhills—in one pile, like a stack of lumber. The residents were demoralized. They were average citizens earning $3,000 to $5,000 a year. Most of them worked in offices and factories in Cincinnati or the General Electric turbo-jet plant at Lockland, four miles away. Their jobs depended on living nearby, and there was no other housing available.

The desperate villagers held a series of meetings in the home of Frank Russell, a construction engineer. And out of the meetings grew a desperate decision—to buy Greenhills from the government. Not as individuals—the government refused to sell them their homes that way—but as a corporation. After much seesawing, Washington set the price at $3,140,000: 10 per cent in cash, the rest as a mortgage. Thus the deal was consummated: 317 families put up about $1,000 cash each for the down payment and became a corporation while the remaining 310 families remained as rent-paying assets.

"We saved the village," recalls Russell, "but we didn't know for how long. The government might still sell the mortgage right out from under us. And under its terms we couldn't put any money aside for improvements or future use. The future still looked very much like the past. Except that now our troubles were incorporated."

They were finally unraveled in 1951 by an insurance company, which had rations for such beset corporations. The company took over the government mortgage, and arranged for individual financing.

When the arrangements were over, the villagers were householders instead of stockholders, and every man his own landlord. This has paid off dividends in community enterprise.

Today Greenhills has its own mayor, council and police department; health service, garbage service and shopping center. It also has 60 acres of parks, two schools and a swimming pool, as well as an auditorium and a community center. The village has become a typical Suburbia, U.S.A.

Best known to the public, however, are the housing projects built and managed by the insurance companies. They range from the low-cost to the luxury-type, and represent an investment of $500,000,000. Located mainly in large cities, they spell home to over 150,000 Americans; and not only are they the last word in housing, but the answer (the insurance companies say) to how we can help raise the standard of living without deflating the nation's pocketbook.

Cities Built Within a City

Pioneer in this field was the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., whose three vast New York City projects—Parkchester, Peter Cooper Village and Stuyvesant Town—are veritably cities within a city. Equally modern, on a smaller scale, are Metropolitan's Riverton Houses in Harlem, Parklabrea in Los Angeles, Parkmerced in San Francisco and Parkfairfax in Alexandria, Virginia.

Prudential was one of the first companies to undertake slum clearance, with its Chellis Austin apartments in Newark, while New York Life built the first project for a college faculty—Stanworth, in Princeton, New Jersey.

Other large ventures include Equitable's Clinton Hills apartments in Brooklyn, New York Life's Fresh Meadows development in Long Island and John Hancock Company's Hancock Village in Brookline, Massachusetts. And at least a dozen new projects are on the drawing board.

Despite their great variety, insurance investments are ruled by taboos. The companies live in a restricted financial world hemmed in by laws of safety. Their code forbids speculation of any kind, even the most innocuous.

Meanwhile, insurance companies continue to grow; and with them the number of policyholders and the size of their assets. As a result, the companies have become the most adroit investors in the land.

Yet, for all their versatility, they realize that a day could come when they would have money to invest and no ideas about where to put it. So, as a hedge against the future, they have invested $300,000 in a committee—to investigate new opportunities for investments in a growing America. ▲▲▲

"How I stepped into the most surprising role of my career"

by Gloria Swanson

One of Hollywood's brightest stars takes you behind the scenes of her latest motion picture, **"3 FOR BEDROOM C"**, a Brenco Production, distributed by Warner Bros., now being shown at your neighborhood theatre.

"From the first, the part was a natural," says Gloria. "I appreciate comfort. But even I was surprised to find how completely 'Bedroom C' provided all the comforts of home."

"Whether you're hungry for thrilling scenery or good food, I can promise you both when you Go Pullman. Personally, I found the food so delicious, so expertly served it almost stole the scene from the exciting countryside."

Sh-h-h . . . while Gloria gets her beauty sleep, may we tell you why you rest so well on a Pullman? You see, the bed's so *big* and comfortable. And there's nothing on your mind but that soft, fluffy pillow.

"Really, this has been a most delightful run," adds Miss Swanson. "May I say my latest Pullman experience has left me so enthused, so refreshed, so relaxed that I'm looking forward to a quick return engagement."

Take it easy...

GO PULLMAN

COMFORTABLE, CONVENIENT AND SAFE

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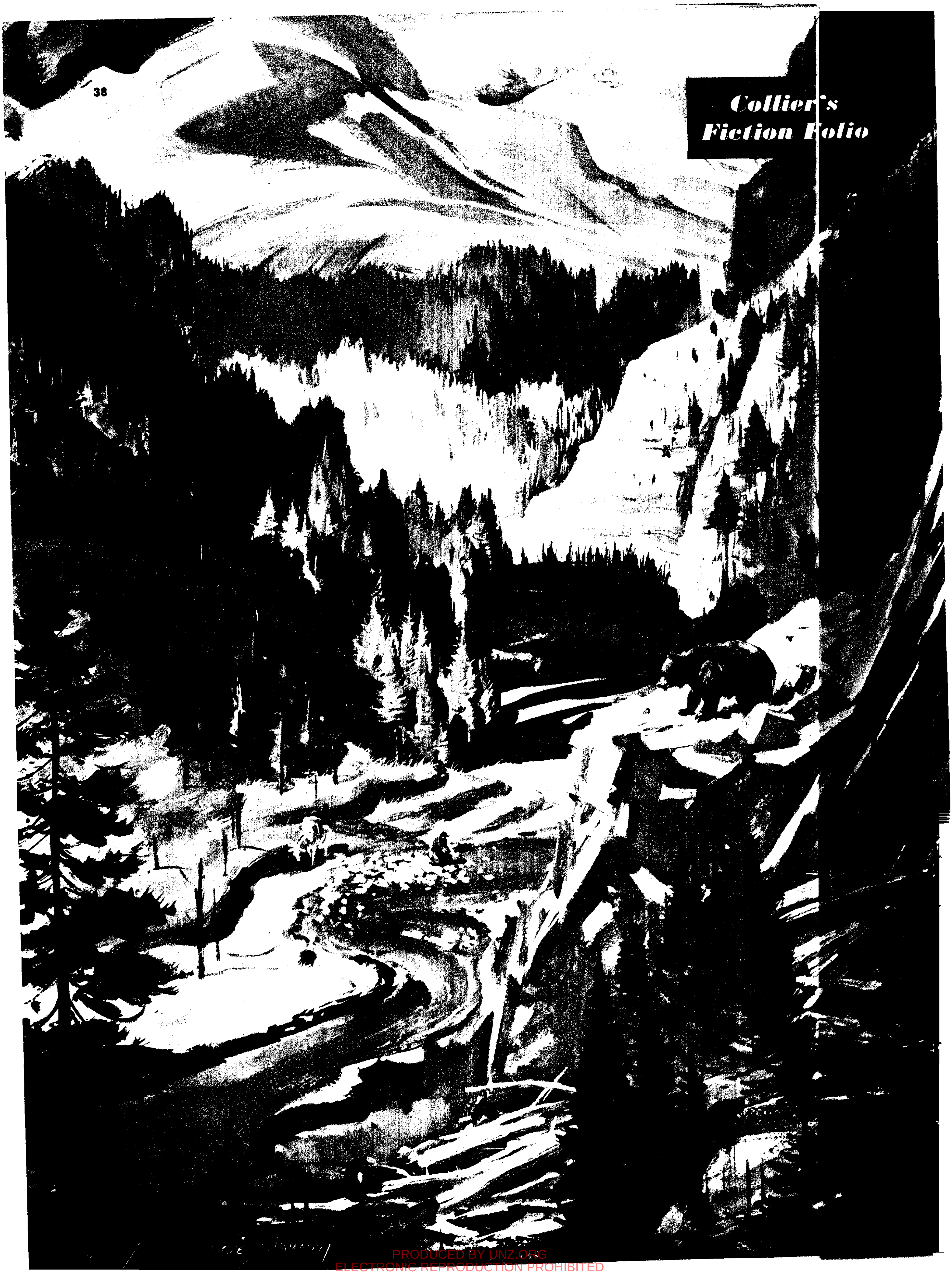
Collier's Fiction Folio



SOMETHING LOST

By JACK SCHAEFER

The man and the bear had a strange bond. They shared a wild region; they had faced death together. But they were dangerous to each other. And one of them would kill the other

June . . .

This was far up in the mountains, and still the great peaks climbed, thrusting up and thinning to the bare bones of rock above the timber line. The high, upland valley was lost among them, an irregular pocket caught in the soaring immensity, rimmed by the timeless rock, its glints of meadow green shading into the darker green of forest where it broke into the downward slopes.

The figure of the man by the stream near the upper end of the valley was unbelievably small in the vastness. He stood stooped by a sand bar where the riffles swung and died in a pool, and the slant sunlight flashed on the worn tin in his hands, and his shoulders rocked as his arms moved in a circular motion.

The motion stopped, and the man bent his head further to peer at the dull gleaming flakes in the pan. He straightened up and nodded his head in slow satisfaction. He studied the sand bar and the pool, where the water slipped into apparent stillness and the silt of years had settled to the bottom.

He raised his head and looked at the untouched wilderness about him. The valley lay open around him, a half mile wide and a mile long, its level floor cut by the swinging course of the stream. At its head, the mountain wall rose steeply in huge broken steps. On the near side, was a high, sharp ridge; on the opposite side, a vast rock buttress towered out to a tremendous cliff edge. Between the ridge and the buttress the valley entrance swept out to open park land that dropped abruptly into jack pine forest covering the downward slopes and was divided by the deepening gorge of the stream as it sought the lower levels.

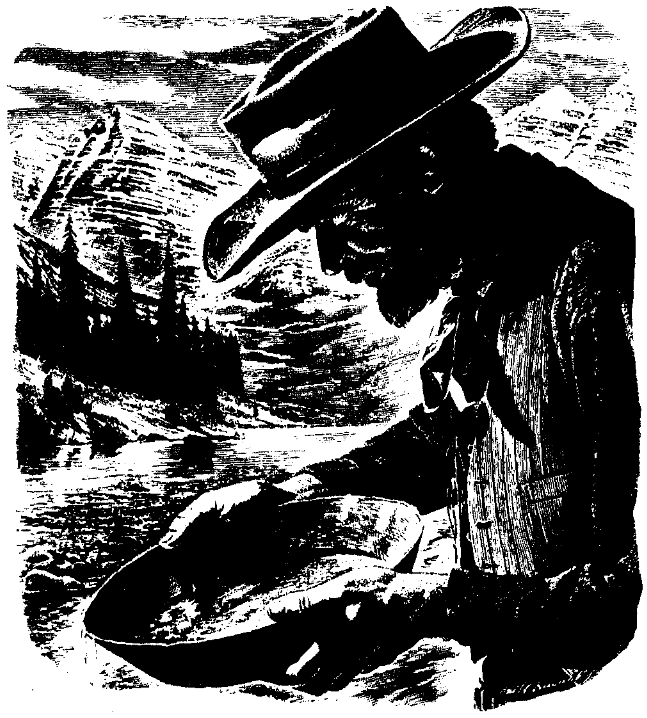
The man nodded his head again, and the sun shone warm on the broad, flat planes of his face beneath the wide, squared brim of his hat. He took a leather pouch from a pocket and eased the flakes into it. He strode across the carpet of wild flowers bordering the stream and bent to pick up the trailing lead rope of the grazing burro.

By the slope of the near valley side, where a thickening stand of spruce and juniper fringed the valley floor, he stopped and pulled the rifle and ax and short shovel from under the tie ropes and unfastened the pack and picketed the burro on a twenty-foot rope. He selected a fallen tree, angling up, the upper end wedged in a crotch of another tree. Using this as his ridgepole, he began building his shelter. He shed his jacket, and sweat darkened the faded brown of his shirt as his short, broad body swung in steady rhythm and the ax blade bit into the springy wood.

Across the meadow green, across the wild-flower carpet and the stream, half a mile across the stretching expanse of valley floor and two hundred yards up the opposite slope, where bare rock jutted over a flat ledge, the great bear stood and watched the man. A light breeze ruffled through the short brown fur that was made ragged by the remaining unshed long hairs that were touched with silver on the tips. The bear's small, farsighted eyes followed the man's every move among the distant trees.

Two hundred yards up the opposite slope, where bare rock jutted over a flat ledge, the great bear stood and watched the man, its small eyes following every move he made

Eighty-odd miles away, over the mountain barrier to the east, where a ragged collection of rude log cabins and tents straggled along the side of an almost-dry stream bed, men worked at their wooden cradles and sluice boxes and grumbled to themselves and one another. The showings of color that had drawn them there to stake their claims were dwindling. In the oblong, tarpaulin-roofed shack that served as store and bar, other men spoke of the one who had left, abandoning his slow, half-worked claim to disappear quietly with his burro into the high distances to the west. Their talk was tainted with envious wondering. They argued with one another in edged monotones. Unrest and disappointment crawled through the mining camp.



FAR up in his valley, as the midnight stars wheeled in their slow course, the man stirred on his bed of spruce boughs and sat up, suddenly alert. The embers of the fire outside the open end of his shelter had faded to a dull glow that meant nothing to the moonless dark under the trees.

He heard the burro moving restlessly on its shortened picket rope. In the following silence, he felt a familiar prickling on the back of his neck as the short hairs there stiffened in response to some instinct beyond the reach of his mind. His right hand moved and took the rifle, and he was leaning forward to rise when he heard the burro scream and lunge to the end of the rope. He leaped to his feet and stood in the open end of the shelter, baffled by the unrelenting blackness of the night. Gradually he made out the darker shapes of the trees. He went cautiously toward the burro and found it half choked by the taut rope. He spoke softly, and it pushed against him, and together they stood in a silence that lived and breathed around them. There was not a single separate, discernible sound, yet the prickling persisted on his neck, and the flesh of the burro quivered against him. The prickling died, and the burro quieted, and they stood in an empty silence.

The man returned to the fire and piled wood on it and knelt to blow until flames sprang up and a circle of firelight fought back the dark. He shifted the burro closer to the circle before he lay again on his spruce bed.

IN THE morning, the man found the tracks. Those of the forefeet were nearly seven inches wide and nine inches long, those of the hind feet eight inches wide and fourteen inches long. The claw-marks of all five toes on each were plain. Apprehension crept along the man's spine. His hands tightened on the rifle. The tracks led in a circle around his camp and close in by the shelter and again by the place where the burro had first been picketed. He crawled inside his shelter to where his meager supplies, depleted by weeks of wandering, were cached behind a barrier of short logs. He took a handful of cartridges and dropped them in a jacket pocket. Outside again, he strode off, steady, unhurried, following the tracks away. They led him across the stream below the pool and across the level of the valley. He lost them on the edge of a field of slide rock near the lower end of the valley. He skirted the field and could find no further trace. He turned back and began a thorough circuit of the valley.

He found signs in many places—old tracks caked where the ground had dried, and fresher tracks in soft ground. He found three rubbing trees with their bark worn thin, and, high up, higher than he could reach, gashes where the bark had been torn open crosswise by big, gripping jaws. He found the trail angling up the far slope to the ledge. It was hard-packed by years of use by generations of animals reaching back into the dim past, so packed that the imprints of the big claws were all-but-invisible scratches on the hard surface.

Approaching the ledge, he saw the wide crevice behind it, narrowing as it led back to blackness under the overhanging rock. No light could penetrate the inner depth. He dropped silently back down the trail fifty yards and crouched behind a big stone and shouted. There was no response except the jeering call of a jay. He shouted again and waited. At last, he strode down the trail and across the valley. In a few moments he was stooped by the pool, his arms moving in a circular motion as the sun glinted on the pan in his hands. But now he looked up at regular intervals and scanned the expanse all around him, and the rifle lay within quick reach, not more than a yard from his steady hands. . . .

Out of the valley, eight miles around the jagged sweep of the vast rock buttress that towered above the opposite slope, out where the forest of jack pine below the edging park land flowed unbroken down to the shore of a small lake, the great bear lay in a patch of sunlight on the soft needle carpet. Already it had forgotten the man and the burro. They were new sights, new scents, never before known,

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY and JOHN McCORMACK

tucked away now in the reservoir of experience, and they would remain untouched until they were recalled by a fresh encounter. The man and the burro had been seen and smelled and investigated in the caution of the night, and dismissed. There was no challenge in them for the bear to understand.

A marten drifted down the trunk of a nearby tree, stretching its small, pointed head outward to stare intently at the bear. The scritch of the small claws in the bark was barely audible a few feet away, yet the bear's head rose. The marten scurried back up the tree. The big head dropped, and the bear, full-fed and lazy, drowsed in the sunlight. The tree shadows moved slowly and crept to engulf the bear, and it rose and padded softly on through the forest. It was obeying its own instinctive calendar of habit, moving on the periodic four-day feeding march that took it out of the valley on a wide swing and return through the thirty-seven miles of its mountain-bound range.

July . . .

The man strode up the stretch of park land that edged the forest and led to the valley entrance. The late-afternoon sun was full in his face. Behind him, the burro trotted obediently, weighted by the big pack, whose new canvas covering gleamed white in the sunlight. Where the park land leveled to enter the valley, he stopped and turned to look back the way he had come. Satisfied that no one followed, he turned again and led the burro up the valley and across the green carpet to his camp in the spruce and juniper fringe. Everything there was as he had left it eight days before.

But in the soft ground by the pool he found the big, five-toed tracks crossing the stream toward his camp and going back again. He looked across the valley and up. The steep slope that curved to the high rock buttress was splendid in the late sunlight, and the overhanging rock and the ledge two hundred yards above the valley floor shone rust-red and gray against the green around them. A hawk floated in the air above the scattered, clinging trees. There was no other sign of life. The man went back to his camp and began unpacking the burro.

FAR to the east, over the mountain barrier, where rude cabins and tents marred the bank of the stream bed, men talked to the keeper of the tarpaulined store and bar, worrying again the questions about the man who had returned with his burro four days earlier and bought supplies and shaken bright flakes out of a pouch in payment and disappeared again into the western heights.

Already the legend was growing: he had made a rich strike. He was scooping dust out of rich silt pockets by the handfuls. He had unlimited wealth in dust and nuggets cached in his mountain hide-out. The voice of a lean man with a narrow, hatchet face gashed by a thin-lipped mouth was tinged with bitterness as he told of his failure in following the boot- and hoofprint traces into the mountain. A trail that well hidden must have been deliberately cloaked to cover its destination. The talk warmed, and eyes glittered, and the storekeeper did good business over his hewn-log bar.

Twice in the night the man woke, alert and rising to a sitting position on his bed of boughs. There was no sound beyond the barrier of logs with which he had closed the open end of his shelter except an occasional soft movement of the burro in the enclosure he had built for it. In the morning there were no new tracks. It was the same the next night and the next; and early during the night after that, thunder echoed through the mountains, and enough rain fell in the valley to dampen the ground and renew it for fresh writings by any living thing that walked it.

In the morning, the man took the rifle and made another thorough circuit of the valley. He found no fresh signs, no five-toed tracks except what remained of the old ones after the rain. But in the moist sand by the stream, below the pool, he found other tracks. He studied these for several minutes. He followed them along the stream, and when they faded into the firm sod, he kept on down the valley.

Half an hour later, he was skirting the vast rock buttress, pausing often to scan the sweep of slope opening below him. He was well around, out of sight of the valley entrance, when he saw the elk, three of them, more than a mile away. Patient and steady, he began the long approach, angling down the slope to put the light wind directly in his face.

Far ahead, where the forest dipped into a deep ravine, a thin column of smoke floated upward from a hollow in the shattered stump of a long-dead pine. The slow fire, legacy of the lightning, glowed faintly as it ate into the punklike wood. It edged through a split in the old bark, and little flames began to flicker along the side of the stump. It worked down and began to creep through the carpet of brown needles. It crept to the dried branches of a fallen tree, reaching for the more solid wood.

The man was on his hands and knees, lifting the rifle carefully and setting it down gently with each forward movement of his right hand. He crawled to the top of a slight rise and lay flat to peer over it. He was within rifle shot of the elk. He eased the gun forward and let the sights sink down on the closest of the three. It stood quartering away from him, and he aimed a bit behind and below the high foreshoulder and squeezed the trigger. He saw his elk leap a fraction of a second before the others, and saw the three of them swirl and melt like swift, shifting shadows into the forest. He rose and went forward and followed. He was well in among the trees when he found the first drops of blood. He lengthened his stride to follow the trace deeper into the forest.

Forty minutes later, winded from climbing over and around fallen timber, he jumped the wounded elk out of a brush-filled hollow, and his bullet, fired almost without aiming in the instant reflex of long experience, broke the animal's neck.

Down the slope, deeper in the forest, the great bear prowled, sniffing for rotted logs among a tangle of fallen trees. It heard the second shot, faint yet distinct, a sound foreign and unknown. The big body stopped moving and the big head rose and turned toward the sound. Unacquainted with fear in any form, the bear waited, listening; then the head lowered and the long, straight front claws sank into the outer shell of a log and effortlessly ripped it open. The tongue, surprisingly small in the big mouth, licked quickly at the scurrying insects.

WORKING steadily with his knife, the man was quartering the elk carcass. He had already bled and dressed it. He lifted one of the forequarters, testing the weight, and set it aside. He began to cut poles on which to hang the remaining quarters until he could return with the burro. The small of his back ached from bending over, and he straightened to rest it, and as his head came up he caught the first faint tang in the air. His body stiffened, and the tiny premonitions tightened into awareness. Smoke. Smoke drifting over the forest ceiling and filtering down fine tendrils that could elude the eye but not the nose.

The man stood motionless, testing the breeze. It stirred gently, barely whispering through the branches above him. Disregarding the rest of the meat, he hoisted the one forequarter to his shoulder and steadied it with one hand and took the rifle with the other. He started at a right angle to the direction of the breeze, straight up the slope, the shortest path to the edge of the forest and the open park land. Steadily he hammered on, and the breeze freshened and talked in the branches, and smoke began weaving among the tree trunks from the left. He angled toward the right, still climbing, and the smoke thickened, seeming to come from ahead as well as from the left.

At last he stopped, listening through the labored rush of his own breathing. The breeze became a wind sighing high overhead, and faint and far away he could hear the sullen roar of the racing fire. Around him, he could fairly feel the hurrying of panic, the small life of the forest moving, unseen but known, past him down the slope. He lowered his shoulder, and the meat slid to the ground, and without hesitation he turned and struck down the slope.

The smoke thickened, and the light dimmed strangely, and the roar rose until it was clearly audible with a high crackling breaking over it, and in a short while he was running, stumbling often and driving downward.

The ground leveled, and the trees ended, and he broke through bushes and fell full length into the shallow shore waters of a lake. The rifle leaped from his hand and disappeared beneath the surface, and he scrambled after it. But the water deepened suddenly a few feet out, and he floundered, with his chest heaving for air. He struggled back to the shallow edge and stood quietly while his lungs eased their frantic labor. Smoke rolled around him and he knelt to keep his head close to the water and the layer of clear air just above it. Fire flared on the rim of the forest, and the heat drove him into the deeper water.

He stood with only his head above the surface and looked out over the lake through the rolling smoke clouds. Fifty yards from shore, a huge rock showed, humping out of the water like the low, ridged back of some vast, immobile beast. He swam slowly to it, fighting the drag of his clothes and boots, and crawled up on it and lay flat while his tired muscles relaxed to rest.

THE man lay on the rock and watched the fire work its way along the shore. He saw flames race up one tree and leap to the next and sometimes, driven by the surge of their own tremendous draft, lunge to engulf several trees at once. The roar of the burning drowned all possible other sound. It was nothing he heard, little more than a slight prickling on the back of his neck, that made him look toward the water beyond the other end of the rock. Only the broad head showed, with the muzzle cutting the water, as the great bear swam toward the rock.

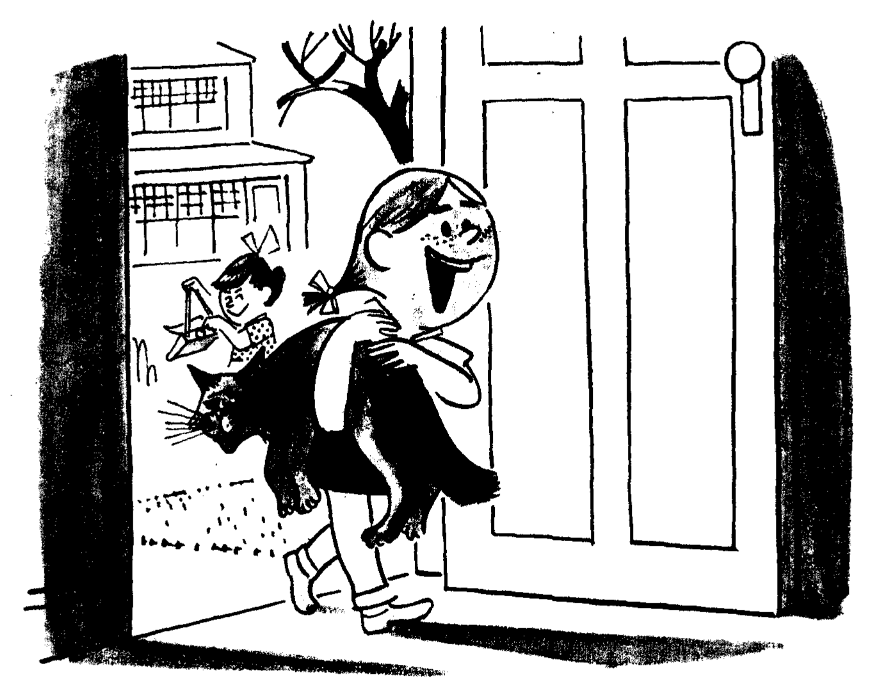
Quietly, the man slipped into the water, stretching out on it, with one hand holding to the stone while the other took the knife from its sheath on his belt. Silent in the water, he saw the bear's head rise over the far side of the rock, not more than twenty feet away, saw the front paws stretch for footing, the massive shoulders emerge into view. He watched the bear turn broadside and shake and send the drops spattering clear across the rock. He watched it settle on its haunches, facing the flaming shore line, and let its forepaws slide forward until the broad belly rested on the rock, and let the big head sink on them. The man moved cautiously to look out over the lake. Through the clear area just over the surface, he saw that it was almost ringed with fire and that there was no other haven showing above the water.

He turned his head back to the rock, and his body stiffened. The bear was looking at him. Its head was raised, and the small eyes watched him. His knees began to reflex under him for a swift thrust outward from the rock, but the bear remained motionless; and while he waited tensely, the big mouth opened and stretched in a yawn, and he saw the white of the great teeth and the lips drawing lazily back. The jaws closed and the head swung away and dropped on the forepaws again.

The hot air, uncomfortable but not unendurable, beat against the man's face, but the chill of the water sank into his body. Cautiously, he raised his hand and put the knife between his teeth. Then he placed both hands on the rock and began to draw himself forward and up on it. The bear's head rose and swung toward him, and the small eyes watched. He waited, but the bear did not move, and he inched forward until at last he was on his hands and knees on the rock. Slowly he shifted position until he was sitting cross-legged, ready to scramble back into the water. The bear watched, and when he was settled, the big head swung straight again and sank down.

Gradually the man's muscles softened, and the alertness eased out of them. The

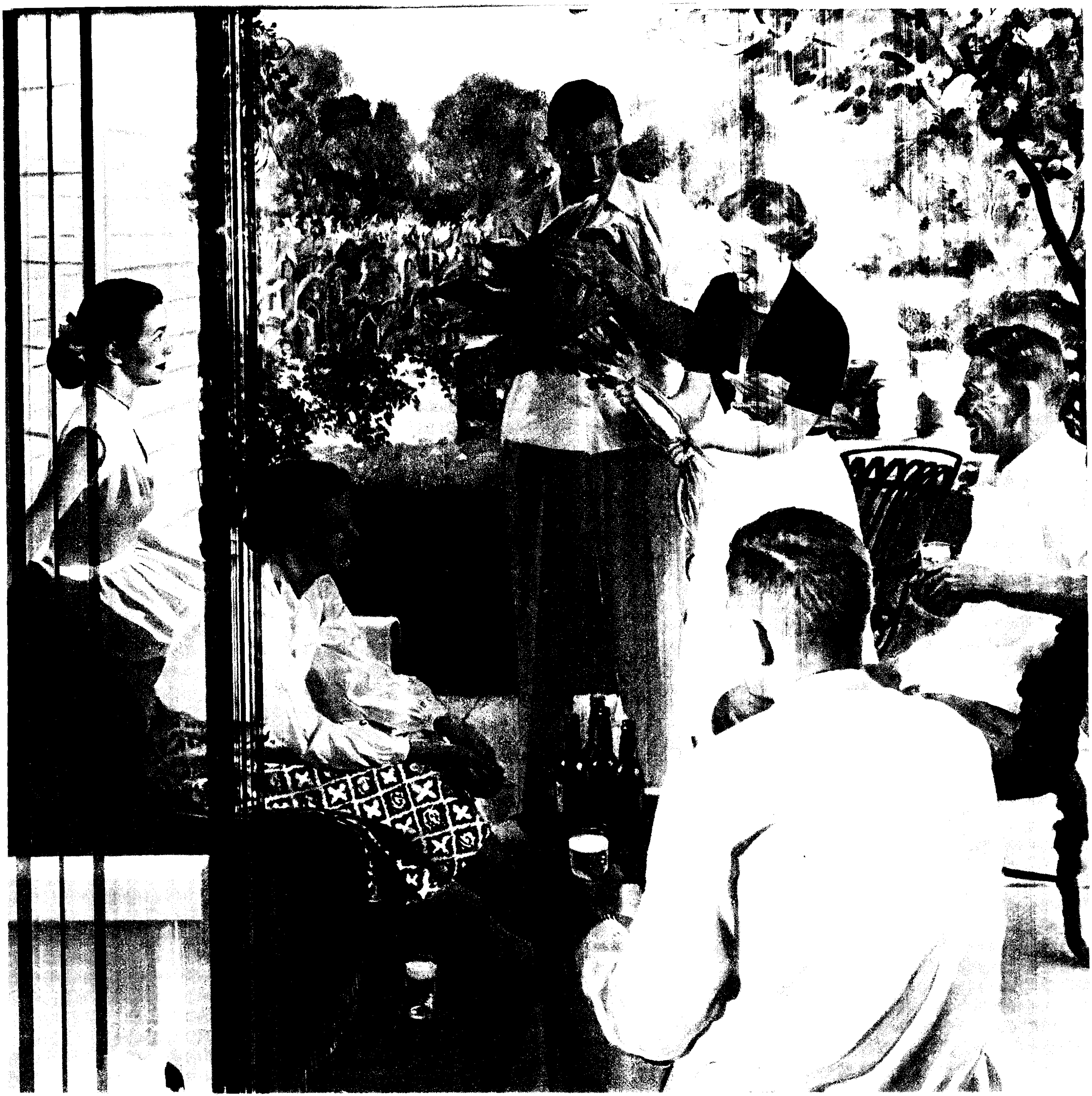
SISTER



"Ma! Sister's renting out her cat to kids who aren't allowed to have pets!"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN



"FIRST OF THE HOME GROWN CORN," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 71 in the series "Home Life in America."

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hot air dried his clothes, and the smoke clouds rolled and made a strange unnatural dusk, and the fire roared through it along the shore. The man's back and buttocks ached with the strain of his position on the hard rock. Slowly he shifted again until he was stretched full length on his side with his face toward the bear. The bear's ears twitched upright, but its head did not move, and in a moment the ears went limp again.

The heat in the air lessened slightly, and the fire's roar dwindled along the shore. Far off, the fire reached the edge of the stream running out of the valley and sought to leap across, and failed and fell back, and was content with the timber it had taken.

The sun, hidden by the smoke clouds, dropped behind the westward heights, and the remaining flames around the lake sent weird lights dancing in the murky dark over the water. The man's eyes closed and opened abruptly and closed again. The wind died, and the smoke trailed away in wisps, and the high stars wheeled in the clearing sky above the two silent figures pinpointed together on their rock in the heart of the soaring immensity of the timeless mountains.

THE man woke suddenly in the gray dawn of the light before sunrise. In his sleep, he had rolled over on his back, and the knife had slipped from his opened hand. As awareness flooded him, he fought the stiffness in his muscles to turn quickly on his side and fumble for the knife handle. His fingers halted before they found it. The rock stretched away from him empty and open to the sky. The bear was gone. He picked up the knife and stood up.

The sound of splashing water made him turn toward the near shore. The bear was emerging from the lake onto a short, sandy spit. Against the background of the rising slope with charred tree trunks thrusting up from the blackened ground and then wisps of smoke still spiraling lazily, the bear was a miracle of enduring life, enormous and indomitable.

It started inland and drew back with quick, mincing steps. There were hot embers under the ashes and, in many places, flickering flames ready to break forth at any breeze. The bear started to the right along the shore, picking its way in the shallow water. It moved along the shore line three hundred yards and turned inland and disappeared.

The man slipped into the water and swam to the sandy spit. Working from there, he made systematic forays into the deeper water until he found the rifle. He washed away the bottom muck and broke it open to blow the barrel and firing chamber clean.

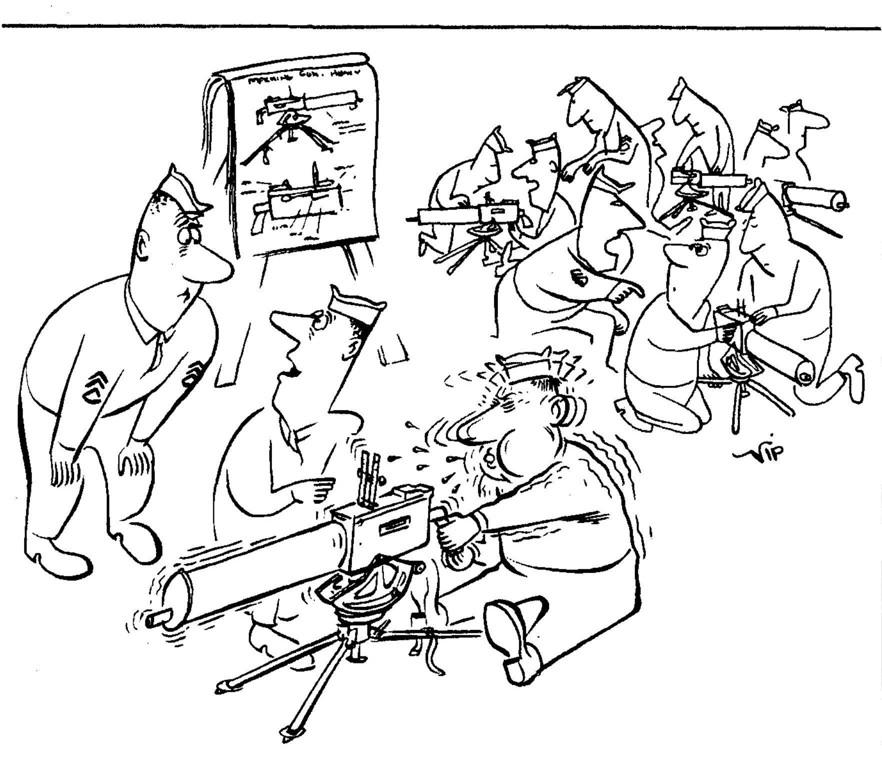
Shivering in the first rays of the sun, he moved along the shoreline as the bear had done, stepping slowly but swinging his arms vigorously to warm his muscles. Where the bear had turned, he came on a narrow gorge that sliced down the slope to the edge of the lake. The fire had done little damage here because there was little to burn, and it had leaped over the gorge to race on around the lake. The man started the climb, still traveling slowly, and he nodded to himself when he came on the big tracks in soft spots among the bottom stones.

Hidden in an aspen thicket a short way out on the park land above the stricken forest, the great bear stood over the carcass of a white-tailed doe that, in its terrified flight, had fallen into the upper gorge and broken its neck. The bear had dragged the carcass to the park land and into the thicket. The big head lifted and the small eyes peered through the thicket. The man was passing, sixty yards away. A low rumble sounded in the bear's throat, soft and deep, not audible to the man and not meant to be. He moved on with the tireless stride of a man long used to the mountains. The bear watched him, its head turning slowly to follow his passing, and when his figure grew small in the distance the big head dropped to feed again.

August

In the clear light of early morning, the man stood by the pool and looked at the shallow pan in his hands. The bottom of it was almost covered with the gleaming flakes. The pool silt had become richer as he worked deeper into it. He took the leather pouch from a pocket and shook the flakes into it. This was his third panning of the morning, and already the pouch was full. He went to his camp, and, among the trees behind it, he stopped by a flat stone. He heaved at the stone to raise one side and braced it against his leg while he set a piece of stout branch to prop it up. In a hollow underneath lay a five-pound salt bag filled to plumpness and another partly filled. He emptied the pouch into the second bag and lowered the stone into place.

VIP'S WAR



"Filstrup just can't wait till we start shooting real bullets"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

He went back to the pool and stood slapping the pan gently against his thigh while he looked out over the valley. The air was fresh on his face, and mystic cloud shadows wandered on the mountain wall at the head of the valley. He dropped the pan on the sand bar, and took the rifle from the bank and started off down the valley. He was close to the valley entrance where the big boulders of an ancient rock slide had rolled out to become bedded in the ageless sod when he met the bear, suddenly, coming toward him around one of the rocks.

The bear stopped and the man stopped, thirty feet apart. Slowly the man swung up the rifle so that his left hand could grip the barrel, and his right forefinger slipped around the trigger. The bear watched him, and the low rumble, soft and deep, formed in its throat. Slowly the man stepped to the left, moving in a half circle, always facing the bear, yielding the right of way. The bear watched him, turning its head to follow him until its neck was arched around. When he completed the half circle, the man turned, deliberately turned from the bear, and his will clamped hard on his muscles to hold them to a steady walk.

When he had gone some forty feet, he looked back. The bear had gone forward on its own way, and its big, ridiculously tiny-tailed rump was toward him as it overturned scattered stones and sniffed for the scuttling insects.

Five hours later, in the early afternoon, the man returned to his camp, carrying on his back the dressed carcass of a small white-tailed buck. Across the valley, the great bear lay on the ledge and watched him. He could see it there, a dark shape on the stone, while he skinned the deer and pegged out the hide for drying. He built a big fire of dry wood, and while he waited for it to burn down to glowing embers, he began cutting the meat into strips.

He looked across the valley and saw the bear rise and disappear into the dark recess of the crevice, and he nodded to himself. He knew its habits now. Always, when it was in this part of its range, it fed at night and in the early morning hours. By midmorning it was lying on the ledge. When the sun was high overhead, it sought the cool darkness of the crevice.

The man raised poles in a rack over the fire and hung the strips of meat on it. He piled green wood on the fire and retreated from the smoke and sat resting with his back against a tree, looking out across the valley. The dropping sun glinted on the pan lying on the sand bar, but the man remained still against his tree, rising at long intervals to replenish his fire.

THE stream gathered speed as it left the valley and skipped in stony steps down past the edge of the burned-out forest, where new green was beginning to rise above the blackened ground. It dropped, gaining momentum, into the deepening gorge that took it farther down to whirl in rock pools and race on.

The man stood on the edge of the low cliff overlooking the gorge. Thirty-five feet below him, the great bear lay beside the stream. Its new coat was lengthening, and a pale, silvery cast was beginning to touch the tips of the hairs. The bear lay limp and relaxed on the pebble strand. Suddenly a forepaw darted out and flipped a fat trout flashing through the air, and the bear leaped from its lying position to seize the fish as it landed, flopping, a dozen feet away. Lazily the bear fed, then wandered up the stream to where a smooth rock slanted straight into the water. Standing at the top of the slant, it gave a small bounce and went forward on its belly on the rock with its legs outstretched and slid splashing into the stream. Smiling, the man leaned over the cliff to watch.

The bear climbed lazily again to the top of the smooth rock and rolled over on its back and slid down, tail first, its thick legs waving. Its rump struck the water with a spattering smack, and the man laughed aloud. The bear whirled and rose in the water and looked up. It looked away and inspected the opposite bank in plain pretense that he was not there. Its head dropped, and it shuffled away down the gorge and out of sight.

Further to the east, far over the mountain barrier, only a few men worked by the shallow pools that were all that remained of the stream that flowed there in the spring and early summer. Most of the cabins were sinking into ruins, and only a few tents remained. Under the tarpaulin roof of the store and bar, several men argued the failure of prospecting trips into the surrounding country. The storekeeper, short and thick with deep, burnt-out eyes in a bullet head, stood at one end of his bar, listening to the low voice of the hatchet-faced man with the thin-lipped mouth. He looked about at his scantily stocked shelves and shrugged his shoulders. Greed and bitterness and discouragement crawled through the mining camp.

ON THE first ridge outside the valley the man stood, quiet against the sky, and saw, small in the vast panorama below him, the great bear stalking an elk. It slipped upward along a dry gulch and crept out to the shelter of a scrub thicket. The elk grazed closer, and the bear broke from the thicket. The elk wheeled into flight, its legs driving with the strength of terror, but the bear overtook it. The bear reared, and a paw flashed in a blur of motion too fast to follow and struck the elk's head sideways and snapped the neck like a twig breaking. There had been stillness, a flash of movement, then stillness again; the motionless body of the elk lay on the grass, and the bear stood beside it.

The man watched the bear feed slowly, then drag the carcass into the gulch and scoop a hole in the soft shale and pull the carcass into the hole and begin covering it. A small, grim smile touched his lips. He turned and started down the other side of the ridge to hunt in another part of the wilderness empire he shared with the great bear.

The chill of the night lingered, gradually giving way to the sun's warmth. The morning air was clear. The man stood by the pool and looked at the pan in his hands. There were only a few scattered flakes in it. The pool was almost worked out. He started to walk along the stream, studying its flow and occasional silt banks. His steps slowed and at last stopped, and he looked out over the valley. New color was showing on the clumps of low bushes that dotted the valley floor. Berries were ripening there and along the sides of the valley. Far away, on the opposite slope, he saw the bear rise out of the bushes, settling back on its haunches, stripping berries into its mouth with its long front claws.

He went back to his camp and tossed the pan to one side and lifted the flat stone. Three full salt bags lay there now and a fourth, partly filled. He emptied the leather pouch into the fourth bag and lowered the stone into place. Taking his rifle, he wandered out through his side of the valley, tasting berries along the way.

September

The green of the valley was changing; it was darker now, with barely discernible splotches of brown. The thin cutting edge of fall was invading the air. Among the trees behind the man's camp, the flat stone lay undisturbed, with grass blades curling over it; and the camp itself was

SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER

The bachelor has a fixed idea,
Which never can be shaken:
That the bride's the one that's given
And the groom the one that's taken.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

neat and orderly. Firewood was stacked in a long pile. A little to one side, the pan lay, no longer glinting bright, but spotted with dirt and rust. The man sat cross-legged in the sun. Across his lap was a deerskin, tanned with lye from wood ashes worked to fairly smooth flexibility. Carefully the man sliced into the leather, cutting out doubled patterns for moccasins to replace his worn boots.

Across the valley, working along the base of the slope and up a short way, the great bear was digging for ground squirrels, ripping several feet into the soil with half a dozen powerful strokes and lying flat on its belly for the final reaching, scraping thrust. The increasing richness of the fur with its silver tipping shone in the clear light. Alternately the man bent to his cutting and raised his head to watch the bear.

Suddenly, with the suddenness of decision, he rose and strode back among the spruce and juniper until he found a level space between the trees to his liking. Here he laid out a rough rectangle, scratching the lines with his boot heel. He marked off space inside for a bunk, and another rectangle, small and against one end of the other, for a fireplace. He studied his design and nodded to himself and looked around, estimating the standing timber close by. He went to his shelter and crawled to the low end to inspect what remained of his staple supplies. He came out carrying a small pack and closed the open end of the shelter with its log barrier. He went to the flat stone and filled the leather pouch from one of the bags.

A few moments later he was walking eastward out of the valley with his rifle in one hand, the lead rope of the burro in the other.

A COOL wind whipped down the valley, whispering of the winter still hidden far up in the soaring peaks. It moved over the changing green in which the brown splotches were spreading. It moved out the valley entrance and down the rolling slope, where the man moved steadily forward, facing straight into it. He was leading a loaded pack horse now, and the burdened burro trotted behind. At the crest of the slope, he stopped and looked down the trail behind him. His head rose, and his stride lengthened as he passed through the valley entrance, and the horse and the burro followed.

Three miles away, on the ridge overlooking the last slope, two men stood in the tree shadows and watched the three figures entering the valley. The taller of the two, lean even in his thick Mackinaw jacket, had a narrow hatchet face gashed by a thin-lipped mouth. The other, shorter but bulking thick from shoulders to hips, had deep, burnt-out eyes in a bullet head. The thin-lipped one snapped his fingers and nodded to the other. Together they went back deeper into the timber and mounted the two horses there and rode out and down the ridge, circling to the right toward the high shoulder of rock that would give them a view out over the valley.

Restless on its rock ledge, the great bear lay on the stone and watched the empty camp across the valley. Its ears twitched, and its big head rose and swung to the right. It saw the man entering the valley and the horse and burro following. It saw the man stop and look toward it and wave his arms and start forward again. The low rumbling, soft and deep, rolled out from the ledge and died away in the afternoon wind. The bear watched the man reach his camp and begin untying the packs. Then it rose quietly and padded into the darkness of the crevice.

Vigor flowed through the man. The afternoon air of his valley flooded his muscles with strength. His ax leaped in his hands, and he felled four trees of the right foundation size and lopped away the branches and cut the logs to the lengths he wanted and notched them. Using the ax handle for a measure, he took three pieces of rope and used the three-four-five rule to square the corners as he fitted the logs together. As he straightened up from checking the fourth joint, he saw first the heavy boots, then, as his eyes swept upward, the small, wicked muzzle of the rifle bearing on his belly and the thin-lipped gash of a mouth in the narrow face.

The two men wasted no time. They asked their questions, and when he did not answer they roped him to a thick tree. They searched through his camp and came back to him and built a fire. When this was blazing strong, they took his rifle and emptied the magazine and laid it with the barrel reaching into the flames and waited for the metal to heat.

The man stood against the tree, and the pale hazel of his eyes was startling against the dead, bloodless brown of his broad, wind-burned face. He stared out over the valley, and his gaze moved upward and stopped two hundred yards up the opposite slope. The beginning of color crept into his face. The muscles along his jaw were ridged hard, and he waited, cautious in his cunning, until the hot steel was close to his flesh before he spoke. He spoke quickly and bobbed his head toward the far slope. The two men turned. They saw the ledge and the uneven dark outline of the crevice. They spoke briefly together and the burnt-eyed one swung abruptly and started across the valley and the thin-lipped one sat hump-kneed on the ground and picked up his rifle and set it across his lap.

The man tied against the tree and the man sitting on the ground watched the third man move across the valley floor. They saw him stop at the base of the opposite side and look around for the trail and find it. They saw him start up, hurrying now, and reach the ledge, almost running, and disappear into the crevice.

Time passed and they watched, intently, and nothing moved across the way. The ledge under its overhanging rock slept quietly in the afternoon sun. The thin-lipped man rose and loosened the rope holding the man to the tree. He ordered him ahead and prodded him in the small of the back with the rifle, and they started across the valley floor.

DEEP in the crevice darkness, the great bear stood over the crumpled body. The big head with the small eyes, red-rimmed now, swung slowly from side to side. The sound of running steps had brought it from sleep into instant alertness. Its forward leap out of the darkness into the dimness near the crevice entrance and the incredibly swift, slashing stroke of its forepaw had been instinctive reactions to the challenging affront of invasion. Silently it had dragged the body back into the protective darkness and had stepped over it, facing the entrance. The scent of the body, familiar yet unfamiliar, rose in its nostrils, and caution at an experience never before known held it waiting in the darkness, listening for further sound out beyond the rock opening.

Walking steadily, the man led the way up the trail. His face was a fixed mask, and his muscles were bunched with tension. When the bear broke from the crevice, its red-rimmed eyes blinking for focus in the sunlight, he leaped sideways off the trail and down the steep slope, falling and rolling over the sharp rocks, and landed hard against the trunk of a sturdy spruce. He scrambled to his feet and jumped for the first limb and swung his legs in to the trunk and began climbing.

Above him on the trail, the thin-lipped man swung the rifle up and fired. The bullet thudded into the bear's left shoulder and scraped the bone and bore back along the side under the skin. In a silent rush, the great bear drove down the trail. The thin-lipped man screamed and turned to run, and a crashing forepaw crushed his spine forward into his breastbone and raked down through the muscles of his back. The big jaws closed on the already lifeless body and shook it and flung it twenty feet away.

CLOSE against the trunk, the man peered through the thick branches of the spruce. Below him the great bear quartered the ground like a huge dog on a hunt, moving with a silent, flowing deadliness, raising its head often to test the wind. It limped slightly, favoring its left foreleg, and the recurrent pain from the flesh wound in its shoulder swelled its rage and brightened the reddened rims of its eyes. It worked back along the trail near the valley floor and looked across at the man's camp. It swung and, with steady purpose, went up the trail to the ledge and faded into the tangled growth near the head of the valley.

Safe in his spruce, the man watched it disappear. He waited. At last he climbed to the ground and scrambled up to the trail and grabbed the rifle there. Quickly he ejected the spent cartridge shell and pumped another cartridge into the firing chamber. He checked the magazine and saw it was almost full. Cautious, alert, he started across the valley.

The pack horse and the burro grazed quietly by the camp. In the fringe of trees behind them and around the camp, nothing stirred except the wind whispering its endless murmur through the evergreen branches. As the man approached, downwind, he stopped often to peer forward and swing his head to scan the whole long fringe of trees, searching with his eyes every possible cover.

It was the drumming of the horse's hoofs as it pounded to the length of its picket rope and jerked around, strangling, that whirled him toward the sound. The great bear streaked toward him out of the thicket, and he fired as rapidly as he could pump the gun. The first shot bored into the junction of neck and right shoulder and shattered the bone there, and the second smashed into the massive breast and ripped back through the lungs. The great bear drove ahead, with a deep coughing tearing its throat, and the third shot struck through the mouth and back into the spine. The man leaped aside, and the bear's rush took it past, and it crumpled forward to the ground.

The man stood by the bear's body and stared down. It was smaller with the life gone. The muscles of the man's shoulders shook a little, and he swung his head slowly from one side to the other, and the flat planes of his face were as hard as the rock formations ringing the valley.

He stood by the rectangle of notched logs a long time. Quietly he turned and went to the flat stone and took the plump salt bags from under it and carried them over to his shelter and began to prepare his packs. Half an hour later, he started across the valley floor, and the pack horse and the burro followed. The sun, dropping below the far peaks, was behind him. The chill, rising wind beat against his back. Unbelievably small in the vastness, he strode out of the valley, and with him went a new loneliness and a sense of something lost. ▲▲▲

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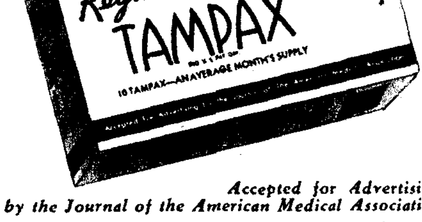
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Witness of Happiness

By HAMLEN HUNT

Did he recognize her? Octavia wondered. Did he observe her life as she did his? Perhaps he would have liked to know her, too—and perhaps he had tried

THE spring evening turned suddenly cool, and Octavia Benton, gardening in a white shirt and denim shorts and ballet slippers, shivered as she set out the last English daisy plant of the basketful she had bought on the way home. It was growing dark, and she knew it was time to go in and dress for the Mortons' party. She got to her feet, sighing and feeling conscious of her every prospect, both in the sense of physical surroundings, which were unusual, and her future, if any.

Octavia was rather a tall girl, with blue eyes almost as dark as her denims, and the damp river wind blew her fine, fair hair into little points and jagged edges. She looked across Memorial Drive to the river and saw that the black sailboat, the Pleiades, was riding at anchor with no one aboard. Instinctively, Octavia looked over at the window that belonged to the boat's owner. It, too, was dark. Her young man—who was not her young man except in her head, where she also carried on many interesting conversations and often found herself in unusual situations—was not at home. Forlornly, she went indoors.

Octavia lived in a ground-floor apartment in one of three shallow modern buildings that formed three sides of a hollow square. The fourth side was Memorial Drive and the pleasant, rather out-of-date Charles River. The apartments, hung with balconies in assorted colors, had clear-glass front walls. Octavia's apartment, less expensive than those that fronted on the river, faced the windows of the apartments in the opposite wing, from which she was separated by nothing but air and two sheets of glass. This led to an unanticipated visual intimacy, and sometimes to a weary feeling among the tenants of What of it? It was easier to pretend to be invisible than to improve one's standard of living, or even to draw the curtains.

The blank window belonging to the young man she called hers, to distinguish him from others she also observed, was nearly, not exactly, opposite hers. He had a larger, end apartment, and thus had, around the corner, another river-viewing window and a small blue balcony. However, he had no garden. No English daisies. Just the Pleiades, which he often sailed on week ends.

Octavia's young man had a university air, she felt, but since she never saw him around MIT, she thought he must work at Harvard or even on the other side of the river. His life fascinated her, for it seemed as one-dimensional as her own. Like herself, the young man had dates, or asked people in—couples, or colleagues. When he asked just one girl, he took pains with the drinks and stuck lemon leaves in a jar on the long table where he usually ate and worked. It was seldom the same girl more than a few times, and usually he and whichever girl it was went out to dinner about eight or nine o'clock.

Sometimes, when he came home alone at one in the morning, Octavia, lying in the dark, could see him restlessly pacing up and down. Occasionally he seemed pleased with himself, and yawned and had a nightcap. Sometimes he read and had a glass of milk. Sometimes he shockingly drank up the leftovers in the cocktail shaker.

"Awful," said Octavia, who knew. She had done the same. She felt it a compulsion, but a minor one like taking a last blow on a handkerchief before putting it into the laundry: a waste-not, want-not gesture.

She would have liked to know her young man. She liked his looks and the way he moved and the fact that he had a record player he turned on as he came in the door, to blot out the sound of nothing. Also, he liked to read, and sometimes he sat alone on his balcony, in a chair made of iron and canvas, and stared across the river. On the other side was a border of solid, low, brick buildings, old-fashioned in their complexity of angle and curve, variegated copper-green roofs, clusters of chimney pots, and sudden dormer windows. Compared to those Back Bay houses that suggested a more undoubting society, this present structure in which she and her young man lived apart, this hive of transients, was touchingly fragile. Nobody intended to live here long. Her young man would move away before she ever met him.

Octavia sighed and turned on her lights. Almost instantly the telephone rang, and before she answered it she knew it was Debbie Morton. The Mortons could not see every move she made from their top-floor apartment in the central building, but they could tell whether her window was light or dark. Occasionally, she had been driven to doing household chores with a flashlight, or to reading in the bathroom, with the door tightly closed.

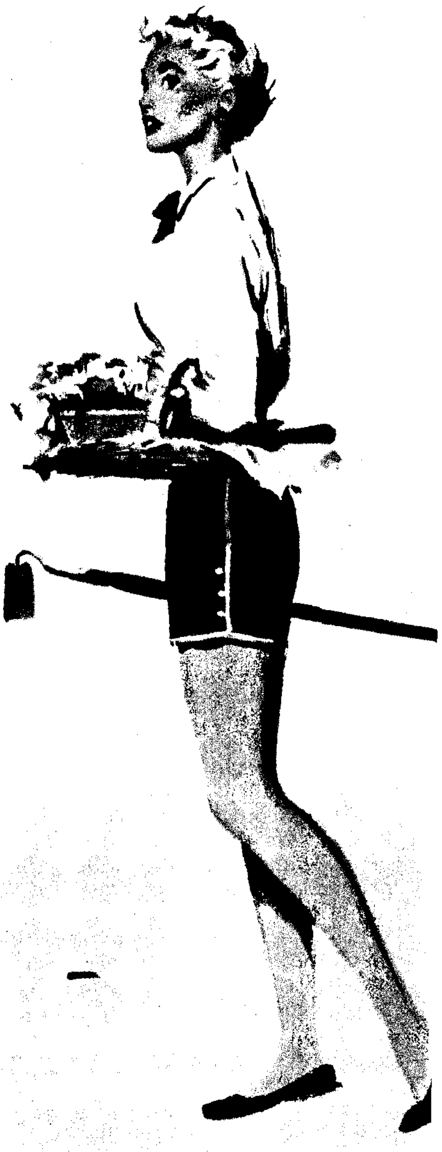
"Yes?" she said.

"Hurry, hurry, before the drinks boil over," Debbie said. "Lots of people are here, and we need you. Will you be right up?"

"In a few minutes," Octavia said. "I didn't realize how late it was getting."

"You know it doesn't matter," Debbie said warmly, and it was all too true, Octavia thought, as she hung up on her promise to hurry. She dined with the Mortons at least three times a week, went to all their parties, and often spent most of the week end with them.

Octavia Benton had indulged herself by moving into this apartment a year ago, because her roommate, Debbie, was being married and she wasn't. This looked like a place for new beginnings. She still remembered her odd pang of disappointment when Debbie had excitedly told her that after she



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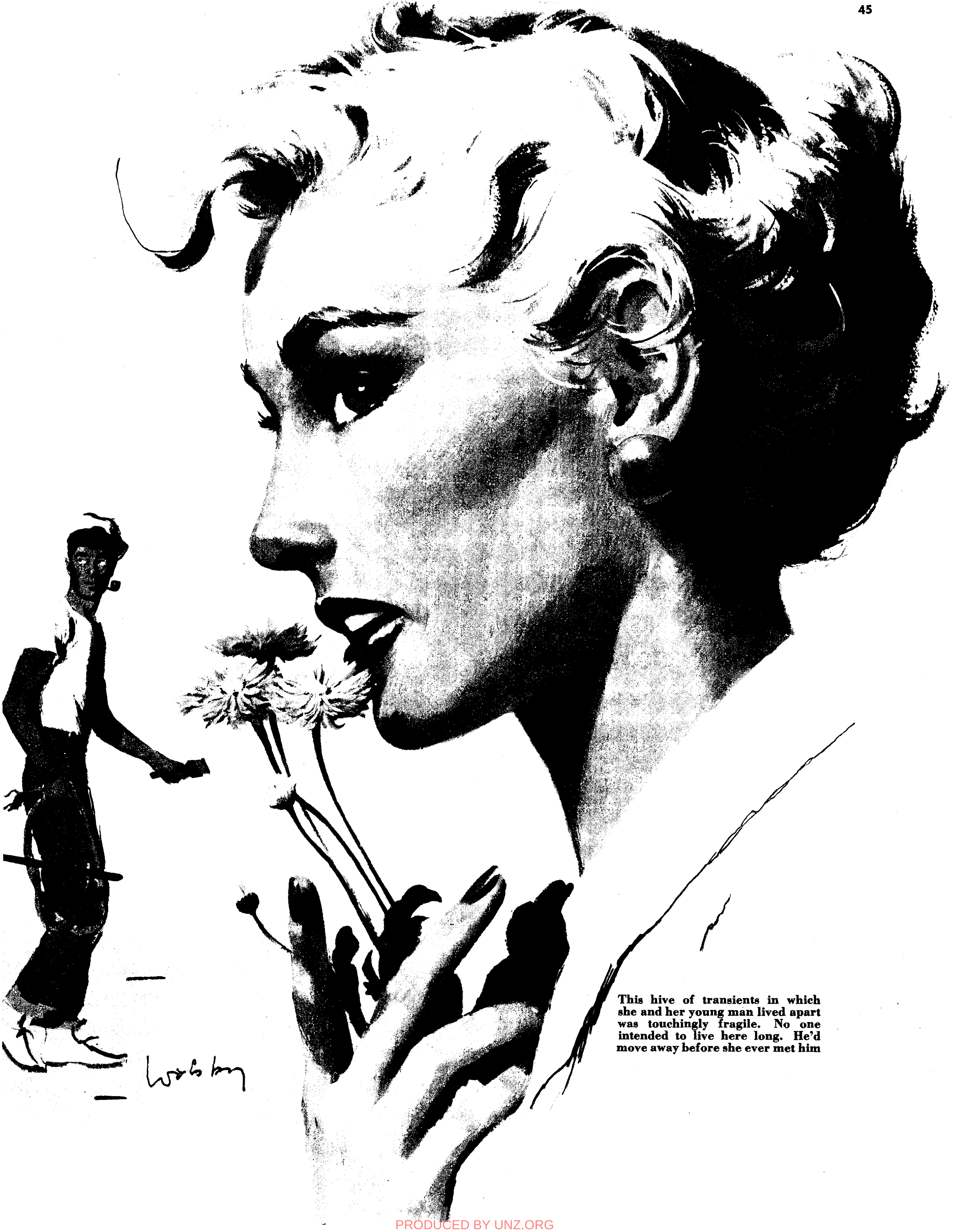

This hive of transients in which she and her young man lived apart was touchingly fragile. No one intended to live here long. He'd move away before she ever met him

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and Dick came back from their Bermuda honeymoon they were going to live extravagantly in the top-floor apartment facing the river, in the same set of houses.

"So we won't lose each other after all, just because I'm married," Debbie had said. "We'll be neighbors and we'll see that you meet lots of suitable young men, and it will be more fun than ever. Dick's so pleased."

"Is he?" Octavia had replied.

DICK was a very nice young man, of course. Bright, too. He was getting his Ph.D. in biology at MIT, where Debbie was a lab technician in the same department. Octavia also worked at MIT, in the dean's office, where she daily shifted brilliant futures for many young men, but only in the files.

Debbie was her best friend as well as her former roommate, and in a year or two, when Dick went to work somewhere in the atomic-research setup, as was his plan, Octavia would miss her. Meanwhile, the Mortons were trying on marriage among their bent-glass, Finnish furniture, and prints from the Museum of Modern Art, and they sought out Octavia almost every evening. Although they were in love, Dick and Debbie were not entirely sure of themselves as a couple. They needed to be reflected back constantly in at least one onlooker's eyes. Then they could tell what they were doing and know that they were happy.

Octavia, who was lonely, found it hard not to accept their pressing invitations. In theory, they were interested in her welfare, but actually she was more necessary to them than they were useful to her. Without her, Dick and Debbie seemed faintly uneasy: they wondered how many other empty evenings, with nothing planned, lay ahead. They crushed down a notion that a certain amount of day-to-dayness was inevitable in a lifetime, and that lulls and lapses were even restful now and then. The thing was, the Mortons were so free of responsibility that it frightened them. They very much needed their friend, Octavia, who envied them without malice. They used up her life and her freedom as if they were of no more consequence than a pound of butter lent by a neighbor.

Octavia had tried to free herself from her friends' marriage, if only to wash her hair and read a book. Living so close to each other made it difficult. Sometimes she had dates; sometimes she sneaked out to a movie by herself or went for a walk along the river. But the minute she came in and turned on her lights, Debbie would phone and ask her up for a nightcap, or say she had something she wanted to talk to her about right away.

It was not until she came on a phrase in Charlotte Brontë's writings that Octavia found the words that fitted her situation: "There is, in lovers, a certain infatuation of egotism; they will have a witness of their happiness, cost that witness what it may."

This evening, Octavia dressed for the party and walked outside, across the grass, to the central building, instead of going by way of the corridors. For a minute, she stood and looked up at the great glass honeycombs for human beings. The big oblong windows, some bright, some dark, some curtained and dimly glowing, blinked one above the other like a set of giant signals, as though they were forming some message to be read. It had to do with people's lives. Through the uncurtained windows, varied patterns of movement were visible—a man reading a paper, a group having dinner with flowers and candles, the man who looked like a bookie quarreling with the blonde who looked almost exactly like a blonde, and a baby climbing out of its crib. Even as she watched, Octavia saw Debbie pull the curtains across their big window, so that later she could dramatically pull them back and reveal the star-studded view. Octavia wished her young man would come home before the Mortons' party engulfed her.

It's the least he could do, she thought crossly.

The party was dull. It was Debbie's conviction that she and Dick introduced Octavia to many eligible young men and then Octavia didn't take a proper interest. Octavia felt: Eligible for what? It was interesting, even salutary, to discover what one's best friends thought good enough for one, in the way of men. It was true they all had two arms and two legs and a head.

Once or twice during the evening, Octavia went out onto the Mortons' balcony, alone, and stared down at the river and at the miniature cars moving along the drive. Each time, she noticed that her young man's windows remained dark, and it made her quite irritable.

She stayed till the party was over, however, and had a final drink with the Mortons, who reproached her for being difficult to please.

"It's so absurd. I think she's waiting for Mr. Prince Charming to come along on his right horse," Debbie said, kissing Dick while Octavia could not help watching. "That's not the way it's done, is it? I fixed you with my eye the minute I saw you."

"Biology, biology, it's all biology," Dick said, smiling. "Gene to gene, chromosome to—"

"Is that so?" Debbie said, and kissed him again, in such a way that Octavia stood up and said, "Well, I see it's time for me to go home."

Debbie blushed faintly. She seemed to realize, with some compunction, that it might not always be so pleasant to watch others in love as to be in love yourself. "Come to Sunday breakfast tomorrow, darling," she said.

"I'm busy," Octavia said hastily.

"Oh no you're not," Debbie said. "And you promised to help us do some of Dick's typing. He's got a report to go in Monday morning."

OCTAVIA, on her way to breakfast the next day, saw, with envy, her young man on his way to a day's sailing. He had concluded his peaceful breakfast with slabs of cheesecake and had read all the Sunday papers. Now he crossed the lawn, dressed in old pants and his sailing jersey, with a sweater tied around his lean middle. He rowed out to the Pleiades. It was big enough to sleep three or four, and sometimes he went off for a week end with a couple of friends. Octavia also sailed, but in one of the small MIT or Sailing Club boats. She had never even been able to arrange to have her young man run her down under sail so they could meet.

Sunday with the Mortons seemed interminable. Octavia appraised her situation again. She was not in love with Dick, nor even jealous of Debbie, and yet there was always a certain suffering for her in being with them like this. They demanded her as a witness, and yet she felt intrusive. It never occurred to the Mortons that their life was, for her, secondhand. When they moved away, she would be left behind.

I wish I were digging in my garden, she thought, as she typed Dick's paper, which also seemed interminable. I wish I were washing clothes in my own apartment. I wish I were sailing. . . .

On Tuesday, it poured rain. Cambridge was sodden, the river slaty and pock-marked with raindrops. Water sluiced over the glass fronts of the apartments. When she got home from work, Octavia went down to the subbasement grocery store, which chiefly stocked soda, quinine water and frozen *canapés*. Her young man happened to be there, buying eggs, and they went up together in the steel elevator, while Octavia tried to disregard a slight feeling of being coffined.

"You know," the young man said, "if the electricity went wrong, we'd be baked funeral meats in this damned steel oven!"

"At least we'd get well-done quickly."

"Take your bundle?" the young man asked, as the elevator stopped at Octavia's floor. She wasn't quick enough, unaccustomed as she was. She said, "Oh, I can manage, thanks," and before the last syllable ended, the steel door had cut her off from him. Later that evening, she saw him staring over at her lighted window. Did he recognize her? Did her life, observed, form part of his, too? Perhaps he would have liked to know her, too, and perhaps he had even tried to. After she had drawn her pale, opaque curtains, Octavia peeked out through a crack and saw her young man turn away. Perhaps his table had in some way offended him; at any rate, he kicked it.

There ought to be a Social Manager in this place, Octavia thought. After we were introduced, we could all play healthful games in the lobby. We could have apartment-house sings, and have a song about cantilevers and free form, and it would be Our Song.

THE idea rather charmed her, but before she could make it immortal by writing it in a letter to her sister, Debbie phoned and urged her to come up.

"I think I'll stay in tonight," Octavia said, gently enough. "It's raining."

"Nut," said Debbie, clearly and kindly. "Not in the corridors. Not in the elevator."

Octavia blushed. Perhaps she had been dreaming that she did not live so near her former roommate and her roommate's awfully nice husband.

"Well, I don't know," she said weakly.

"Come at once," Debbie said, with that kind firmness of hers that had been greatly accentuated in this first year of marriage. Her pretty security only cast the shadow of her one day becoming damned autocratic. "You sound lonesome."

Octavia *was* lonely, but being with the Mortons made her more so. They were discussing the party they were going to give Saturday night—some people to dinner, others to come in afterward.

As young wives often do, Debbie boasted of her social acquaintance and needed the assurance of knowing a great many people. "You're coming, of course," Debbie said. "For dinner."

Octavia noticed how Debbie assumed quite easily on this rainy Tuesday evening that she, Octavia, wouldn't have any other date for Saturday. Indeed, it sometimes seemed that love had blunted Debbie's once-nice sensibilities: she was so absorbed in her own emotional adventures that she had forgotten what it was to be uncertain, unsure, unmarried.

"I can't," Octavia said. "I have a date." She crossed her fingers behind her back; she'd never been able to tell a lie without doing it.

"Bring him along, then," Debbie said. "The more the merrier."

"Let's tell Tave about the house we signed up for today, for this summer," Dick said, suddenly and rather importantly. "It's got a spare bedroom for company. Of course, we're expecting you for your vacation and week ends."

Octavia felt unreasonably angry, though actually she had dreaded making vacation plans to go anywhere alone. Her apartment was as cool as anywhere, and she could go sailing. Besides, she had her garden and a deck chair.

"Darlings, I *told* you not to count on me for my two weeks," she said. "Perhaps the long Fourth of July week end. I can't afford trips every week end."

"Oh?" said Dick, somewhat resentfully. "We were counting on you, or we'd have taken the smaller place we saw. I have a lot of work to finish up here, and I'll only go week ends. I thought you'd be with Debbie at least part of the time."

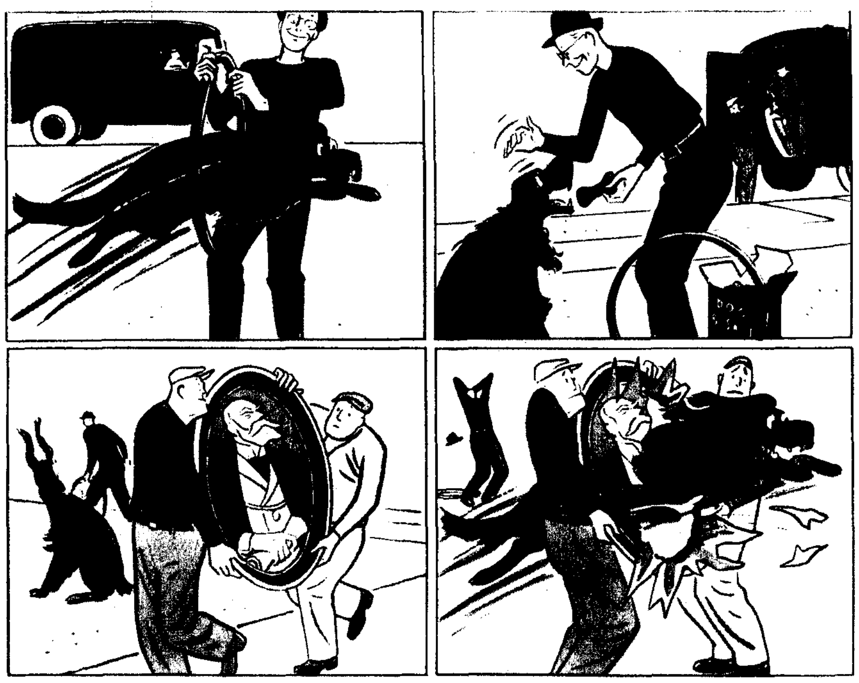
"I'm sorry," Octavia said.

"It's all right, Dick," Debbie said. "Of course Tave wants to go around a bit on her vacation. We'll welcome her whenever she can come."

"Oh, sure," Dick said, getting up. "Sorry, I've got to get back to the lab tonight for a while. See you later."

Debbie saw him to the door, lovingly but nervously, and then busied herself with lists of people and things for Saturday's party. She turned the radio on and off and chattered along until Octavia suddenly realized that there was a note of something like panic in Debbie's voice, and that there had been ever since she'd arrived. Debbie's eyes had been opened too wide, her voice was almost stridently light, and she made too many gestures. She had something to tell Octavia, and she could not quite get to it, which was unusual.

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

"The New Hampshire place is really lovely," she said. "Quiet, with trees, and a lake in front." She suddenly paused and looked straight at Octavia. "We're going to start a baby this summer, you know," she said casually.

But Octavia realized she wasn't casual. The Mortons had often told her it was their intention to begin a baby this summer; they thought nothing of telling her, making her share something she had no wish and no right to share. They had made her think it would be pleasant if the custom of reticence were re-established. But now she realized that Debbie, though she could not quite admit it, was prey to certain dreads connected with this intention. She was nervous because the time had come when she must take her stand as a woman. Also, the time had come when she and Dick must begin to test themselves as a couple, for wear, endurance, style and texture.

"I'm glad," Octavia said.

"I hope I will be," Debbie said. "They say you are. We have to go away this fall, Tave—sooner than I thought, and I suppose I'll be pregnant. Dick's accepted a job doing research at Hanford. That's a long way from Cambridge."

"Yes," Octavia said slowly. "I'll miss you." She was glad that she was speaking the truth.

Debbie said, "And I'll miss you. A husband's a husband, and a fine thing, but he's different from a roommate. I suppose I've been selfish, having both."

"It doesn't matter," Octavia said gently, and then she was in for it, because Debbie, seeing her advantage, brightened and said, "But you *must* come Saturday. We've asked someone very special who's been longing to meet you."

"All right," Octavia said—unenthusiastically, because she felt she had had about enough of the Mortons' specially invited men, however single. But tonight she could give way a bit for Debbie's sake. "I'll see if I can get out of my other date—it was rather vague," she said. "Or I'll shift it to another night."

"Wonderful," said Debbie. "We were counting on you. Of course, I should have asked you first."

THE rest of the week seemed long and dismal. It was the approach of another summer, perhaps, that made it seem so. The Pleiades was seldom at anchor beyond the apartment house; Octavia's young man was seldom at home. His dark window stared indifferently, and his balcony was deserted. Also, the English daisies had died. When Octavia looked up at the Mortons' apartment, she realized that it would soon be empty, or inhabited by strangers. She wondered what her young man was going to do about his vacation. Probably he would take his boat out among the islands, or up along the beautiful coast line and in and out among other, northern islands that lay like promises in the sea. But not promises for her.

Saturday the sun shone, but the day was long and empty. Octavia did everything she should—cleaned, washed, marketed, gardened, and gave herself a shampoo and manicure. Still she was restless and uneasy. She felt full of those presentiments of spring, those longings that spike up like fresh green shoots through the soberest judgments and plans. She regretted everything, particularly that she had no vacation plans.

By evening, she was so cross and so restless, so left out of the spring, that she felt obliged to make some sort of trouble. Well, she thought, she could at least disappoint Debbie. She didn't want to go to dinner, she could not endure another party, and the young man they had invited especially for her was sure to be another of the same, All year, Debbie and Dick had forced her to be witness to their happiness, but tonight the cost was too great. She could not bear to watch. She telephoned Debbie.

"I'm terribly sorry," she said, and nearly dropped the telephone as she crossed her fingers. "Something's suddenly come up. One of the professors is in a jam. I have to go back to the office and get out some stuff for him."

"I'm terribly sorry, too," Debbie said stiffly. "I told you this was something we arranged some time ago."

"You did, and I'm sorry," Octavia said, but she felt wickedly impenitent. "I'm just home to bathe and change . . . No, I won't even have time to stop up on your balcony for a drink. Darling, forgive me."

She was already in her new, pleated blue dress, though it was going to be wasted on strangers at the University Theater, where she planned to hide and brood for the evening, and she paused to look out across the way. As she did, she saw her young man leaving, neatly dressed in a dark flannel suit and a very white shirt, and looking purposeful. Even if she hurried out to try to meet him accidentally in front of the building, what would be the use? He seemed anxious to get where he was going.

She went out and stood alone in the dusk, in her garden, and looked up again at the set of signals that were the windows of all the apartments, full of all those lives, none of which she shared. The Mortons were drawing their marriage close around them and would soon be gone. She stared at their window and saw Dick and Debbie kissing each other, and, impatiently, she was about to walk away, when she saw them break apart. The doorbell must have rung. Dick vanished from sight, and obviously opened the door, because when he came back, he and Debbie and a third person came out onto the balcony to have drinks. Octavia should have been there because she suddenly recognized her young man.

He was there, on the Mortons' yellow balcony, suddenly part of a situation arranged by Dick and Debbie, whose matchmaking, up until now, had been irritating because it was indiscriminate, a symptom of their newly married state. But somehow they must have found out this was what Octavia wanted. And she had thrown her own chances away.

OCTAVIA shivered in the spring breeze, watching, and even, possibly, watched. She must be as conspicuous as a flag, standing in her garden.

"I can't," she said. "I can't."

She could have ruined her life, but she didn't. She could have honorably lived up to her lie, and gone and cried at the movies. Instead, after only a few seconds of hesitation, she put her trust in the feelings of her friends. She went indoors, and up in the elevator, and rang the bell of the Morton apartment.

Debbie came to answer, with a touching look of composure on her face. She was not a friend for fair weather only. If she had been unfeeling in the past, now she made up for it.

"I'm so sorry to be late," Octavia said.

"I'm so glad you're here at all," Debbie said. Dick, too, came forward, the cocktail shaker in his hand, and said heartily, "Come on out on the balcony, Tave, and meet a fellow named Nils Burkhart. He says he's been wanting to meet you for a long time. In fact, he said he scraped an acquaintance with us just so he could. Met him again last week over at one of the Harvard labs, and he reminded me. This was the night we picked. Have a Martini?"

Octavia smiled at him. He was her brother and her friend and her means of meeting those particular genes and chromosomes which, as he had himself said—

She was so full of longing and, at the same time, so sure at last, that her tongue tripped her, and she said, "I'd love a sailboat, thank you so much."

Nils was smiling at her. "Have mine," he said, and gave her the glass in his hand.

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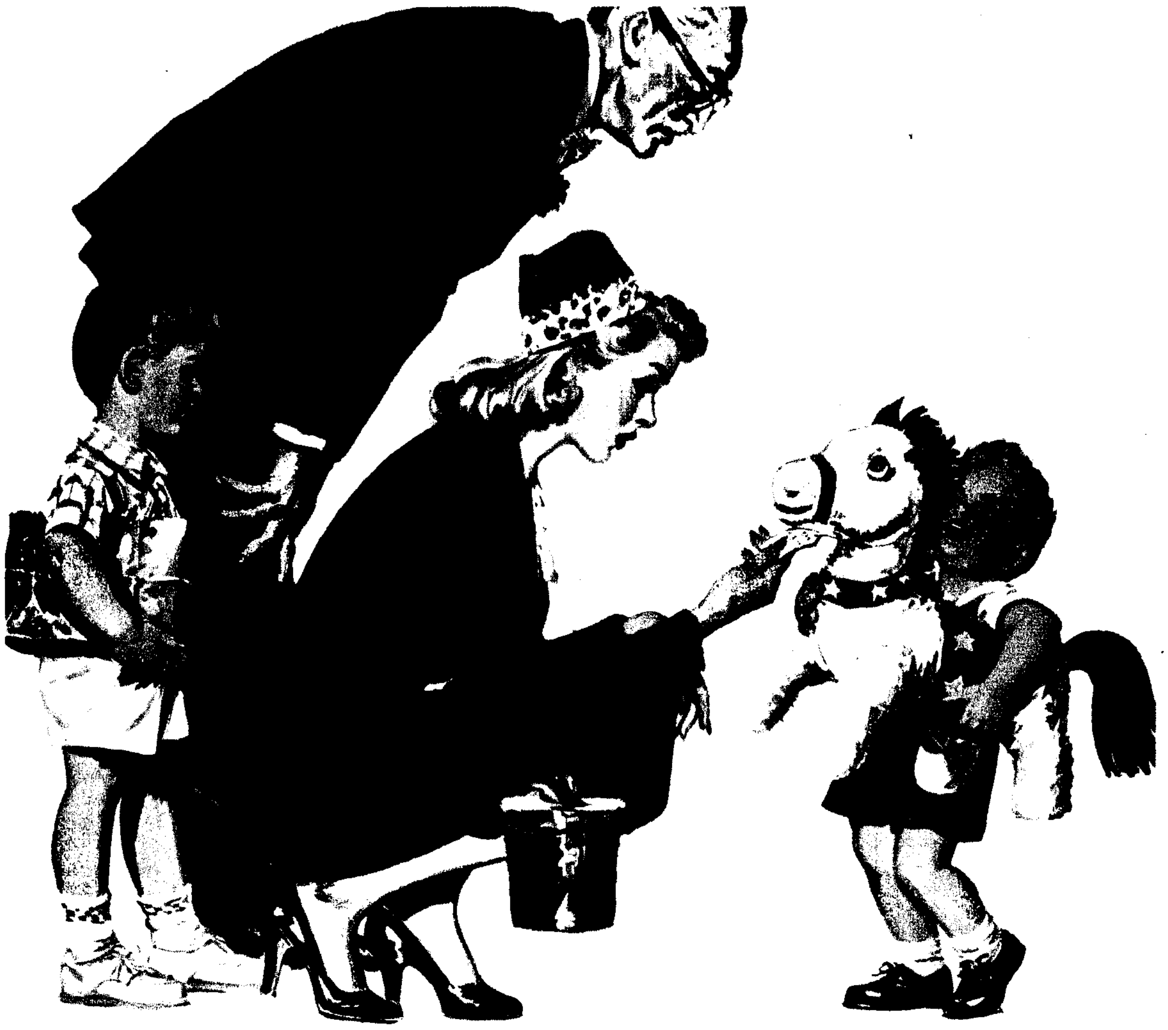


HENRY LUHRS

Martin exhibited a large horse. "No harm done," the manager said. "These things happen"

A CABOOSE NAMED MARTIN

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

THIS begins with the caboose and a pink cat. The caboose is two years old; his real name is Martin Zubron, and the reason he is called the caboose is that he is always the last and the smallest in a small fantasy worked up by his brother Joseph, who has just turned four. In this game, Joseph is the combined engineer-locomotive of a three-car train; behind him, as coal car, comes his mother, a very pretty young lady who does not mind being a coal car; and behind her, not always paying strict attention to the professional responsibilities of being a caboose, comes Martin.

This day, the three-car train went chugging into Klein's, a suburban department store that is all on one floor and very modern, with long aisles and fluorescent lights. The train lost its caboose at the first switch, Martin toddling stolidly into the notions department, but the coal car went and got him, and the three of them continued back to the rear of the store, where small individuals are outfitted.

Things went well for a time. Joseph got a new suit, a cap, two T-shirts and a pair of sneakers and a bright red jacket, and Martin got two pairs of blue jeans and three pairs of shorts.

Then Martin saw the wonderful, soft, bewhiskered, stuffed pink cat up on the counter and reached up and took it. He held the whiskery face to his nose and made agreeable, hugging sounds.

Martin's mother decided rapidly that she did not want to be named corespondent in a divorce suit between a cat and a caboose, so she signaled to the saleslady that they would buy the pink cat and that Martin would take it with him.

Martin already had.

With that vanishing art common only to persons under the age of five, Martin had departed.

"Joseph," Mrs. Zubron said, "go find your brother."

"He's a caboose," Joseph said.

"Well," his mother said, "he's uncoupled. Go find him."

Joseph went one way and Mrs. Zubron went the other. Up near the front of the store, they found Martin and a store detective.

"That's my son," Mrs. Zubron said.

"Yes," the detective said, "and our cat."

"I paid for the cat."

"The price tag's still on it."

"He took it."

"That's what I'm afraid of."

"Look," Mrs. Zubron said, "we'll go back, and the saleslady can tell you I paid for it."

"All right," the store detective said. He was a large, black-haired man, and not unpleasant. "This is my job."

"I understand," Mrs. Zubron said.

They went, like a four-car train, back to the rear of the store to consult with the saleslady. She was a nice old lady with glasses. She took the cat from Martin and looked at it, and said, "I think this was paid for."

"Has the lady a receipt?" the detective said.

"It was a charge," Mrs. Zubron said. "I didn't take the receipt. We pay by check."

"Oh," the detective said, and they all began to look through the saleslady's little book.

When they looked around, Martin was gone again. They fanned out and found him with the floor manager at the front of the store.

"Is this your little boy?" the floor manager said.

"Yes," Mrs. Zubron said, "thank you."

"Where did he get the horse?"

Martin exhibited a stuffed white horse that had large, doleful eyes. His mother said, "Oh, my goodness."

"No harm done," the floor manager said cheerfully. "These things happen."

"Well," Mrs. Zubron said, examining the price tag, "I see this costs the same as the cat, which the saleslady took back; so it's paid for."

"You don't say," the floor manager said doubtfully, and they all went back to the rear of the store to talk to the saleslady.

They discussed the pink cat and the white horse with some heat, and then all of them, having settled the issue, went in different directions to see if they could locate Martin.

THEY found him near the front door. Guarding him was the section manager from jewelry, who had happened, fortuitously, to be at hand.

Joseph, the four-year-old, said to his brother, "You're a bad caboose."

"He's the dickens," Mrs. Zubron said. Her cheeks, by now, were flushed. "I can't let him out of my sight for a minute."

"This child," the section manager from jewelry said, "was about to leave our store with that brown bear. The price tag is still on it." The store detective and the floor manager bent to examine the price tag, and found, hardly to their surprise, that it was exactly the same as those on the pink cat and the white horse.

"It's a long story," the floor manager said, "but everything is all right." He turned to Mrs. Zubron. "Madam," he said, "have you completed your day's purchases at Klein's?"

"Yes," Martin's mother said, "I'm quite through."

"And the little fellow? Is he sure he wants the bear? He doesn't want to trot back to the rear of the store and get a duck, or a tiger? We have a stuffed camel that's a knockout."

"No," Mrs. Zubron said, "I'm sure he wants the bear."

From someplace behind them, there came the sound of a small, yet dismayed, shriek. "That woman!" a voice called. "That woman!"

Down the aisle, heading swiftly for the front door, came a woman in a bulging brown coat. Five feet from the door, she ran headlong into the drawn battle forces of Klein's: the floor manager, the section manager from jewelry and the store detective. Like a deadly sea plant, they surrounded her.

"Let me by!" the woman croaked. "I'm in a hurry!" She squirmed, and a large package fell from within her coat to the floor.

"Ah!" exclaimed the floor manager. He looked like an owl. "In a hurry, hey?"

"Unhand me," the woman cried. "You brutes!"

"Indeed," the floor manager said. "A package. And no receipt."

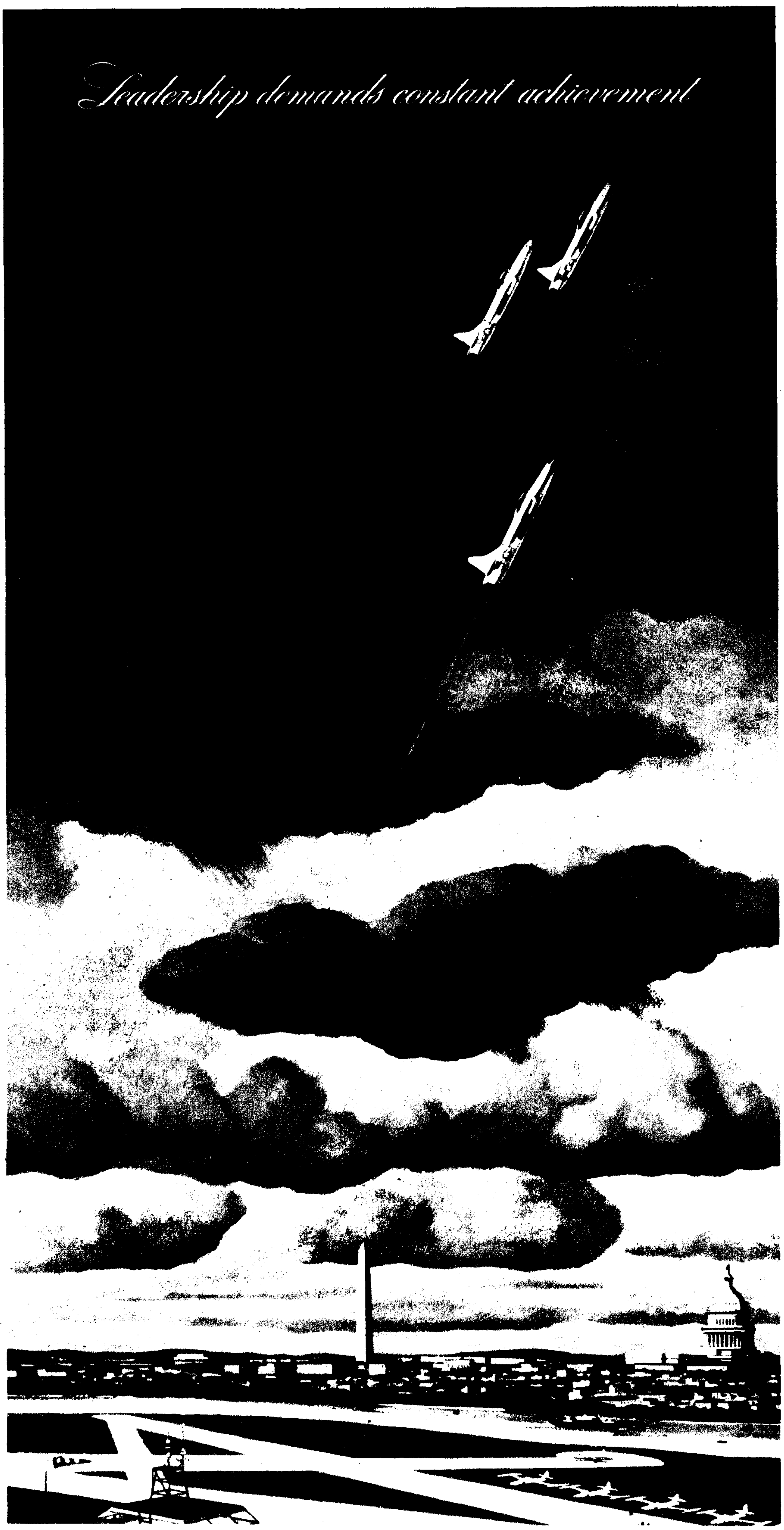
A wild-eyed saleslady came puffing up, pointing a bony finger. "Her," she panted. "Forty-seven dollars. I wrapped it, and she took it without paying." She breathed heavily and looked admiringly at the sudden concentration of store custodians who had happened so luckily to be barring the shoplifter's path. "I must say, this is a well-guarded store. This detective and everybody. My!"

"Yes," the detective said happily, and then they went off, fanning out, to find Martin. When they found him, over to one side of the store, they patted him on the head and called him a fine little fellow.

"A hero," the floor manager declared. "He deserves a reward. Perhaps he would like some more animals?"

Martin's mother said, "No, I think one is enough. Thank you just the same." She smiled.

Martin observed them solemnly. Then he shook his new blue elephant two times and turned cooperatively into a caboose, and the three-car train left the store.



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THERE IS

I believe in ghosts. I believe in the ghost of Harris L. Gruener. I have to: he came to haunt me right in my own apartment

By JACK FINNEY

I'LL say this for myself, and it's something that gripes me: if I had any other story to tell—if I said I'd seen a blue horse, a wild antelope or a three-toed sloth in my apartment—I'd finally be believed by the people who know me, when they saw I wasn't kidding, because I'm simply not the kind of guy to pull a pointless hoax. And I'm not a pathological liar.

I'm normal, I'm average, I even look like most people. I'm sound in body and limb, if not in wind; I'm married; twenty-eight years old; and I don't "imagine" or "dream" things that aren't so—a particularly exasperating explanation a number of people have offered me. I'll admit that at least once a week I imagine I'm president of McCreedy & Cluett, the big candy and cough-sirup company I work for, and once I even dreamed I was. But believe me, I don't sit down in the president's office and start giving orders. In the daytime, anyway, I have no trouble remembering that I'm actually assistant sales manager; no trouble distinguishing reality from what I imagine or dream.

The point I'm beating you over the head with is that if I say I saw a ghost, people who know me ought to remember these things. I don't mind a few snickers at first; this sounds ridiculous, and I know it. In a modern, seventeen-story New York apartment building on East Sixty-eighth Street, I saw a plump, middle-aged ghost wearing rimless glasses. So snicker if you want, but at least consider the evidence before you laugh out loud.

I SAW the ghost in my own living room, alone, between three and four in the morning, and I was there, wide awake, for a perfectly sound reason: I was worrying. The candy we make is doing pretty well, but the cough sirup isn't. It only sells by the carloads, that is, and the company would naturally prefer to measure sales in trainloads—big, long trains with two engines. That wasn't my problem as much as Ted Haymes, the sales manager's. But I did see a chance in the whole situation, to put it bluntly, of beating him out of his job, and I worried about it, at the office, at home, at the movies, while kissing Louisa hello, good-by or what's new. Also while awake or asleep.

On this particular night, my conscience and I woke up around three, all set for some wrestling. I didn't want to disturb Louisa; so I grabbed the spare blanket and bundled up on the davenport in the living room. I did *not* sleep; I want to make that plain. I was full of my problem and wide awake. The street outside was dead; there'd be minutes at a time when not a car went by, and once, when a pedestrian passed, I could distinctly hear his footsteps three stories below. The room was dark, except for the windows outlined by the street lamp, and with no distractions the battle of ambition versus conscience began. I reminded myself of the spectacular variety of ways in which Ted Haymes was a heel; you could hardly ask for a more deserving victim. Besides, I wouldn't be knifing him in the back, or anything.

I rationalized, I explained, I hunted for a way of talking myself into doing what I wanted to do, and maybe half an hour went by. I guess I'd been staring through the darkness down at the davenport, or the floor, or the cigarette in my hand, or something. Anyway, I happened to glance up, and there, clearly silhouetted against the street light, a man stood at the living-room windows with his back to me, staring down at the street.

MY FIRST quick thought was burglar or prowler, but in that same instant I knew it wasn't. His whole attitude and posture were wrong for it, because he simply stood there, motionless, staring down through the window. Oh, of course he moved a little; shifting his weight slightly, altering the position of his head a little. But in every way it was the attitude of a man up in the middle of the night over some problem.

Then he turned back into the room, and for an instant the street light caught his face from the side, and I saw it clearly. It was the face of a man around sixty; round, plump, undistinguished. He was quite bald and wore glasses, the eyes behind them wide in thought, and in that pale, harsh light I saw he was wearing a bathrobe, and I knew it was no prowler; I knew it was a ghost.

"How did you know?" some of my wiseacre friends have asked. "Was he transparent, yak, yak, yak?" No, he wasn't. "No long white sheet with holes for the eyes?" several dozen people with rare, rich senses of humor have asked. No, this figure moving in the faint light looked ordinary, harmless and real. And I knew it *wasn't*, that's all. I just knew.

"How did you feel?" people have asked, trying to keep their faces straight. I was terrified. The figure turned absently into the room, and he began to walk toward the hall leading to the bedroom and bathroom, and I could feel the thousands of separate little follicles on my head prickle and swell.

He did a strange thing. From the windows to the hall, the path is clear, yet he altered his direction for several steps, exactly as though he were walking around some piece of furniture that was no longer there.

And all up and down the middle of my back, the skin turned suddenly cold. I was horribly frightened, and I don't like the memory of it. Yet I wasn't worried. I felt no threat, that is, toward Louisa or me. I had the idea—the certainty, in fact—that for him I wasn't there at all,

A TIDE.....

ust as that invisible object *was* still there for him. And I knew, as he turned into the hall, out of my sight, that he wasn't going into the bedroom where Louisa ay, or into the bathroom, or anywhere else in that apartment. I knew he was going back into whatever time and place he had momentarily appeared from.

Our apartment is small, with just about adequate closet and cupboard space for a large family of mice. It took only a few minutes to search every last place a man might be hiding, and he was gone, as I'd known he would be. Some ghost, eh? A chubby, middle-aged ghost in a ratty old bathrobe; and not a moan, groan or peep out of him.

YOU know what occurred to me later, lying in bed wondering when I'd be able to sleep again? It just shows what silly thoughts you can have in the dark, especially when you've seen a ghost. He'd looked like a man who was fighting his conscience, and I suddenly wondered if it were the ghost of myself, half a lifetime later, still troubled by guilt, still talking myself into one more thing I knew I shouldn't do. My hair is thinning a little at the crown; I suppose I'll be bald someday. And if you added rimless glasses, forty pounds and thirty years . . . I was actually a little frightened, and, lying there in the darkness, I decided that next morning I was going to stop Ted Haymes from taking the step that would probably get me his job.

At breakfast, I couldn't quite bring myself to tell Louisa about my decision or what had happened; it was just too silly in the daylight. Louisa talked, though—about cough sirup and sales plans, promotions and more money, and bigger apartments, with a shrewd, intelligent, fur-coat look in her eyes. I mumbled some answers, feeling depressed. Then I put on my Homburg and left for the office, looking like a rising young executive and wishing I were dead.

Right after I got there, Ted strolled into my office and sat down on the corner of my desk, pushing my papers aside—a remarkably annoying and absolutely typical thing for him to do. He started yapping about his big new cough-sirup sales plan, of course; it was simple, direct, inexpensive, and would sound good to the boss—I knew that. He had it all dressed up, but basically his play was distributing samples, in miniature bottles, during nice, brisk, pneumonia weather. He'd gotten cost figures, and he was about ready to present the plan and wanted to know if I agreed.

For a minute I just sat there, knowing his plan would flop, and him along with it. Then I just shrugged and said, Yeah, I guessed he was ready. I was astonished; but at the same time I knew why I'd changed my mind. You've known someone like Ted if you ever worked in an office; they're standard equipment, like filing cabinets. He happens to be tall and skinny, though they come in all shapes, a bumptious sort of guy with a hideous, mocking horse laugh. He's a know-it-all, a pincher of stenographers, a credit hog—I've got to watch him all the time to see that I get any recognition for the work our department does—and even when he's patting you on the back, there's a sneer in his eyes.

Sitting at my desk after he'd left, I was perfectly willing again to give him the business. Then, unaccountably, the image of the ghost at my living-room windows flashed up in my mind. It made me suddenly furious—I didn't know why—and I knew I wanted that ghost explained and exorcised. Somehow I knew I had to get him out of my apartment and out of my mind.

Now, the building I live in is no ancient, crumbling castle with a history hopelessly shrouded in the mists of time. It was built in 1939 and is managed by Thomas L. Persons Company, a big realty firm. So I reached for the Manhattan telephone book, looked up their number and called them.

A girl answered in a brisk, bitter voice, and I explained that I was a rent-paying customer and wanted to know if she could tell me the names of previous tenants of my apartment. From the way she said, "Certainly not!" you'd think I'd made an indecent proposal. I persisted, spoke to three more people and finally reached a man who grudgingly consented to open the archives and get me what I wanted.

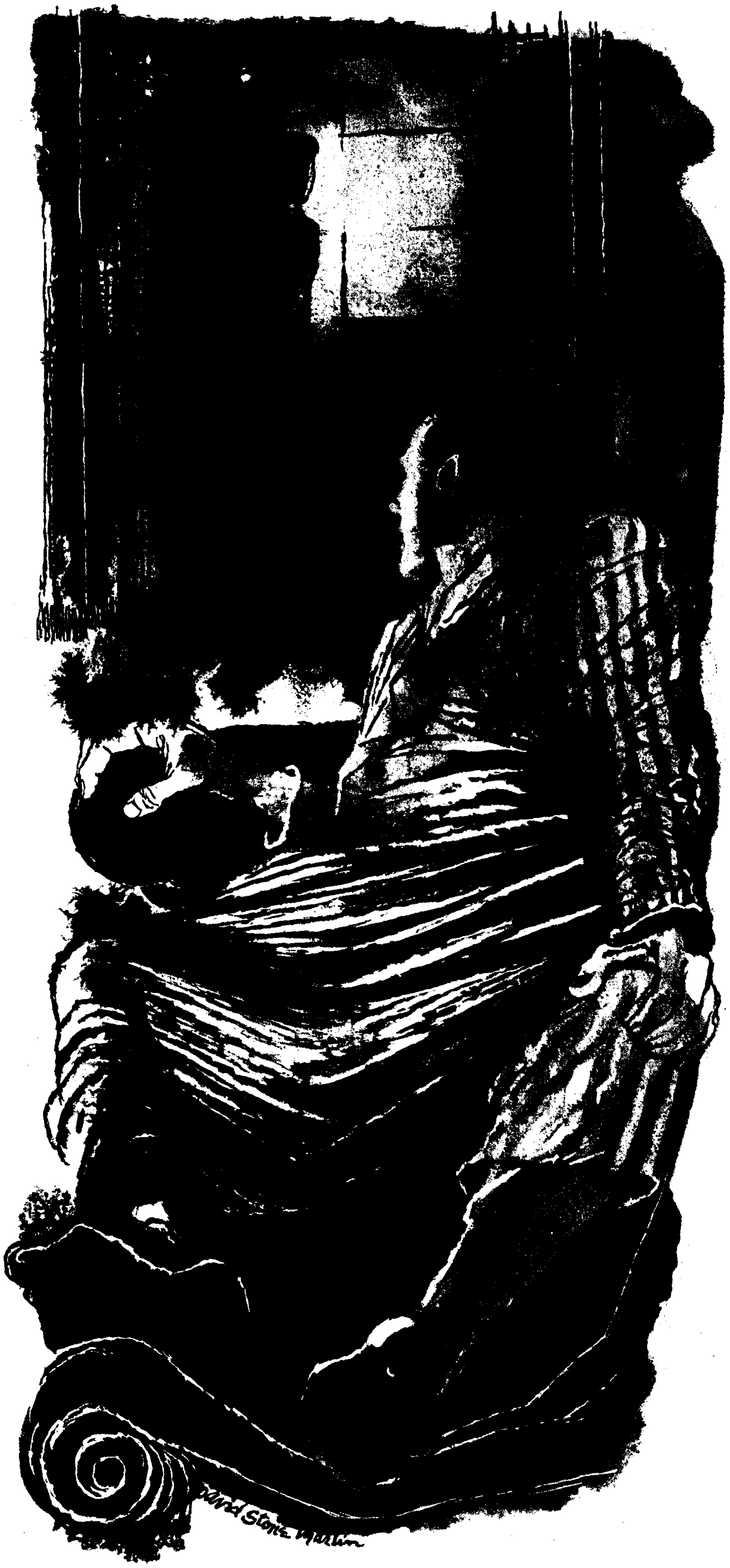
A woman and her mother—no men in the family—had occupied my apartment from 1940 till 1949, when we moved in. In 1939, and for a few months after, the apartment's first tenants had lived there: a Mr. Harris L. Gruener—pronounced Greener—and his wife. The ghost was Gruener, I insisted to myself, and if it could possibly be done, I was going to prove that it was, and that it had nothing to do with me.

THAT night, around three, I woke up again, took the blanket from the foot of the bed and settled down on the davenport to settle Ted's hash. Deliberately I worked myself into a tough, ruthless frame of mind. "Business is business," I said to myself, lying there smoking in the dark. "All's fair, et cetera, and Ted Haymes would certainly do it to me, if the situation were reversed."

The nice thing was that I didn't actually have to *do* anything. I'd worked for a much smaller candy and cough-sirup company, before McCreedy & Cluett; and they had once tried what was virtually Ted's plan. It had looked good, sounded good—and it had failed completely. We figured out why. Except for the tiny fraction of people who happened to have coughs at the moment we gave out our samples, most of them dropped our little bottles into overcoat pockets, where they stayed for days. Presently they may have reached the shelves of medicine cabinets; and maybe eventually they were used, and even resulted in sales. But the immediate sales results of the plan were zero. And it was dropped, just as fast as we could let go.

I knew it would happen again. All I had to do was say nothing and look doubtful. When it failed, I'd be the man with the sales instinct who'd been pretty doubtful about the plan from the start, and—not right away, of course, but presently—I'd have Ted's job, and he'd be out. It wasn't sure-fire, but I had nothing to lose, and I lay there working out the best way of subtly getting my doubts on record with the boss.

Yet that wasn't all I was doing, and I knew it. It was the dead of night, utterly silent outside and in, and I knew I was also waiting for a ghost, and that



My first thought was that he was a burglar or a prowler, but his whole posture was wrong for it

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

I was actually afraid to light another cigarette.

And then the ghost came strolling in from the hall, his head down on his chest, wearing that mangy old bathrobe. He crossed the room to the windows, and then just stood there again, staring down at the street. For twenty minutes or so, he went through the same performance as he had the night before. I don't mean identically, every movement the same, like a movie you see twice. I had the feeling this was another night for him, and that he was up once again, standing at that window, working over the same old problem, whatever it was.

THEN he left, just as before, walking around the invisible object that was no longer there, and I knew he was walking through another time.

I had to do something. I *knew* I had to prove to myself that this ghost had nothing to do with me, and I walked out to the hall telephone and, with my hands trembling, looked up Gruener in the telephone book. There were several listed, but, as I'd expected, no Harris L. Feeling relieved and a little silly, now, I tried the Brooklyn directory—and there it was. *Harris L. Gruener,* it said in cold, black type, with a telephone number and address, and then I was really panicky. For now it seemed certain that Gruener was nothing more than a previous tenant of this apartment, who lived in Brooklyn now, and had no connection with the ghost. And if the ghost wasn't Gruener . . . I wouldn't let myself think about that now, and I went to bed knowing where I had to go in the morning.

The house when I finally found it far out in Brooklyn, was a small white cottage; there was nothing unusual about it. A kid's bike and an old ball bat, split and wrapped with tape, were lying on the front porch. I pressed the button, and a musical chime sounded inside; then a woman in a house dress and apron came to the door. She was in her early thirties, I'd say; nice-looking but overworked. "Mr. Gruener?" I said.

She shook her head. "He's at work now." I'd half expected that and wished I'd telephoned first, but then she added, "Or do you mean his father?"

"Well," I said, "I'm not sure. I want Harris L. Mr. Harris L. Gruener."

"Oh," she answered, "he's around in the back yard." She smiled embarrassedly. "You mind walking around the side of the house? I'd ask you through, but it's in kind of a mess yet, and—"

"Of course not." I smiled understandingly, thanked her, touching my hat, then followed the walk around to the back yard. A moment or so later, fumbling with the latch of the rusted wire gate, I glanced up, and there in a garden lounge chair across the yard, face up to the sun, sat my Mr. Gruener.

It was a relief and at the same time a cold shock, an utterly frightening thing, and I just stood there, my hand still automatically fumbling with the gate, my mind churning to make sense out of this. I'd seen no ghost, I explained to myself; this man must be insane and had twice broken into my apartment in some unguessable way for some mad, secret reason. Then, as I got the gate open, Gruener opened his eyes, and I knew that I *had* seen a ghost.

For there, watching me approach, smiling pleasantly in greeting, was unquestionably the face I'd seen staring down at the street from my apartment window—but now it was a dozen years older. Now it was the face of a man in his seventies, looser, the muscle tone gone, the skin softer. With a courteous gesture of his hand, the old man invited me to take a chair beside him, and I sat down, knowing that what I'd seen in my apartment was this man—as he'd looked a decade before. Across the yard, his back against the board fence, a boy of perhaps twelve sat on the grass, watching us curiously, and for a moment I sat staring at him, trying to figure out what I could do or say. Then I turned to the old man and said, "I came because I've seen you before. In my apartment." Then I added my address and apartment number.

But he only nodded. "Used to live there," he agreed politely, and waited for me to go on. There was nothing else to do; I began at the beginning and told him what I'd seen. Gruener listened in silence, staring across the yard. I couldn't tell what he was thinking.

"Well," he said, smiling, when I finished, "it's all news to me. Didn't know there was a ghost of my former self wandering around 9M. Don't tell the landlord, or they'll be charging one of us extra rent."

His voice broke on the last word. I turned to look at him, and his expression had collapsed. His mouth gaped; his eyes stared. Then—I was horrified—two tears squeezed out from the corners of his eyes, and he covered his face with his hands. "No, no, no," he moaned in a whisper, "oh, let me alone."

The old man sat there, his elbows on his knees, his face buried in his hands, breathing slowly and deeply, getting hold of himself. Presently, turning to face me, he sat erect again, dropping his hands, and the muscles of his face were controlled once more, and he stared at me, his eyes sick. "You're seeing something—I have no idea why—that I try every day of my life not to think of. I paced that apartment once. I stared out that window, just as you saw me." His face twisted, and he shook his head. "I can still see it—the way that street looked in the dead of night. Hateful, hateful."

For half a minute he sat, his eyes wide and staring; but he had to go on now—we both knew that—and I waited. Quietly, he said, "I was trying to make up my mind to kill myself." He glanced at me. "I wasn't despondent; nothing like that. It was simply and obviously the only possible conclusion to my life."

The old man sat back in his chair, his hands on the arms. "I was once nearly president of one of the largest investment firms in the world. I got there by hard work, as I often told people, and it was true. But I didn't say that I got there, also, on other men's backs. I was and am a selfish man; I knew it, and I was proud of it. Nothing and no one ever stood in the way of what I wanted, not my wife, or even my son—and he's paying for that now, and always will, though that's another story."

The old man reached out and tapped my arm with a curved forefinger. "I justified it, boy. If a man can't take care of himself, it is no one else's concern; I said that all my life, and practiced it. I became chief clerk of my firm, manager, junior vice-president, senior vice-president and had the presidency in my grasp, and what happened to those who stood in my way was their affair, not mine." He smiled sadly. "But I, too, stood in someone's way, I discovered; someone like me, only smarter still.

"And instead of the presidency, I was suddenly out of the firm—out of a job and absolutely broke. By then, fortunately, I was a widower, but my home in the country was lost, and the rent was paid on the small apartment I used in the city during the week, for only nine more days, after which I had to move.

"In less than a single week's time, I was suddenly facing the choice of dependency, of actual charity or of ending my life; and the way I had lived demanded the latter. But I couldn't quite do it."

Contempt for himself was plain in his eyes as Gruener looked at me. "I almost could," he said. "I had it planned: sleeping tablets, with a note marked private, and mailed the evening before to an old friend, Dr. William Buhl. The note would have told Buhl what I'd done and why, and would have requested him to certify my death as heart failure. Whether he would have done so, I can't say; I could only have hoped that he would.

"Instead"—he spat the word out with sudden loathing—"I moved in here with my son and his family." He shrugged. "Oh, they were glad to have me, Lord knows why, though it meant extra expense, and they had to take the baby"—he nodded at the boy—"into their bedroom to make room for me.

"But if you think that's what bothered me, you're wrong. No, it was this: from a busy, prosperous man with considerable prestige in his occupation, I was suddenly turned into a nobody, living in a child's bedroom." He shook his head in disgust, and added, "Baby-sitting in the evenings, for the first six or eight years, helping with the dishes, reading the morning paper, listening to the radio in my bedroom with the Donald Duck wallpaper, sitting out here in the sun. That's been the absurd end to my life, just as I knew it would be when I made my decision."

Smiling bitterly, Gruener said, "And now you know what I was pondering, staring down through the windows of apartment 9M when somehow you saw me. I had the chance to justify the whole philosophy of my life—to be on top or forget the whole thing. But during two nights I could not achieve the courage to do it. And on the following night, I knew I had to. I stood there, I remember, staring down at that dismal street, hoping for help.

"Almost superstitiously, I stood hoping for some little sign, the least encouragement from somewhere or anywhere. That is all I needed, I am certain, to tip the balance in the right direction. But of course there was no sign; it was up to me alone. When the night began to end, I had to make my own decision, and you see what I chose." The old man stood up. "Why you should see my 'ghost' or whatever it was, I don't know."

I STOOD, too, and we strolled toward the end of the yard. "But they say," he added, "that a particularly intense human experience can sometimes leave behind some sort of emanation or impression on the environment it happened in. And that under the right conditions it can be evoked again, almost like a recording that is left behind in the very air and walls of the room."

We reached the high wood fence and leaned on it, and Mr. Gruener turned to me, smiling a little. "Maybe that's what happened, boy. You, too, were up in the night in that very room. You, too, were pondering some problem, and maybe those were the right conditions: a sort of similarity of atmosphere that for a few moments could reach out and, like a delicate, beautifully tuned radio, bring back whatever impression my agonizing experience had made there. Or," he said, losing interest, and turned back into the yard, "maybe somehow it brought back the actual time itself, and you really saw me, solid and real. Perhaps you saw back through time itself, to twelve years before; I really don't know."

There was actually no comment to make, and all I could think of was, "Well, you made the right decision."

He stopped suddenly, there on the grass. "No, I did not! I've been a useless burden!" He walked on again, toward the chairs. "My son is no money-maker and never will be; he didn't even have a telephone when I came; so I had one installed, paying for it from the little income I still have. Pathetic, isn't it?" He smiled as we sat down. "Still trying to be somebody, even if no more than a name in a telephone book. Originally, I suppose, I had some idea that one of the firms would eventually be after me, in what capacity I don't know, and I wanted to be sure they could find me.

"No," he said belligerently, "I know now what I knew then: these extra years have meant nothing to me. And I also know now what I didn't even consider then: what these years have meant to my son, his wife and that child." He nodded at the boy across the yard. "I think he'd have a brother or sister now, if I could have done to myself what I did to others. As it is, there simply wasn't room for another baby, nor quite enough money. But without me, there would have been. I feel now what I would once have been incapable of feeling: that I deprived a grandchild of being born; a whole life

Next Week

Collier's
Can the POLITICAL POLLSTERS Predict This Year's Election?

Can the POLITICAL POLLSTERS Predict This Year's Election?

was lost in exchange for something that should never have been—a few more useless years for me."

Quickly, anticipating my objections, he cut them off, ending the conversation. "Well," he said, nodding at the boy, "at least it's been good watching him grow and develop; he's a nice boy, and one of the few things I'm proud of."

It's obvious, of course—and was obvious to me on the way back to Manhattan, through the rest of that day at the office and all through that evening—that in a sense I *had* seen a ghost of my future self, there at my apartment windows. Through the accident of occupying Gruener's apartment, I had somehow seen—how or why I couldn't imagine—what I might become myself.

But still, sitting and pretending to read that night, while Louisa knitted, my problem was a long way from the easy, obvious-at-a-glance dilemma of somebody else. I sat remembering the faces of men in my office—and they're in every office—who have reached their middle thirties, with their big chance lost somewhere in the past. At some point or another it dawns on them, and from then on, you can see it in their eyes that the confident ambition of their youth is never going to be fulfilled.

Shakespeare said it; I remembered the quotation vaguely, and got up and went to the bookshelves for our one-volume complete Shakespeare, and finally found the quotation in Julius Caesar. "There is a tide in the affairs of men," Brutus says, "which taken at the flood leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries. On such a full sea are we now afloat, and we must take the current when it serves, or lose our ventures."

HE WAS right, damn it! I sat there knowing it. You're not handed a promotion for being a good boy, for doing your work conscientiously or for always getting to the office on time! You're not handed it at all; you've got to make it and take it. And you've got to recognize the time for it and grab it while it's there.

Of course I was awake again that night. I dragged myself out to the davenport, and of course I saw Gruener's ghost again; and this time I got mad. I swear I hadn't even been thinking of him. I lay flat on my back, staring at the ceiling, and for a long time I was tempted to steer Ted Haymes off his idea and kiss my chance of stealing his job good-by. It was the peace of mind waiting for me the instant I'd decided that tempted me; the good feeling I knew would come flooding over me. I wanted that, and I knew it would sustain me for days and weeks. But at the back of my mind lay the question: Then what? Two or three more years as assistant before, finally, past thirty, I somehow made sales manager? Just a little too late, a little too old to be a candidate still for the really important jobs at the top?

Lying there smoking in the dark, I *hated* Ted Haymes. He deserved nothing from me! The man was no good; was I going to sacrifice Louisa for *him?* I knew suddenly what was the matter with me. I was one of the timid people who want life to work out like a story, and when it doesn't, they retreat from it and call their timidity virtue.

There is a tide in the affairs of men, and this was mine and might never come again, and all of a sudden, in a flood of hot feeling, I was going to take it. I sat up on the davenport, shaken and deeply excited, knowing that from now on I was a different, tougher man, and I actually muttered out loud, giving myself a sort of miniature pep talk. "Do it!" I told myself. "Damn it, go ahead; all it takes is nerve." I felt pretty good, actually, and I started to get up, thinking I might even wake Louisa and tell her about it. And that's when I noticed Gruener's fat ghost in his crummy old bathrobe, standing at the windows again.

I was coldly furious; not scared in the least; and I really think I might have gone over to him and tried to do something about getting rid of him, though I don't know what. But he turned just then and once more crossed the room, avoiding the invisible barrier, and walked down the hall toward the bathroom, and then I remembered what Gruener had told me. He'd been up three nights with his problem, and now I'd seen him three nights, and I was certain this was the end of it. And it was. I went to bed then, and I've never seen Gruener's ghost since.

Have you ever noticed that once you decide you're going to give someone the business, you can't wait to start? And you can't lay it on too strong. Next morning at the office, I felt a kind of tough, hard cockiness about my decisions, and I asked Ted to lunch. He's a wise guy, a sneerer, and I actually had a ghost story I could prove; undoubtedly I was the first man in history who had the ghost himself to back up his story, and Ted was the man I wanted to back out on a limb, and then break it off.

In the restaurant booth he listened, true to type, with an amused and pitying sneer on his face, and I wondered why I'd ever thought twice about giving him even the least consideration. I didn't tell him, of course, what I'd actually been worrying over at night, but the rest was accurate, and occasionally, as I talked, he'd shake his head in mock pity, his idea of fine, rich humor. Then, when I finished, I let him sound off. I let him bray that mule laugh and listened patiently while he spouted theories about hallucinations, the ability of the mind to fool itself and the kind of glib psychiatric jargon people like Ted talk these days. He was the first of the many people who have assured me that I "dreamed" or "imagined" Gruener's ghost.

I let him rave, clear through dessert, knowing he was squirming to get back to the office and tell everybody, with a phony worried look, that I was "working too hard," and then wait for them to ask why. Finally, when he'd talked enough, I had him. I challenged him to go out to Gruener's with me that evening, and he had to say yes; he'd insulted me too much to say anything else. Then we just sat there, drinking coffee and stealing looks at each other.

People like Ted have a sort of low animal cunning, and pretty soon his eyes narrowed, and, excusing himself, he got up. A minute later he was back, beckoning slyly with his forefinger, like a stupid kid. He led me out to the telephone booth, and there, lying open at the G's, was a Brooklyn directory. "Show me," he said.

It wasn't there. The name Harris L. Gruener simply was not in the telephone book, that's all; and that afternoon at the office, people smiled when I went by, and once, when I was standing at the water cooler, someone called "Boo!" in a quavering, very comical voice. It might sound funny, but it drove me crazy—I *knew* what I'd seen—and a million dollars in cash couldn't have stopped me from doing what I did; I walked out of that office and headed for Brooklyn.

To my everlasting relief, the house was still there, looking just the same, and when I pushed the button, the musical chime sounded inside. No one answered; so I walked around at the side, and, sure enough, there was the rusty wire gate, and there was young Mrs. Gruener hanging out a wash. The boy was there, too, playing catch with another kid, and I felt so relieved I waved and called, "Hi!" very exuberantly.

Mrs. Gruener came over, and I said, "Hello." She answered grudgingly, the way housewives do when they're busy, as though I were a salesman or something. "Mr. Gruener home?" I said.

"No," she answered, "he's at work," and I wondered why we had to go through that routine again and wondered if she were stupid or something.

"No, I mean Mr. Gruener, Sr. Harris L., that is."

This time she really looked suspicious and didn't answer for several seconds. Then, watching my face, her voice flat, she said, "Mr. Gruener is dead."

She got her reaction; I was stunned. "When?" I managed to say, finally. "I'm terribly sorry. When did it happen?"

Her eyes narrowed, hard as flint. "Who are you, mister? And what do you want?"

TOYS
PLAY MONEY
CHAS. SKILES

"What do you mean, it isn't good? I bought it in this store!"

COLLIER'S CHARLES SKILES

I didn't know what to say. "Don't you remember me?"

"No. Just what do you want, anyway?"

I could hardly think, but there was something I suddenly had to know. "I'm an old friend of his, and . . . didn't know he died. Tell me—please tell me—when did he die?"

In a cold, utterly antagonistic voice, she said, "He died twelve years ago, and all his 'old friends' knew it at the time."

I had to get out of there, but there was one more thing I had to say. "I could have sworn I'd seen him later than that. Right here, too; and you were here at the time. You're sure you don't remember me?"

She said, "I certainly am. Far as I know, I never saw you before in my life," and I knew she was telling the truth.

I'VE quit looking up Harris L. Gruener in Brooklyn telephone books, because it's never there. But it was. It *was* there once, and I saw it; I didn't "dream" or "imagine" it, and all the Ted Haymeses in the world can't make me think so, and I'll tell you why! I phoned the doctor Gruener had mentioned. "Why, yes," he said—he sounded like a nice guy—"the cause of Gruener's death is public information; you could read it on the death certificate. Harris Gruener died of heart failure, twelve years ago."

I know it's not proof, I *know* that, but—don't you see? Out of the hundreds of cases that doctor must have treated in twelve years' time, *why did he remember this one instantly?* Unless there is something about it that will make it stick in his mind forever.

I know why. I know what happened. There in my living room, on that third night, knowing he had to make up his mind, Harris Gruener stood staring down at the street. For him it was twelve years ago—1940—and he stood waiting for a sign that would help him to do what he felt he had to. For me, it was the present; and as I lay there, a decision rose up in me, and I said suddenly, intensely, "Do it! Damn it, go ahead; all it takes is nerve." And across the years, across whatever connection had been briefly evoked between us, Gruener heard. He heard it, perhaps, as only a whisper, or only in his mind.

But Gruener did hear it, I know, and, more than that, he understood what perhaps I did not—that, morally, it was a decision for suicide. "Do it!" he heard me say, and he of all people knew what that meant, and—he did it. He turned then, I am certain, back again in the year 1940, and he walked to the bathroom where the sleeping tablets were. Then he wrote a note to William Buhl, dropped it down the mail chute out in the hall and went to bed for the last time.

DON'T ask me how it happened, or why—ask Einstein. *I* don't know if time shifts sometimes; if events that have already happened can be made to happen again, this time in another way. I don't know *how* it could happen; I only know that it did.

How do I know? That boy playing catch in the back yard of the Gruener home was the same boy I saw the first time, exactly. But the other boy, who was playing catch with him; I didn't see him the first time, because he wasn't there. He wasn't anywhere; he didn't exist. But he does now, and I know who he is; there's no mistaking the resemblance. He's the first boy's brother. They're alike as twins, though not the same height; the second boy is younger, by a year or so, I'd say. They're nice kids; I'm certain of that. And I'm certain that if old Mr. Gruener could see them, he'd be happy and proud of his grandchildren—both of them.

No one really believes me, and I can't blame them, I guess. Some people even think my story is a psychopathic excuse for failure; time is moving on and there's still an "Assistant" in front of my title. I wish I could say that Ted Haymes is grateful for that, and, while I doubt it, maybe he is. All morning, the day after I'd told him about Gruener's ghost, he'd amuse the whole office every chance he got by staring fatuously past my shoulder in horror as though he'd suddenly seen a ghost. With Ted, that kind of juvenile joke would ordinarily continue for weeks; but after I steered him off his sampling plan that afternoon, and explained why I had, he never pulled his joke again.

I doubt that it was from gratitude, but I do think he got a glimpse of the truth of what happened to me and was a little scared, for the same reason I was. And maybe from now on he'll be a little different sort of person, too; I really can't say.

But I'm grateful to Gruener, anyway. There in my living room he and I once stood at a crossroads together; and the decision I reached sent him in the direction, finally, that his whole life had led up to; he could not escape it. But when I understood what had happened, I took the other road, while I still had the chance. So I'm grateful to Harris Gruener and sorry for him, too. There is a tide, all right, but whether a man should take it or not depends on where he wants to go. ▲▲▲

The SPARTAN LIFE

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

My father's got the economy bug. He's going to give up the golf club and walk to the station—but he seems to be a better preacher than he is a practicer

IF IT were not for his wife and his three children, my father says, he would get away from it all and be a beachcomber somewheres on an island and live on coconuts and breadfruit. In fact, one time he hears of an island for sale for two hundred dollars and he is tempted to buy it, only the island turns out to be up North and there is no coconuts there or even breadfruit, but only acorns, and my father says he is not yet so squirrelly he can live on acorns, although the time may not be far away.

If it were not for their three children, my father would belong to the country club and wouldn't have to stand in line for two hours to play golf at a public course and my mother would have a fur coat and wouldn't freeze all winter in her old cloth one.

"Three children are wonderful, why does every so-and-so have to play this curseword course?" says my father, standing in line at the first tee.

"No sacrifice is too great for your children," says my mother, while her nose turns blue on a cold day.

It was on an early spring afternoon that my mother found the letter in the mailbox. It was addressed to my father, so she didn't dare open it. It came from the country club.

"It looks official," said my mother. "What could the country club want with your father, I wonder? What's he been up to?"

She put the letter in his study. "I have some shopping to do, children," my mother said. "Do you want to go with me?"

We went downtown, and after we had bought groceries and bubble gum my mother took us in another store. She tried on fur coats. The saleslady knew my mother quite well because she often tried on fur coats. We left for home, finally, and then my mother drove back downtown to meet my father coming home after an exhausting day at business.

When they came in the house, she said, "There is a letter for you in the study, along with the monthly bills that came in today."

My father goes in and reads the letter. He comes out and he don't say anything, although my mother watches him like a hawk.

"Dinner is ready," says my mother. "Anything important?"

"Not at all," says my father. "What are we having for dinner? Steak, eh? Well, well, well." And he starts carving.

When we have steak at our house, my father has to be an expert carver indeed to see that nobody gets gypped, because even my baby sister Janice can eat about as much steak as anyone else. And, for instance, if my brother Harold figures he gets less than me he will set up such a holler that nobody can eat anything. Personally, I feel that being two years older than Harold I am entitled to more steak, and the chances are I may grow up anemic and my folks will be sorry if Harold is a big two-hundred-pound football slob and I am under the care of a doctor. By then it will be too late.

After everybody has examined everybody else's plate and seen that my father has carved perfectly, we begin to eat, and when there is a lull in the conversation my father says, very casually, "I had lunch with the boss today."

"Oh," says my mother. "Did you talk business?"

"No," says my father, "we talked golf. Spring is in the air, and the boss talked about his golf game. During the course of the conversation the boss says to me that we have a fine country club out here. He played it one time, he tells me."

"Oh," says my mother, "and what did you say?"

"That's the whole point," says my father. "What could I say? I sat there like a dope. Could I tell the boss that I stand in line at a public course for two hours every week end to play golf?"

"I think you should join the country club," my mother says. "You've wanted to for a long time. What was it you got in the mail from them today?"

"Well, it was an application," my father says. "I wanted to get the information. I heard the membership is going to be closed soon. When they reach five hundred members they won't accept any more. They're very close to it."

"Why don't you join?" my mother says. "Then the next time you want to invite the boss out, you can play golf with him and we can have dinner at the club."

"You're sure you don't mind, Edith?" my father says excitedly.

"I think you should," my mother says. "Of course, if you asked them out when the weather is still cold— Well, you know how his wife dresses."

"How should I know?" says my father.

"Well," says my mother, "I certainly couldn't go to the club for dinner in that ratty old coat of mine. Our friends are used to it, they make a joke of it, but you'd just have to leave me home when you went to the country club."

My father stares at her popeyed. "Boy," my father says, "you never in your life did better at switching the subject around to fur coats. You should have been a lawyer. If I invite the boss over for golf, it will be in the summer."

"So you won't be ashamed of me," says my mother.

"I didn't say that," says my father. "You don't play golf in the winter, for Pete's sake."

"All right," my mother says. "I won't say a word. Go ahead and join your old club."

"Maybe," my father says cautiously, "we could do both. We've been talking about it long enough. Maybe I could join the club and you could get a coat and we could ask the boss and his wife over week end after next."

"It would be wonderful," my mother says.

"Don't count on it," says my father. "Wait until I go over the bills and the bank statement tonight."

RIGHT after dinner, my father goes in his study off the living room, and we sit down to watch television.

"Maybe you better not turn it on," my mother says nervously. "It may disturb your father."

"Nonsense," says my father, poking his head out of the study. "Just keep the voice low."

So we watch television, and I hear my father humming as he checks the bank statement.

"Dum de dum," hums my father, and then suddenly he is standing in the middle of the living room, waving a piece of paper.

"What the curseword is this?" says my father. "Forty dollars from the service station. How can we burn that much gasoline? Where have you been driving?"

"We had to buy a tire, remember?" says my mother.

"Oh," says my father, and he slinks back in the study, then pokes his head out. "We could go over to the club on a Saturday afternoon," says my father. "The whole family. The kids could swim, you could walk around the course with me."

"Be wonderful," says my mother. "You're sure the television doesn't annoy you?"

"Not at all," says my father and his head disappears and I hear him humming. "Dum de dum," hums my father. "Milk!" he says. "It would be cheaper to own a cow. Dum de dum dum. Electricity! Dum de dum. Dentist!" And I don't hear him humming any more.

MY SISTER Janice don't care for television, and she is standing in the hall, flipping the light switch on and off. This is a great game for my sister Janice who is only four and naturally not very bright.

The next moment, my father is leaping into the middle of the living room, staring at Janice.

"See light, Daddy," says Janice, flipping the switch.

"Get away from there!" shouts my father.

My sister Janice, who is the apple of my father's eye, being the only girl, is not used to being yelled at, and she starts to cry and my father picks her up and tries to comfort her.

"I admit it is not your fault," my father says. "Somebody should teach you it costs a penny every time you turn that light on and off. They must love us down at the power company. I bet their stock has gone up ten points since we moved to this area."

"You don't have to shout," says my mother.

"These kids have to be taught the value of a dollar," says my father. "The stuff does not grow on trees."

My brother Harold, who has no sense of tact, speaks up. "I didn't get no allowance this week," he says.

"Any allowance," corrects my father. "What did you do to earn an allowance, tell me that?"

My brother Harold thinks very hard and looks at me. "I didn't fight with William," he says to my father.

"For that you should get an allowance," says my father and he slinks back into the study again, but he don't hum any more; he just groans, and my mother looks very sad.

After a while it is quiet in the study and I peek in. My father is leaning back in his chair with his feet on the desk, reading from some book. Finally he gets up and comes out solemnly and turns off the television set.

"We are going to have a little family conference," says my father. "It is time these children learn certain facts, and I want to refresh your memory, Edith. I wish to read aloud from this book I have."

He opens the book. "This is for the week of September 15, 1937," says my father, "and the first

"I want you to start keeping a budget again," my father says. "What for?" says my mother. "I will tell you what for," says my father. "We have been living in a fool's paradise"

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN

Stan Ekman

item is Receipts. Receipts equal forty-seven dollars and fifty cents. Now we turn to Disbursements." He looks at my mother, whose eyes are bright. "On September 15, 1937, you went to the grocery store and purchased the following items: a loaf of bread for seven cents, three pork chops for thirty-four cents—"

"Our old budget," says my mother dreamily. "I remember it as though it were yesterday. Two chops for you and one for me. I can remember watching you eat that second chop—"

"You could have had a second chop any time you wanted," says my father angrily.

"Go on, dear," says my mother. "I am not complaining."

"One pound confectioner's sugar, eight cents," says my father. "One half-dozen eggs, twenty-one cents. That gives you an idea. That week we spent forty-four cents for magazines and newspapers and a dollar and ten cents on entertainment."

"We went to the movies, I bet," says my mother. "And afterward we went to that little place around the corner and had a soda. We used to go there every couple of weeks, if we could afford it. There was that woman who used to come in, remember, the blonde with the mink coat. You used to tell me that someday—"

"Yes, yes, yes," says my father. "Let us not get off the track. In that week of September 15, 1937, our total expenditures were twenty-nine dollars."

HE FLIPPED through the pages. "The last item in this budget," he said, "is for the tenth of October, 1939."

My mother smiled. "I'd been to the beauty parlor. It was a terrible extravagance, but there was a company party and you wanted me to have my hair done. I came home worrying about the expense, and you walked in the door telling me you'd got a raise."

"That was quite a day," said my father, grinning.

"I threw that darn' old budget in the wastebasket," said my mother. "I remember distinctly. How did you ever get hold of it? I thought it went out with the trash the next day."

"I fished it out," said my father. "I tossed it in the bottom drawer of my desk and it's been there ever since."

"Well, Bill," my mother said, "I'm glad you saved it, now. It brings back some very touching memories. Don't throw it away."

"I have no intention of throwing it away," my father said. "There are at least fifty pages left, and I want you to start keeping it again."

"Oh, no," says my mother. "What for?"

"I will tell you what for," says my father. "We have been living in a fool's paradise. The country club is out! The fur coat is out! I have just paid the monthly bills and I have come to my senses. From now on, we are going to treat money with respect around here. We are going to get down to fundamentals. If we ever join the club and get you a fur coat it will be because we've saved the money by cutting down elsewhere. These children are going to learn some of the principles of economics. From now on, for instance, they are going to walk to school."

"Gee whiz!" says my brother Harold, and my father looks at him in disgust.

"Nobody ever drove me to school when I was a boy," says my father.

"No wonder," says my brother Harold. "They didn't have no automobiles back in the olden days."

"Any automobiles," corrects my father. "Olden days! Who do you think I am—Rip van Winkle?"

"Father," I say, trying to be helpful, "I could ride my bike, only it's a little small for me now. If I got a new bike, I could give my old bike to Harold—"

"It was a beautiful proposal, but then he ruined it all by telling me what his salary is"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

"Listen, pal," says my brother Harold, "it's bad enough I wear your pants. If you get a new bike, I get a new bike—"

"Nobody gets a new bike!" shouts my father. "You're going to walk to school. How far is it? It's not even a mile."

"Father," says my brother Harold, who has no tact, "are you going to walk to the railroad station in the morning?"

My mother giggles, and my father glares at her. "Certainly," says my father, after a moment's hesitation. "The exercise will do me a world of good. Think how much gasoline we will save. Probably a gallon of gas a day. Twenty-six cents a day. We're making progress."

"Before I forget," says my mother, "we have to get the plumber. That hot-water faucet's been dripping and it makes a noise—"

"Now, there you are," says my father. "It shows you right there how this proud nation is going soft. As soon as anything happens we have to call for help. The pioneers in the old days—"

"I've been calling for a pioneer to fix that faucet," says my mother, "for about six months. And the same with getting the windows washed. I finally called a window-washing man this morning."

"You can call him right back and tell him not to come," says my father. "If two able-bodied boys and myself can't wash a few windows—"

"I will not let the boys do the outside of the upstairs windows," says my mother. "Besides, aren't you playing golf Saturday?"

"I have played my last round of golf," says my father hollowly. "Even at the public course. Those caddies expect two dollars and a half."

My brother Harold, who always puts his foot in his mouth, says, "Joe Cooper gets a buck a week from his father. What can you do these days with fifty cents?"

"You see what I mean?" says my father. "From now on, we are going to have a plan around here."

THAT night, when he goes to bed, my father sets the alarm for fifteen minutes earlier the next day, and in the morning he makes us all get up and come down to an early breakfast.

"I will probably be so tired in school I will not be able to do my work right," says my brother Harold. "I will probably get left back."

"Nonsense," says my father. "It will stimulate your mind. I have to dash."

"Look," says my mother. "I can run you down just as easily."

"I prefer to walk," says my father. "This family is going to learn what feet are for."

We all watch my father go out the front door and stride down the street until he is out of sight.

"Oh, dear," my mother says, "he didn't say whether I was to meet him tonight or not. He'll probably be mad if I do and mad if I don't."

We walk to school and have to walk home in the afternoon, and at six o'clock when my father's train is about due, my mother still does not know whether or not to meet my father.

"What I think I will do," says my mother, "is to drive down and observe his behavior. If he stands in front of the station looking for us, I will know he wants a ride. If he strides off for home, I will know he has planned to walk."

We all pile in the car and ride downtown. We see the people coming out of the station, and presently my father appears. He takes a quick look around and then leaps into a taxi.

"Well, of all the nerve," says my mother, and when the taxi starts off, my mother follows the taxi at a discreet distance. The taxi goes out of town toward our house, and then it stops when it reaches our street. My mother goes sailing on past, and we watch my father start walking down our street.

My mother does not say a word. She goes busting down the street and comes in our block the back way and parks the car in the garage and hustles everybody into the house.

A few minutes later, my father comes strolling in the front door, pounding his chest.

"I feel like a million dollars," says my father. "I got all the smoke and smog of the city out of my veins."

"It was a nice walk?" says my mother. "It didn't tire you too much? You didn't expect me to meet you?"

"Of course not," says my father. "What are we having for dinner? I'm starved."

"Keep away from the stove," says my mother. "If it weren't for the children, I might let you get away with it. I cannot have you living a lie in front of your children."

"I don't know what you are talking about," says my father nervously.

"We happened to be downtown when your train came in," my mother said.

"Well," says my father hoarsely, "this is a fine thing when a man discovers his wife and children spying on him. It is a fine state of affairs when a man discovers his own family lurking behind his back like a bunch of secret agents."

"What made you walk the last two blocks?" said my mother.

"You get into another zone at our corner," says my father. "It costs another twenty cents. Besides, you're not being reasonable. This is the first day I've walked. I'm not the natural athlete I was fifteen years ago. I have to break myself in gradually."

AFTER supper, he gets out the budget and asks my mother what she spent and writes it all down in the book. "There is a great satisfaction in being thrifty," says my father hollowly. "Tomorrow is Saturday and I will fix the curseword faucet and wash the windows."

In the morning, when he gets up, my father looks out the window. The sun is shining and you can smell the spring.

"The ground would be too soggy for golf," says my father sadly.

"For Heaven's sake," says my mother, "go out to the public course. I would rather have you do that than sit around here and moan all day."

"I am not a golfer," says my father. "I am a window washer, a faucet fixer. Come on, William, let's go downtown."

"Gee whiz," I said, "I don't feel like walking downtown and back."

"You can take the car," my mother says. "I would not want you and your father to get round-shouldered lugging home a faucet washer."

"And sometimes your mother wonders why her children are fresh," says my father, leading the way out to the car.

We start downtown, and then my father swings left toward the highway. "I just want to verify my theory that the ground is too soggy for golf," says my father. "We will drive past the country club. There won't be a soul playing."

We get out on the highway, and when we see the country-club fairways, there are people all over the place.

"What do you know about that?" my father says disgustedly, pulling up at the side of the road, staring at the golfers. "Have you ever seen the country club?"

I said I hadn't, and my father said we would take a look. "It is as close as you will ever get," my father says sadly.

"This is a fine place in the summer," says my father. "There are tennis courts beyond that building and over here is the clubhouse. I guess we won't be arrested if we walk through the locker rooms."

We go inside, and there are a lot of men changing their clothes and some of them speak to my father.

"Didn't know you were a member, Bill," one of them says. "How about a game?"

"I don't belong," says my father. "I am strictly a yard man."

He leads the way down the corridor and upstairs to the lounge.

"The ladies play bridge up here," my father says. "Your mother would enjoy that, don't you think?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "Are you going to join?"

My father looked pale. "I swear to you, William," he said, "that when I left home this morning I had nothing on my mind but faucet washers. I don't know how I got in this place, and now I'm here I'm trapped. I can't help myself."

He walked over to the office at the far end of the lounge. There was a girl sitting at a typewriter.

"Good morning," my father says huskily, "I wonder if you could give me an application for membership."

The girl stopped typing and looked up at him. "I could," she said, "but the membership list has been closed. We aren't taking any more members. The best we could do would be to put your name on a waiting list."

"Never mind," said my father. "Come on, William."

My father led the way outside and over to the parking lot. "Maybe you could say I'm a very lucky man," said my father. "Suppose I had joined. What would I have said to your mother when I got home? It might have been pretty rough, especially since she has wanted that fur coat for years and years."

We drove downtown and went into a hardware store. My father bought a washer and we went outside and started toward our car. At the corner, my father stopped and stared in a store window.

"Ever been in here?" said my father.

"Yes, sir," I said. "Mother shops here a lot."

"Don't I know it," said my father. "We have a charge account here."

We walk inside, and two minutes later we are in the fur-coat department. My father looks around and says, "There is a girl with a figure like your mother."

He went over to her. "I wonder if you happen to know a Mrs. Gilbey," says my father. "She is fair-haired—"

"Hello, William," the saleslady says to me. "How is your mother?"

"I been in here a couple times, looking at fur coats with Mom," I explain to my father.

"She was in a day or so ago," the saleslady said. "The coat she was crazy about is still here. Would you like to see it?"

"Mink?" my father asks grimly. "I suppose it was mink?"

"It's a Persian lamb," says the saleslady. "I'll slip it on."

My father stares at her and then sidles over and looks at the price tag.

"Well, I expected worse," says my father. "You don't have to pay for the curseword coat all at once, I suppose. You have a deferred payment plan or something, don't you?"

The saleslady said, "You're going to buy it and surprise her? I think that's wonderful."

"Wrap it up," says my father glumly. "I'll take it with me."

TEN minutes later we are out in the car. "This is what comes from having a guilty conscience," says my father.

We got home, and my father carries the coat in a box inside the house. We can hear my mother running the vacuum cleaner upstairs.

"Wait a second," my father says. "They gave me a blank check down at the store and I made a sizable down payment. That knocks a hole in our checking account, and I want to enter it before I forget."

He tosses the box on the davenport, goes in his study, and then gives a yell and comes leaping out. The vacuum cleaner stops upstairs, and my mother comes running down.

"What's the matter?" she screams.

"Matter is," my father says thickly, "we're overdrawn at the bank. Way the curseword and gone overdrawn. You must have written a million checks yesterday. What for?"

"Oh, dear," my mother says. "I don't understand, but I'm afraid it's my fault. I thought there was enough. You looked so unhappy when you left this morning. I knew how much you wanted to play golf. I was cleaning your office and I found the country-club application on your desk. You'd filled it in and I thought with our saving money maybe we could afford the club. I called them and they accepted the application by phone. It was the last one. I put the application in an envelope with a check and gave it to the mailman."

MY FATHER stared at her, then went across and gave her a kiss. He looked groggy. He began muttering to himself. "Bank closed today," he muttered. "Monday morning we can switch money from the savings account to the checking. We'll be broke all year."

"What are you mumbling about?" said my mother. She was almost crying. "I thought you'd be happy."

"What about your fur coat?" my father says.

"I got along without one for thirty-seven years," says my mother. "I can wait a while longer. There's plenty of time."

"I see," says my father, staring at her. "Well, let's go over to the club for lunch. But for Heaven's sake don't wear that old brown coat. I can't stand the sight of it. Try this on for size."

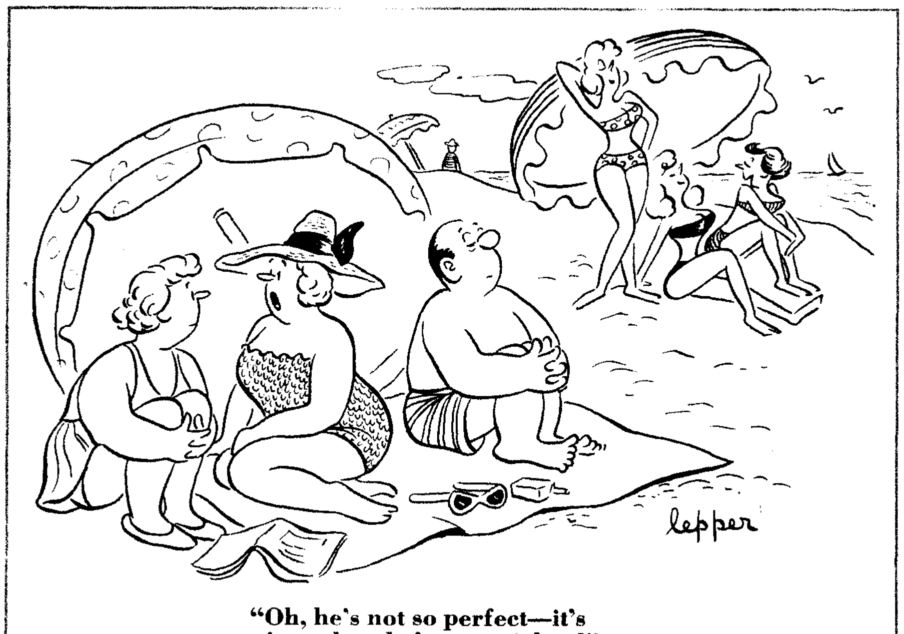
He reached for the box, opened it, and tossed the Persian lamb coat at her.

She almost collapsed. When she was finally able to talk, she said, hugging it to her, "We can't possibly afford it."

"Put it on," my father said. "You look wonderful. We'll make out. We'll save money other ways."

He grinned at my mother and shoved his hands into his pockets. "We'll live the Spartan life," he said, and the expression on his face changed suddenly. He dredged deep into a pocket and came up with a faucet washer.

"Round up the kids and we're off for the club," my father said. He flipped the faucet washer toward the ceiling and caught it coming down. "And I promise you one thing for sure. First rainy day I'm going to fix that faucet." ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S **"Oh, he's not so perfect—it's just that he's nearsighted"** EDWIN LEPPER

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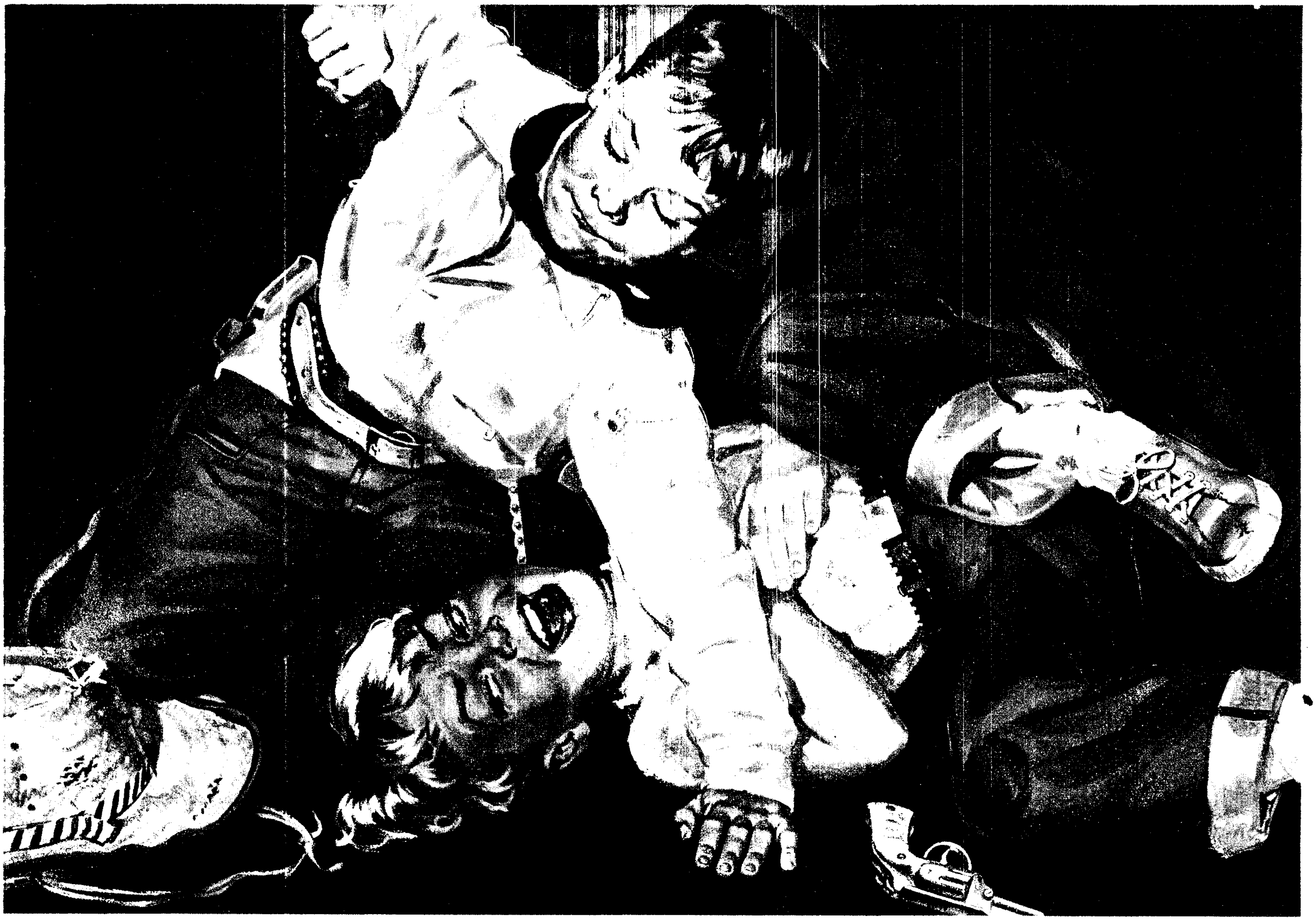

With a grin of evil pleasure, Stribling let him have it. There was a quiver as life drained from Crane's battered form

The Big Hunger

Dan Crane was a hard man, as hard as they come. He'd as soon kill you as look at you. But like all hard men, he had his weakness—the sloe-eyed temptress, Vicky

By JOHN FANTE

HE HEARD his mother coming up the stairs, her feet in soft slippers. For an hour he had lain awake, reading Crime Comics, which were forbidden because Mother said they were bad for kids. But Dan Crane couldn't read, not really, because he was barely seven, a crummy age, two years younger than his brother Nick, who read real good, that heel.

"Up, Danny boy," Mrs. Crane said from the doorway. "Breakfast's ready."

Breakfast. Dan's stomach lurched. Every morning, the same old malarkey: breakfast. He wasn't hungry. He had gone to bed with a sack of plums and had eaten them all, stowing the pits behind the radiator. Now she was after him to eat again. He lay staring at the ceiling, being very cold to his mother.

"You hear me, son?"

"Okay, Mom."

"And wash your face. And clean your nails."

The commands were so beneath him that he didn't answer. One thing was becoming apparent: Dan Crane couldn't take much more. Breakfast. Wash your face. Clean your nails. Brush your teeth. Comb your hair. Change your shorts. Hang up your sweater. Go to sleep. Wake up. Be quiet. Speak out. Hold still. Get moving. Open your mouth. Stick out your tongue. Close your mouth. For seven years, Dan Crane had hung on grimly. Seven years: his whole life, a slave.

When he tossed back the covers, it pleased him to see the blobs of dirt at the backs of his heels. Take a bath, use the brush. And suppose he told her to go soak? Then he'd have to deal with the Old Man. Was that bad? Ho ho! He had the Old Man in his power. There was an expression he used—a mystic smile, a look of holy innocence—that melted his father's wrath every time.

His brother's bed was across the room, the covers thrown back, Nick's pajamas folded neatly under the pillow. Nick *liked* wearing pajamas! With a pretense of merely sauntering past, Dan Crane snatched the pajamas in one fist and held them out before him, a sneer on his lips.

Now he had Nick where he wanted him, within a coil of his fist, and it all came back to him—old Bright Boy with straight A's, so clever at drawing, too, so helpful to his mother, so impressive when company came, old Bright Boy in person. The pajamas danced in the air as Dan Crane cuffed them with jabs. Then the pajamas seemed to strike back, and Crane staggered and fell to the floor, for Nick was choking him, and his face purpled as he struggled to breathe. He rolled across the floor, the pajamas on top of him, until, with superhuman strength, Crane broke the grip at his throat, and the tide of battle turned. Now Nick was beneath him, his upturned face receiving sickening blows to the mouth and nose, blood spurting from his nostrils, his eyes flaming in terror. One final bash of Crane's fist, and Nick lay very quiet, not breathing. Dan Crane prodded one of Nick's eyes with a forefinger. Nick was dead. Weakly, Crane rose to his feet, aware now of his own wounds, of his torn face, a limp arm, blood trickling from his lips. He stood reeling, panting with exhaustion, offering no word of explanation as the sheriff came in, his eyes popping at the brutal scene.

"You killed him, Crane," the sheriff said. "You beat your own brother to a pulp. Gad, what a beating."

"I had to do it, Sheriff," Crane gasped. "It was

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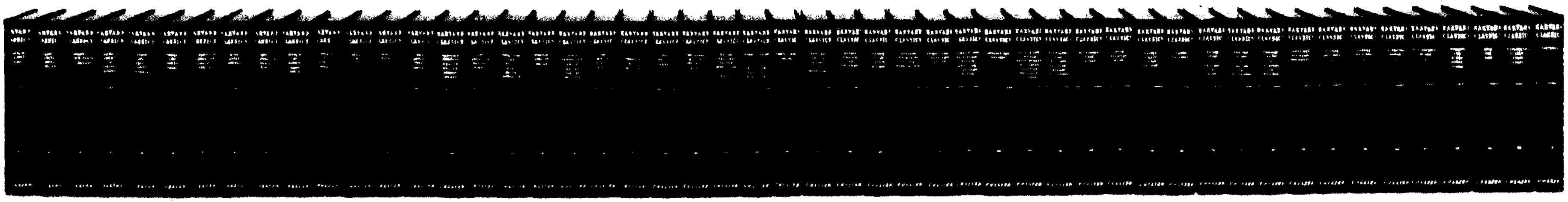

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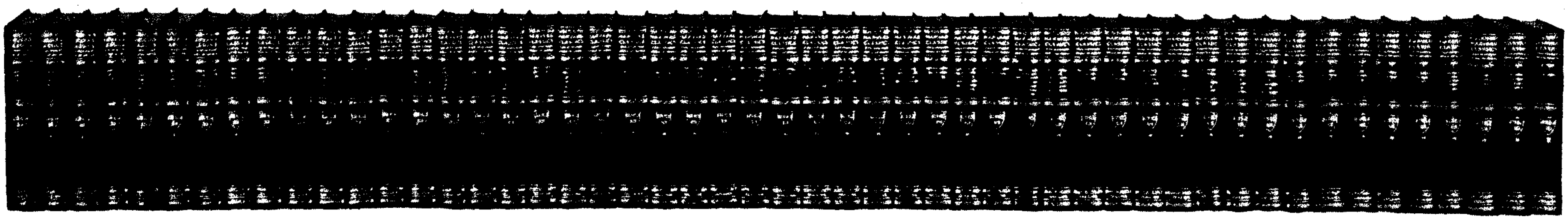

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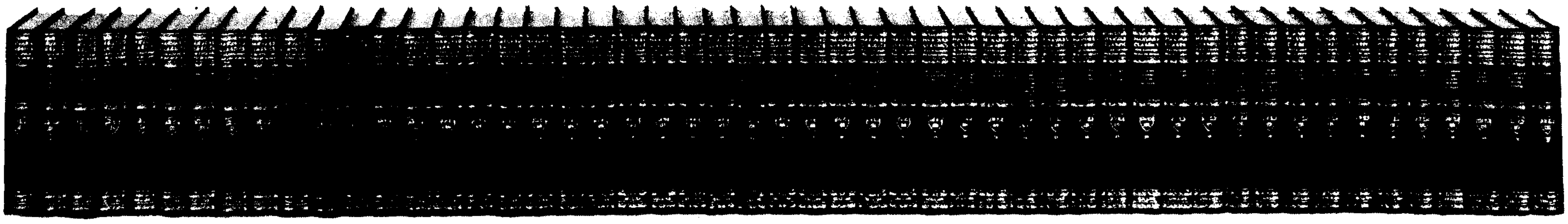

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him or me. You know Nick. He pulled a knife on me."

The sheriff put out his hand. "He was a no-good stinker, Dan. The whole county owes you a vote of thanks."

The sheriff evaporated, and Dan Crane strode naked toward the bathroom, his chest out, the new day taking on a cheery hue now that Nick was dead.

From the staircase it came again, *her* voice: "Daniel Crane. Did you hear me? Breakfast!"

"Okay, okay, okay."

He dipped a corner of the washrag in warm water, braced his feet, and took three light swipes at his face, across his forehead and over both cheeks. It was a revolting experience. His teeth were clenched as he wiped the stuff off with a towel. The mirror told him there was no need to comb his hair; it was fine, away from his face and eyes. Maybe it stuck out at the sides, but so what? He examined his fingernails. But Dan was a poor judge of clean fingernails. These many years of observation had finally persuaded him that his nails were two-toned: pink and gray-black. Sometimes, by sheer brute force, his mother dug out some of the gray-black substance. On these occasions Dan screamed in agony, for he believed she was prying out living flesh.

THERE was the smell of bacon and eggs in the hall, of buttered toast and wheat germ, and for a moment it pleased him. But now he chose to have it nauseate him, and his mind conjured up the plate of bacon and eggs too gooey, the wheat germ covered with the sweet slime of honey. This wrenching of the imagination produced the desired effect. Crane was revolted, sick now, too sick to eat breakfast.

Bitterly, he reflected on his miserable fate. No corn flakes in this lousy house, or puffed wheat, or Rice Krispies, or Corn Pops, or any of the delicious things shown on TV. *His* mother brought home nothing but junk from the store. This junk was supposed to give you perfect teeth. But did it? Crane grinned ironically, his tongue probing a tooth that had been filled only last week by the dentist; across the street lived David Culp, nine years old, who ate nothing but Rice Krispies for breakfast and had big, white, absolutely perfect teeth.

With sullen laziness, he pulled on his clothes, being careful not to wear the clean shorts laid out for him, the freshly ironed jeans and T-shirt, the new pair of socks.

The old shorts slipped nicely into place. They were almost like his own skin, and they had that good, personal smell of none other than Dan Crane. Yesterday's T-shirt was befouled with the pleasant memory of adventures under David's house, a secret hideaway where he and David buried sea shells gathered earlier at the beach. Indeed, the preponderant odor coming off Dan Crane was of the sea, the old, tired sea at low tide. His jeans clung to his legs like damp canvas, grease and tar lending them an intimate stickiness like buckskin on the thighs of Daniel Boone. His socks were resilient, like a mechanic's soiled rags. He knew his mother would beef about the old sneakers. He put one to his nostrils and sniffed. He could smell nothing except just plain feet. With much tugging and groaning, he got the sneakers on, the laces snagged in a fiendish cluster of knots no mother on earth could unravel.

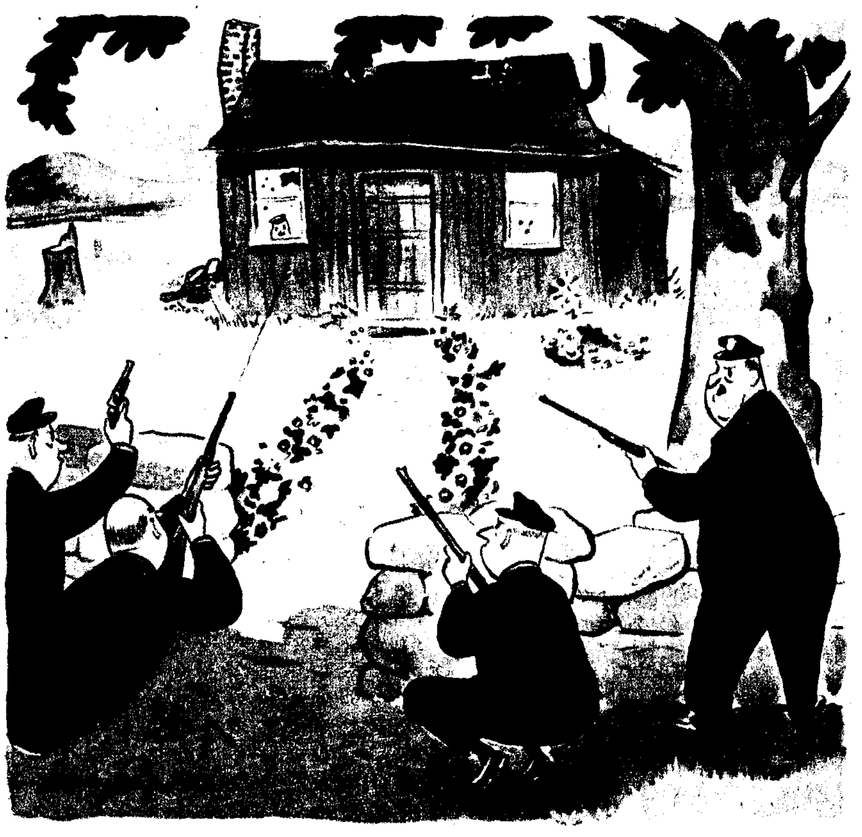
He wondered if he could get away with it. She might send him back upstairs; then again, she might not. It was worth a try. Slowly he went down the stairs, his chest sliding along the banister. Then he saw her, his two-year-old sister Victoria, down there at the bottom, and he became alert to the danger, for she was waiting for him to come down to her, and her large brown eyes were full of mischief. She was the anguish of his life, the person in all the world he wanted to tear limb from limb.

"Okay now, Vicky," he warned. "Be careful. I'm just telling you: Watch it."

She knelt on the bottom step and smiled up at him. "Danny," she said. "Danny."

Her plump, pink fingers were stretched out to him lovingly, but Dan Crane knew her only as a woman of devious cunning who kissed him one moment and bit him the next. Worse, he was not permitted to defend himself. The Old Man gave a lot of orders around there, most of which could be ignored, but one he enforced always: nobody could lay a hand on Victoria—not even if she poked out your eyes, bit your finger, or banged you with a croquet mallet. In her time, she had done all these things and more to Dan Crane, and his cup of bitterness overflowed.

BUTCH



"I know what'll bring Butch out. Let's all start stomping on his petunias"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

"Danny." She put her arms around his hips, and he felt the softness of her hair and he could smell her morning sweetness, and suddenly he was sorry he cherished such resentment for her. She kept repeating his name out of a rosebud mouth, adoring him with magic eyes.

"Dear Vicky," he murmured. "Dear little thing."

He sat on the bottom step, and she touched his face and stroked his hand, purring with happiness at seeing him again. Her round innocence almost overwhelmed him, and now he was in her power again, hugging her tightly, kissing the soft hair of her neck.

"Kiss," he begged. "Kiss brother."

Like a wafted rose, her mouth drifted to his lips, and he closed his eyes in delicious acceptance. But a demon burst within her and her small, sharp teeth snatched his lower lip in a terrible vise. With a shriek, he threw out his arms, falling back on the stairs, the little mouth hanging on. When she let go, Dan Crane lay there weeping. He covered his face with his hands and wept hard.

"Victoria!" Mother said. "Bad girl!"

It frightened her, and she began to howl. Mrs. Crane bent down to examine Dan's trembling lower lip. He cried with fervor, for he knew the bite had saved him, that now he wouldn't have to go upstairs and change, and that he wouldn't even have to eat any breakfast. All he had to do was keep suffering, letting the anguish roar out of him, while his mother held him tenderly, sniffing suspiciously, but comforting him nevertheless.

Like a broken man, he staggered into the kitchen and flopped on the bench in the breakfast nook. Through his tears, he saw the bacon and eggs, the cereal, the orange juice, the glass of milk. It was more than he could bear. Fresh cascades of misery heaved out of him. "Please, Mother. Oh, Mother, Mother! I beg you, Mother. Don't ask me to eat!"

She ruffled his dirty hair, feeling sand and tar on her finger tips. "Of course not, Danny."

He didn't get up at once and rush off. For a few moments, he produced more sobs. Even Vicky, contrite now, was touched by his suffering. She slid over to him and brushed his hand with a cheek that was still wet with her own tears.

He wanted to belt her, but he remembered how useful she had been. Sighing hard, he moved out of the kitchen, reeling slightly but not overdoing it. Once on the porch, he dropped the mask of misery, and his eyes danced with the prospect of this great new day. Under his breath he made guttural sounds, turning a phrase as he thought of his mother. "Sucker," he said, grinning. "What a sucker."

A SLINKING figure at the corner of the garage caught his attention. It was Johnny Stribling from next door. He was armed to the teeth, a rubber knife in his jaws, a rifle in his hands, and two Gene Autry .45s strapped to his hips. John Stribling was the sworn enemy of law and order in the West. Day and night he roamed the plains, shooting down constables, knifing sheriffs, ambushing marshals. For two weeks, since the beginning of summer vacation, Stribling had left a trail of blood and murder in his wake, his guns going ckh! ckh! with a movement of his tongue against the roof of his mouth.

Crane had done plenty of killing on his own. It took him exactly two seconds to size up the situation. Then he sprang into action. With a spark-throwing burp gun in one hand and a gold-plated Hoppy six-shooter in the other, he jumped off the porch and saluted his neighbor. "Who you after, Johnny?"

The greeting irritated Stribling, bringing him back to the sordid realism of a southern California back yard, across which stretched pieces of the Crane laundry—pants, shorts and shirts. "What's it to you?"

"Want me to play with you?"

Stribling looked him over with lynx eyes. "You wanna be the Law?"

"Nah. I'm Billy the Kid."

"No, you ain't. You gotta be the Law."

"And get killed? No chance."

"Then we got no game."

John Stribling swaggered toward the back gate, his artillery clattering.

"Wait, Johnny. I'll play."

The outlaw swung around, his cruel lips smiling. "I just knocked over the bank at San Juan. Killed three men. Shot up the place real good. Big posse out to get me. That's you. Count to a hundred, then come and get me."

"Okay."

Dan Crane couldn't count to a hundred. After nineteen, he just mumbled stuff, but he knew about how long it took to get to a hundred. The sheer stupidity of the Law ground out his joy in the game. The Law was no good. The Law was old people, like his mother and father and his teacher, telling him what to do, what to eat, when to eat it. The Law put you to bed, made you get up. The Law washed your face, poked a washcloth into your ears, sent you to school and to church. The Law offended him, gave him a bellyache, insulted him. And in the end, the Law even destroyed the outlaw. With a heavy heart he stood there, wanting no part in the victory his role represented.

THEN he set out to find the enemy. He knew where Stribling would be holed up, for they had played the game a hundred times. Down the alley five houses, among the big leaves of the Becker fig tree, John Stribling would be hidden. He had only to go around and enter the yard from the street, tiptoe down the Becker driveway, and Stribling would be a setup for his burp gun. But Crane was in the grip of tragedy, and the old instinct for pursuit wasn't there. He trudged down the alley, no stealth in his tread, his heart almost welcoming the outlaw's bullet.

"Ckh! ckh!" came the deadly fire from the fig tree.

Crane staggered, feeling the hot cutting pain of the bullet under his heart. The burp gun dropped from his fingers as he staggered drunkenly and fell. With a howl of triumph, Stribling leaped from the tree and rushed over. Crane was badly hurt. The bullet had burst through his back and plenty of blood was spurting from the wound. Feebly, he groped for his six gun. With a grin of evil pleasure, Stribling waited until Crane's hand touched the gun. Then he let him have it with the rubber knife, leaping on the broken body and jabbing away. There was a quiver as life drained from Crane's battered form; then he lay quite still. He was dead. The game was over. It was time to start all over again.

Crane died twice more that morning. As Hopalong Cassidy, his heart was cut out and thrown to the Arizona buzzards. As the Lone Ranger, his demise was even more horrible. Stribling lashed him to a tree and shot off both his ears; and when he still refused to divulge the hiding place of the gold shipment, the outlaw sliced off his nose with the rubber knife. Crane collapsed in a pool of his own blood, moaning pitifully, but carrying his secret into eternity.

The killings might have gone on all morning if they hadn't found the ginger-ale bottles—ten empties in a gunny sack, tossed among the alley's high weeds. They were as good as gold, worth five cents apiece. The boys loaded the booty into a wagon and hauled it to the Safeway. When they came out, each with a quarter, they were rich men, and they spent lavishly on bubble gum and candy bars at the drugstore.

It was an intimate, secret orgy. Hidden on the roof of the Crane garage, they lay on their bellies and ate in silent hoggishness. The hot noon sun melted the chocolate so that they scraped it off the wrappers with their teeth and licked it from their fingers with their tongues.

"Danny!"

It was his mother, calling from the back porch.

"Whaddya want?"

"Lunch is ready."

He groaned. The very thought of lunch turned the bubble gum to gall. He spat it out in disgust.

They climbed down from the garage roof, dropping to the fence and then to the lawn. Stribling went next door. Dan turned on the hose and let the water trickle across his mouth, wiping himself dry with a sleeve. He looked at the kitchen door and thought a moment. It was probably cream of tomato soup, a sandwich, and a glass of milk. There was no way out, except plain revolt. He was in an ugly mood. With a hard face, he walked into the kitchen.

Tomato soup it was, and milk, and a sandwich.

NICK was just finishing. He downed his glass of milk and pushed back his chair. "That was real good, Mother. Thanks."

"Twerp," Dan sneered.

"Who you calling a twerp?"

"You, Bub. *Do* something."

Mrs. Crane broke it up. "Sit down, Danny. Eat your lunch."

"I'm not hungry."

"But you didn't have any breakfast."

"I'm still not hungry."

"Don't you feel well, Danny?"

"Never felt better in my life."

Anger made her voice sharp. "Dan Crane, I won't have you defying me. Go to your room."

Dan swaggered upstairs to his room and threw himself on the bed. He stared at the ceiling and dreamed of owning a burro, just a friendly little jackass, so that he could pull out of L.A. and go up around Sacramento, his grandpa's country, where the hills were full of gold, where a man could strike it rich and shed his family. He smiled as he pictured himself a rich man, tossing nuggets to his weeping mother, who was sorry she had mistreated him in the old days.

At three o'clock, he heard the gurgling voice of Victoria through the wall, and he knew his sister had wakened from her afternoon nap. He pictured Vicky in her crib, pink and bright-eyed, singing to herself, and the fatal urge to see her overcame him.

She lay among dolls and Teddy bears, her feet in the air, as she crooned to her toes.

Dan stood over her in mute adoration, enchanted by her sleepy eyes, her sweet red lips. As always, her beauty melted his killer instinct, and he babbled to her. "Pretty girl, pretty, pretty, pretty."

Her pink fingers explored his eyes and ears, and he sucked quick kisses when they touched his lips. Her small nails probed his nostrils. She seemed to wait until he was completely spellbound. Then she let him have it again. The nails dug. There was a fierce pain. He saw it on his fingers and down the front of his T-shirt—not the blood of Hopalong Cassidy, not the blood of the Lone Ranger—but the rich, red, priceless blood of Daniel Crane.

"Mother, help! Oh, Mother!"

She found him in the bathroom, reeling with fear, holding a towel tinged with scarlet against his face. Two ice cubes wrapped in a washcloth quickly stopped the bleeding, and Mrs. Crane forgave everything and told him to go out into the world again. He did not protest when she suggested changing his clothes. Then he stood before her, in clean clothes, subdued and rather sad. Suddenly his arms went around her, and his wild kiss left her blinking in wonder, for Crane was a hard man who opposed mother-kissing.

HE LEFT her standing there bewildered, and sauntered down the stairs. The smell of liver and bacon and baked beans was coming from the kitchen. The madness of hunger seized him, and he hurried into the kitchen. The liver and bacon sang in the frying pan, and the beans sizzled in a brown pot in the oven. But everything was too hot to handle. He opened the refrigerator, took out a half-pound block of yellow cheese and an apple and stuffed them into his pocket. Then he raised a bottle of milk to his lips and drank most of the quart without a pause. Then he closed the icebox door and walked outside.

Dinner was ready half an hour later, but Dan Crane could eat none of it. A leaden Cheddar satiation crushed his stomach, and when Mr. Crane served the liver and bacon, the baked beans, and a salad of lettuce and cucumbers, Dan stared helplessly at his plate, while he listened to his brother, saying, "Gee, Mother, I love liver and bacon, and the beans are wonderful."

"What's the matter, Danny?" Mr. Crane said.

"Not hungry, Dad."

"But you haven't even *tried* the liver and bacon," Nick said with bright impatience.

Dan lowered his chin and scowled.

"I'm so worried about that boy," Mrs. Crane said. "He has simply stopped eating altogether."

Mr. Crane looked at Dan's frowning face. "He'll eat. He just isn't hungry. That right, Danny?"

Dan Crane stared across the table at his father, and waves of love and tenderness flowed from his eyes. The frown gave way to a softness around his lips, and two tears spilled on his empty plate. "Oh, Dad," he sobbed. "You're the only one in the world who understands me."

"I try," Mr. Crane said, smiling at him. "I do the best I can. Leave the table, if you want."

Sitting on the porch steps, his chin in his hands, Dan waited for his father. He thought of a better life for himself, away from all this, the life of a tramp, he and his father riding boxcars, hitchhiking rides on the highways, living like free men, traveling the whole earth together, pals to the end.

Mr. Crane opened the front door and sat down beside his son. A big geyser of self-pity was rising in Dan's throat, pushing upward, finally bringing tears. He sobbed quietly. Mr. Crane put his arm around the boy's shoulder.

"Tell me, Dan. What's wrong?"

Dan couldn't think of anything, so he kept on crying until an idea came to him. "I'm lonesome, Dad. Nobody likes me. That's why I don't eat, Dad. Because I'm lonesome all the time."

It took Mr. Crane five minutes to knock down this excuse and convince Dan that he was not lonesome; that, in fact, he had many friends, and that he was truly loved by his own family.

He pulled out a handkerchief and stroked away Dan's tears. Dan watched the wrinkles in his father's forehead, the concern in his eyes. He was doing a lot better than he'd ever dreamed he could, and he decided to go all the way with it.

"I miss school, too, Dad," he lied. "I want to get back so I can learn to read and write."

"That's fine, kid. And you will, but don't rush it. You've got plenty of time."

Dan's arms went around his father's neck. "Gee, Dad. You're great."

Mr. Crane dug a half dollar from his pocket. "Go to the drugstore and get yourself a chocolate malted, Danny boy. Good for you. Full of protein."

As in a dream, Dan Crane walked to the drugstore. He climbed up on the stool at the fountain, the fifty-cent piece in his fist. He almost ordered a chocolate malted, too, but, happily his eyes fell on a luscious picture on the mirror behind the counter—a triumph of ice cream, crushed nuts, maraschino cherries, sliced bananas, whipped cream and colored sirups.

"Banana split," he ordered.

AT TEN o'clock that night, a frantic hunger got hold of Dan Crane, a hunger for simple things like bread and meat and beans. Lying in his bed, while across the room his brother Nick snored softly, he felt the vast emptiness of his stomach.

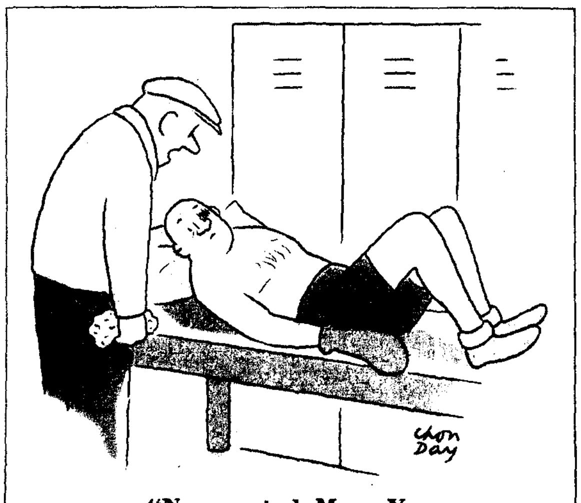
Quietly, he slipped out of bed and tiptoed into the hall and down the stairs. Like a naked ghost, he drifted into the kitchen. His practiced hand made no sound as the refrigerator door opened. He looked over the lighted interior. The baked beans were in one bowl, the liver and bacon in another. Dan hugged them to his chest, enduring without a murmur the shock of their coldness against his skin.

A minute later he was in bed again, the food before him as he lay on his stomach with the covers over his head. It was very cold food, but that was as it should be, for he was Dan Crane of the Northwest Mounted, living in an igloo in the Far North, and he was eating bear meat, and Nick's snores were the howls of wolves outside the igloo. Crane of the Mounties ate two pieces of cold liver and three fistfuls of iced beans before sleep laid him low. He barely got the food out of bed and under the radiator; indeed, his hand went limp and he hadn't the strength to pull it back under the covers before a great wave of sleep carried him away.

It was morning when he woke up, and there it was again, her voice, coming up the staircase.

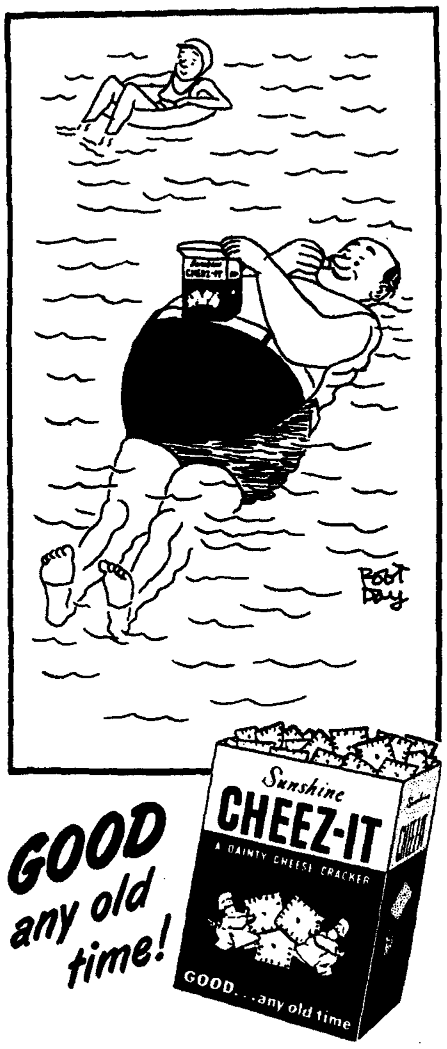
"Up, Danny boy. Breakfast!"

Jeepers, what a dame. Dan Crane moaned. He wouldn't eat. He never wanted to eat again. ▲▲▲



"Never mind, Max. You still run a better restaurant than he does"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY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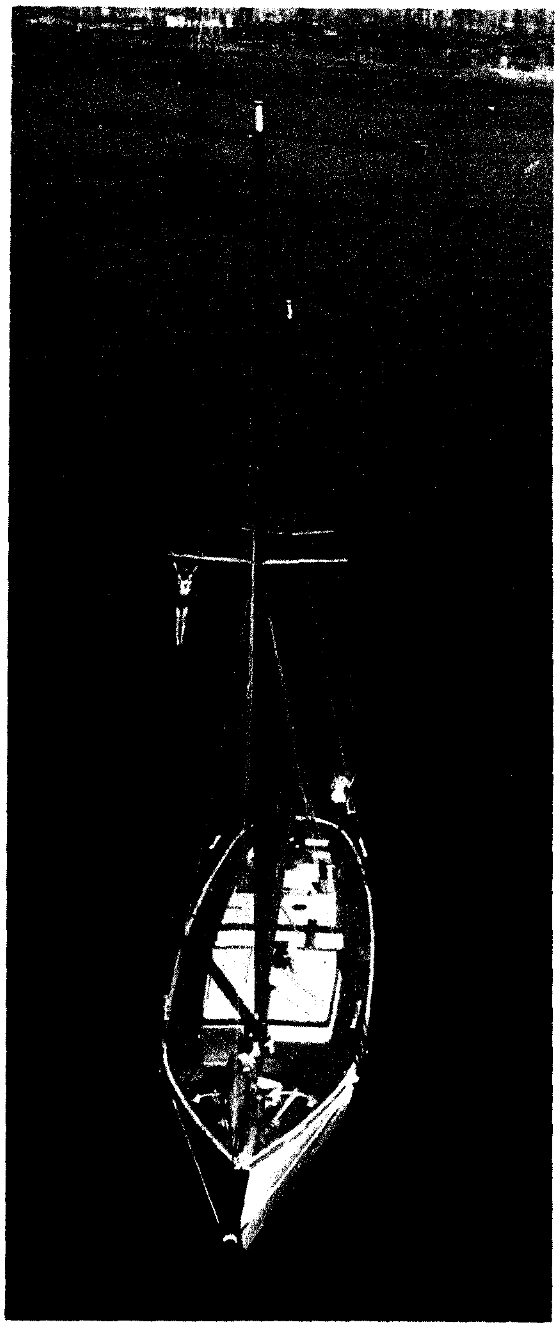
With careless ease of a skilled acrobat, nine-year-old Joi Gee Holmquist gaily swings on rigging of the ketch which is her family home. The vessel is anchored off Los Angeles



For Holmquist girls, sleek ketch is world's best playground. Big mast is 55 feet high

THEIR PLAYGROUND IS ALOFT

OBSERVANT visitors to the busy Los Angeles harbor in Wilmington, California, often get to enjoy the hair-raising thrills of a circus tent right on the water front. The thrill providers are two pixyish little blondes named Ingrid and Joi Gee Holmquist, who cavort on a 55-foot-high ship's mast with as much zest and fearlessness as other small girls reserve for skipping rope.

Joi Gee, who will be nine in a few weeks, and her sister, five, have been curling their toes around ship lines at dizzying heights almost since they could walk. They live with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Abel Holmquist, on the "Misty Isles," a 50-foot-long ketch. The girls have never had any home away from the harbor or sea. The ship has always been their playground, and sky-high riggings their favorite toys.

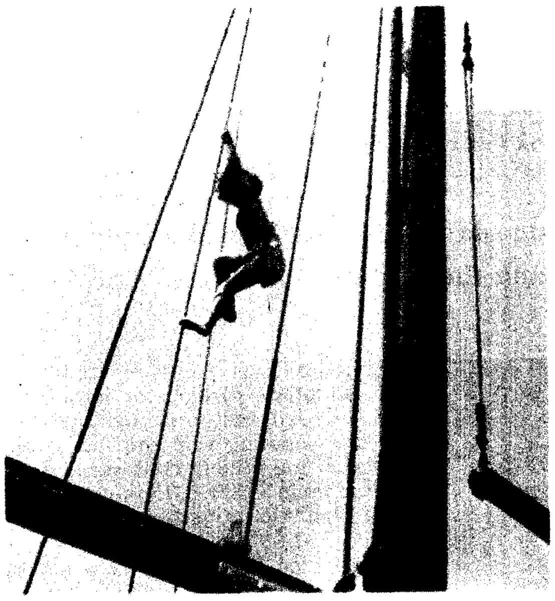
At least part of their love of things nautical is inherited: Their father was a lifelong sailor and fisherman who, in recent years, turned to the landlubbing job of being a shipyard rigger —for academic reasons: the girls had to be near a school.

Neither Ingrid nor Joi Gee has any desire ever to reside on solid ground. In addition to their daredevil skill on the rigging, both are fine swimmers and already have learned to tie numerous sailor knots and hitches.

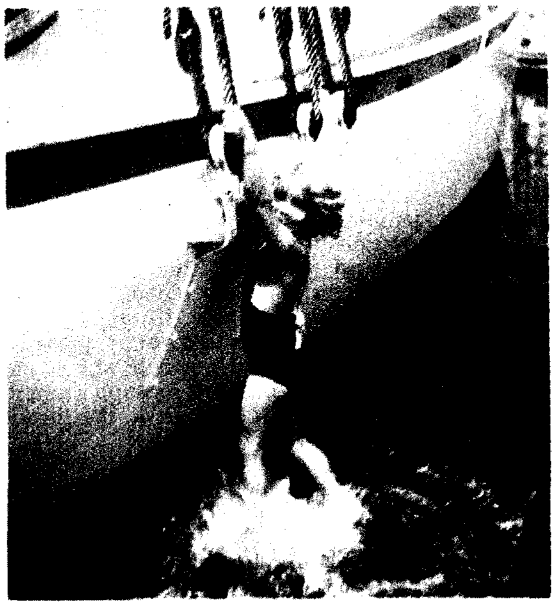
Once, when Mr. Holmquist thought of buying a house near which the ketch could be anchored, Joi Gee squelched the suggestion in a hurry.

"If Daddy thinks he's going to take me off the boat," she told her mother, "he's going to have to build a mast, rigging, deck and booms right in the front yard." ▲▲▲

Ingrid (l.) and Joi Gee love to ride the bowsprit when the "Misty Isles" is off on a week-end cruise



Her toes gripping the rigging, Ingrid goes up her floating home like a veteran sailor

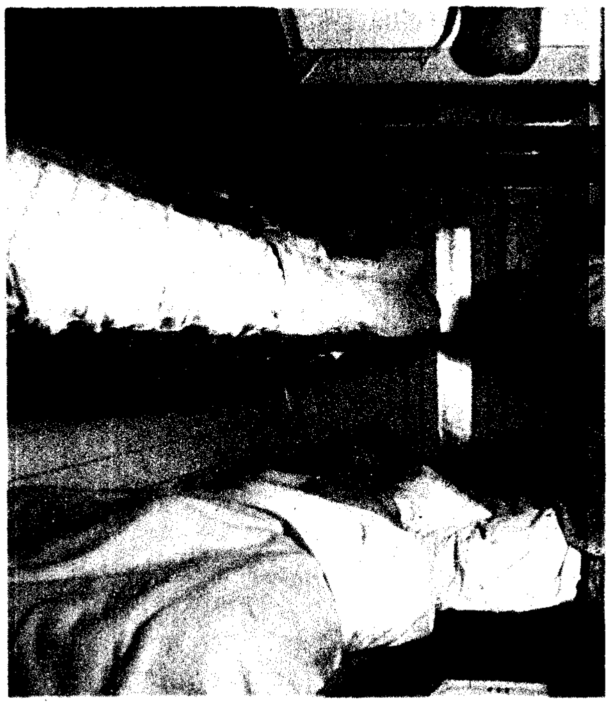


After acrobatics, Ingrid hangs over side to cool off. She is also an excellent swimmer

Agile Ingrid Holmquist, five, "skins cat" on boom. She and Joi Gee have been allowed to climb ship since they were infants. In winter they work out below deck on gym bar

Holmquist family takes cramped dining quarters for granted. The girls have always lived on ships

When not scampering about, girls study music lessons. Ingrid plays clarinet; Joi Gee, saxophone



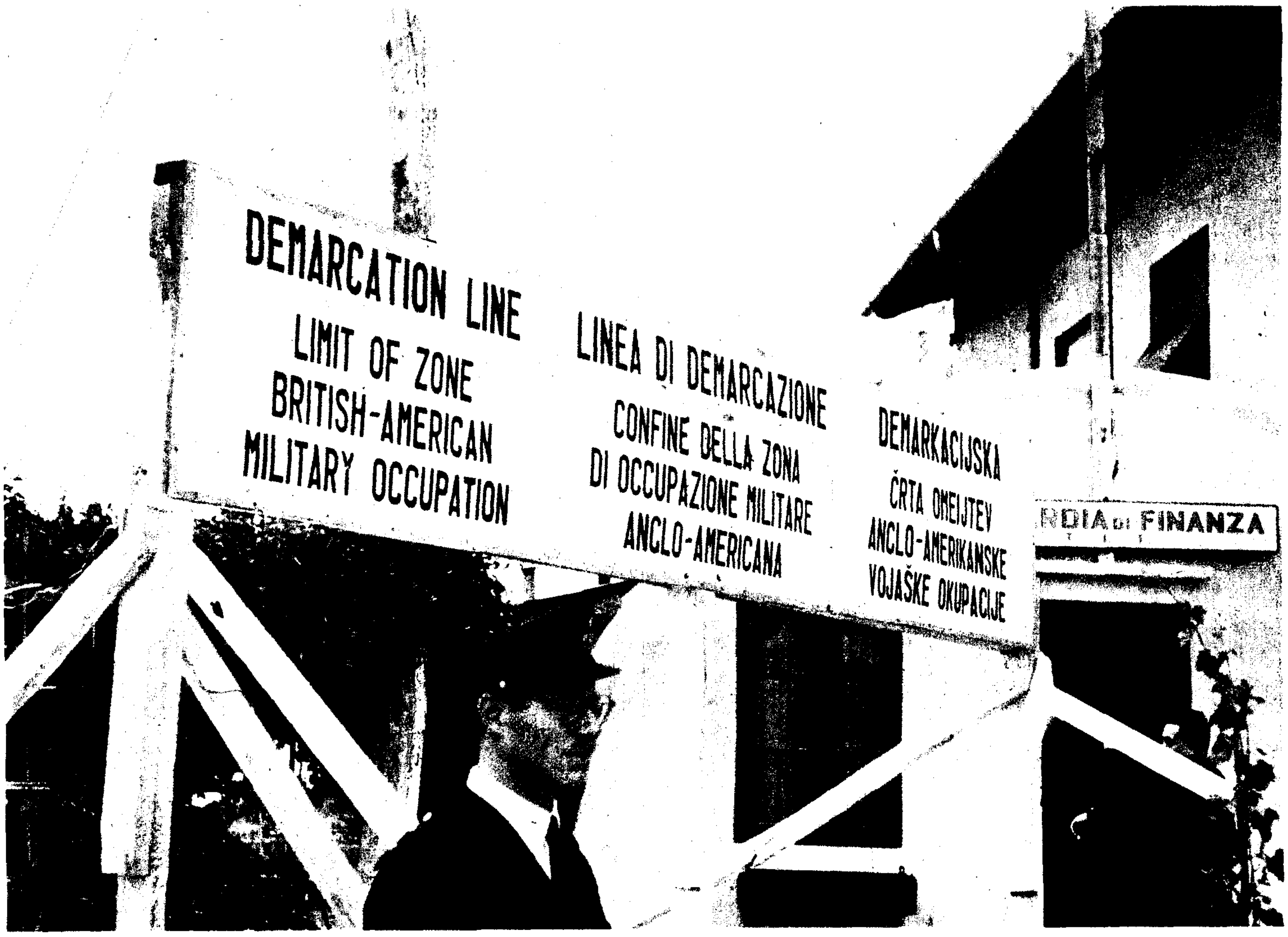
Sleeping quarters are small, but bunks are comfortable. Elder girl gets lower

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRED SWARTZ

TRIESTE-*City without*

By SEYMOUR FREIDIN and WILLIAM RICHARDSON

The "Eden of the Adriatic" is no garden spot today. Italy wants it, Yugoslavia objects—and the only one who's happy meanwhile is Stalin. For, in the words of his hatchetman there, "Time is on our side"


DEMARCATION LINE
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DI OCCUPAZIONE MILITARE
ANGLO-AMERICANA
DEMARKACIJSKA
ČRTA OMEJITEV
ANGLO-AMERIKANSKE
VOJAŠKE OKUPACIJE
RDIA DI FINANZA

Trilingual sign between Yugoslav, Anglo-U.S. zones reflects international nature of Trieste problem

Trieste

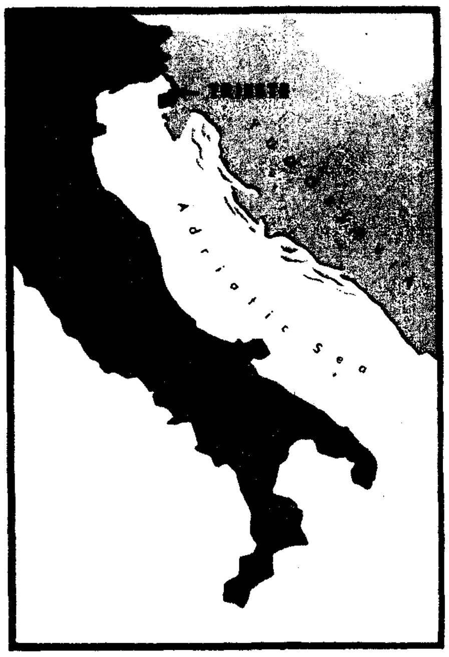
TRIESTE is a city in search of a country—perhaps the most beautiful and best-protected orphan of the late shooting war and the loveliest victim of the present cold one, a city all dressed up in $33,000,000 worth of Marshall Plan Aid, but with no place to go.

The 302,000 citizens of Trieste and the so-called Free Territory which surrounds it literally don't know where they belong these days. "For the last few years," one Triestini complained to us with a blend of Italian imagination and Austrian fantasy, "we've gone to bed at night not knowing whether we'd wake up a part of Italy or Yugoslavia—or, some time back, even Soviet Russia. Everybody in the world seems to have a claim on Trieste."

There are a number of reasons for this uncertainty about the city's status. Geographically, Trieste is either a link or a buffer, depending on how you look at it, between Italy and Yugoslavia. But administratively it is a suburb of United Nations, New York, a ward of the Security Council. Culturally and ethnically, it is largely Italian; architecturally it is Austrian. Historically it has been the economic gateway to eastern Europe, the port through which much of that area received its supplies; today the Iron Curtain blocks the historic trade routes.

Instead of one flag, the people of Trieste must look theoretically to an imposing array of 60 banners of all the members of the United Nations. Instead of using one currency, the Triestinis buy their daily bread and *pasta* with two kinds of money—Italian lire and Yugoslav dinars. Instead of living in a single territory, they are split into two zones. Their local officials swear fealty to two capitals—Rome and Belgrade. And instead of having a single armed force, the territory is "protected" by about 15,000

Tito-Stalin feud waxes white-hot in Trieste. Here, Stalinists hold rally just across from Yugoslavia


Adriatic Sea

U.S., Britain control area roughly north of arrow; rest is Tito's zone

Country

troops of three nations—the United States, Britain and Yugoslavia.

Not that there's anything particularly new in this international mix-up in Trieste. Ever since some Italian wanderers from the Mediterranean first built a campfire on the hills overlooking the harbor and decided to call Trieste home in the year 1400 B.C. or thereabouts, the city has been passed back and forth among the Great Powers like a 10-cent poker chip in a fast card game.

Judged on the basis of natural beauty alone, it's well worth the trouble. The Free Territory of Trieste is an arbitrarily outlined right angle, 70 miles long and 30 miles across at its widest point, set into the northwest corner of the hilly, beautiful region of the Istrian Peninsula. One leg of the angle, which contains the city of Trieste, is administered by the United States and Britain—and, to a growing extent, Italy. The other is administered by Yugoslavia.

A City of Luxurious Hotels

The city of Trieste is clean and handsome, both in its old and new sections; even the dock area, which in most cities is grimy and unpleasant, is so spick and span in Trieste that two of the city's hotels (and Trieste's are among the most luxurious hotels in all Europe) face the wharves.

The city's charm has attracted numerous writers and artists over the years. James Joyce wrote his novel Ulysses there (while supporting himself by teaching languages at the local Berlitz school), and the famous and temperamental modern poet, Rainer Maria Rilke, once told a friend that if he couldn't find inspiration in Trieste he might as well quit writing. Gabriele d'Annunzio, fiery Italian poet-politician, used the city as a jumping-off place for his seizure of Fiume in 1919; he is quoted as having said of Trieste that "nothing more beautiful has risen from the sea since Venus emerged therefrom." The nickname for Trieste is "Eden of the Adriatic," and it seems well deserved—until you look at its history.

The city has been ruled, over the years, by such varied groups as the Romans, Ostrogoths, Byzantines, Lombards and Franks; by the Doges of Venice; by pirates; by Napoleon; by the Hapsburgs of Austria and the Savoias of Italy. In the last 10 years alone, it has been run by Mussolini's Fascists, by Hitler's Nazis (after the Italian armistice), and, for 40 bleak days after the war, by Tito's Communists, then part of the international Red movement. The people of Trieste have never been consulted about their government, but their allegiance, on the whole, lies with Italy; most of the people speak a southern brand of Austro-German, and a good percentage can converse in one or more of the variegated tongues of Yugoslavia.

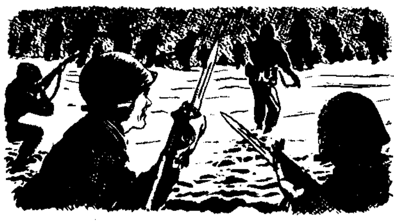
Trieste's history has been confusing, and its current political picture is almost equally so. There are 14 political parties, including two bitterly opposed Communist organizations and two competing Italian monarchist splinter groups (known in the political trade as the "left- and right-wing monarchists"). Because of the largely pro-Italian sympathies of the population, politics in Trieste reflect the politics of Italy to a great degree.

"And Trieste," says Mayor Gianni Bartoli, a Christian Democrat, "is 75 per cent of Italian politics—and rightly so."

The Christian Democrats, majority party in Italy, want immediate return of the city and the surrounding Free Territory to Italy. So do most of the other parties, with some minor differences. For example, the Movimento Sociale Italiano (popularly called MSI), rapidly rising Fascist organization of Italy, also wants the return of lands ceded to Yugoslavia after World Wars I and II.

The one major exception to the general sentiment in favor of Italian rule is, of course, Tito's Communist party. The Titoists, whose troops garrison part of the area, insist that the territory cannot be returned to Italy because the Slav minorities would suffer from such a

Anglo-American zone commander is British Maj. Gen. Sir John Winterton (left). His U.S. deputy until recently was Maj. Gen. Edmund B. Sebree



Lieutenant Stanley T. Adams
Medal of Honor

ONE BITING-COLD FEBRUARY NIGHT, Lieutenant Adams was on a bitterly contested hill near Sesim-ni, Korea. Out of the dark earth the silhouettes of some 150 Communist troops rose up against the skyline. Ordering fixed bayonets, the lieutenant, with only 13 men, leaped up and charged furiously against the overwhelming odds. He was knocked down by a bullet. At least three hand grenades actually bounced off his body before exploding nearby. But when Adams and his squad were through, there were only 50 Communists left on the hill—and they were dead.

"Nobody likes to kill," says Stanley Adams. "Nobody likes war. But today the surest way to invite a war is to be weak. You and I know that twice in the last ten years Americans have let their guard down. And the Philippine and Korean graveyards are filled with men who paid the price for it.

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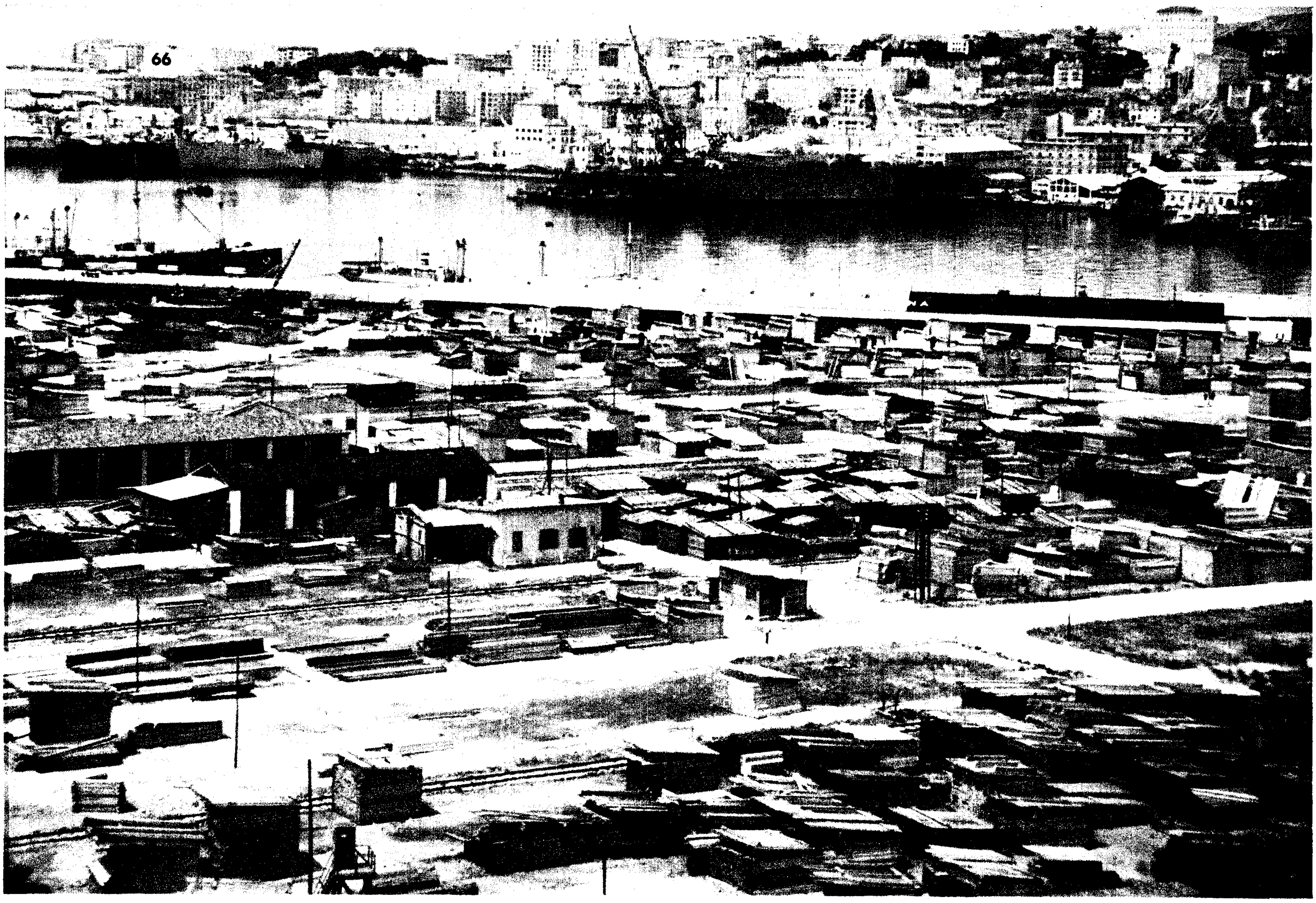
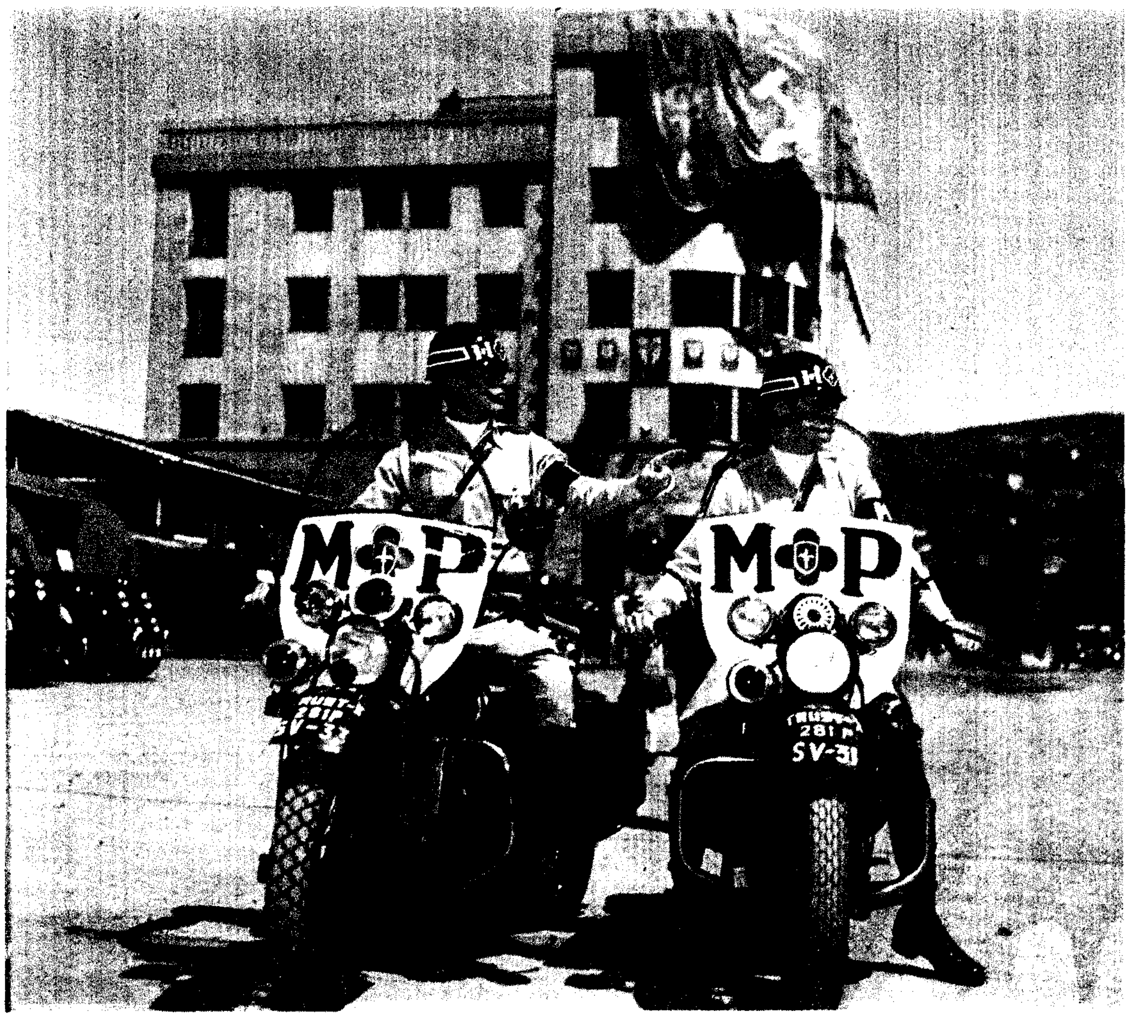


Port of Trieste, with shipyards and city in background, looks busy, but hard times lie ahead. Iron Curtain blocks trade with eastern Europe



American MPs, Sgt. John Bolte (l.), of Butler, Pa., Cpl. James Norris, of Palos Heights, Ill., patrol square dominated by Communist headquarters. Note the hammer-and-sickle flag

Stalin's big gun and Tito's main foe in city is Vittorio Vidali, shown haranguing mass meeting

Once a busy port, Trieste now faces economic disaster

move. They propose a compromise that would set up Trieste as a free port, supervised by a commission of Yugoslavs and Italians, with Yugoslav and Italian governors serving alternate three-year terms.

In sponsoring this program, the Yugoslavs clash head on with their erstwhile colleagues and present enemies, the Stalinist Reds. The Moscow-directed Communists, anxious to gain power within Italy, sanctimoniously demand fulfillment of the Italian peace treaty, which provides for a Trieste Free Territory under the United Nations, but promise that the next step would be return of the territory to Italian rule.

An Election Pledge to Italy

At present, the United States and Britain are committed to the return of Trieste to Italy, under a promise made during the heat of the crucial 1948 Italian election campaign, when it was feared that the Communists might take control of the country. Since then, the Italians have been given more and more say in the internal affairs of the Anglo-American Western zone.

The most recent agreement, which went into effect July 10th, provided an Italian political adviser and an Italian director of administration for Trieste. Ironically, those archenemies, Yugoslavia and Russia, found themselves attacking the agreement together—the Yugoslavs because they object, of course, to increasing Italy's participation in Trieste's government, and the Russians because they hated to see the Allies get credit for such a move in Italy.

Actually, the present tug of war dates back to the time when Marshals Tito and Stalin were good friends. Shortly before the end of World War II, Tito slipped an army into the city, without benefit of Allied negotiation, and prepared to hang on there.

For 40 days of tommy-gun rule, the Yugoslav partisans settled old anti-Italian grievances; 5,000 Italians are said to have disappeared during this period. But then New Zealand troops took up positions in Trieste under the gun sights of Tito's trigger-happy soldiers; for a time it seemed that the victorious Allies would fight it out before the startled eyes of their freshly captured German prisoners. Finally, however, Stalin called Tito off, and General Sir William Morgan, the British commander, carved up the disputed area into military zones pending diplomatic solution.

The Morgan Line placed the city of Trieste, plus a little strip of barren hinterland with a largely Slovene population, in "Zone A," under British-American military government. Tito was assigned a chunk of sparsely populated coastal land on the east as "Zone B." The three countries were to administer the area pending a UN decision; in the interim each was authorized to maintain 5,000 troops in the territory.

The troops are still there. So is the demarcation line, which is beginning to look like a permanent feature of the Trieste map. In fact, Zone B has become virtually an integral part of Yugoslavia, and 5,000 Italians and anti-Communist Yugoslavs who formerly lived there are now displaced persons in the Allied zone.

Naturally, the stalemate has not contributed to peaceful relations within the territory. Nearly every major political organization has its strong-arm squad. The largest and toughest are those of the neo-Fascist MSI, and the Russian Communists; nevertheless, the Tito forces frequently take them on in side-street clashes. And the youths of the Christian Democratic party, beset from time to time by all three, fight back valiantly with fists, rocks, knives and anything else that's handy.

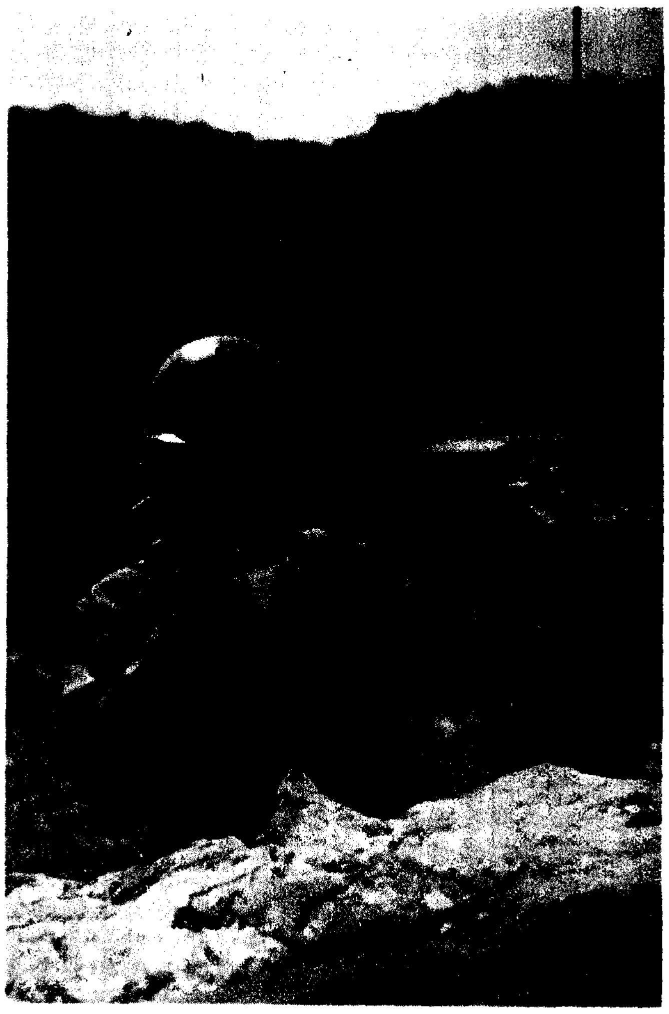
From a Shopkeeper's Viewpoint

"All these youngsters are looking for trouble now," said Eduardo Delazzino, a shopkeeper whose windows have been shattered a few times in political scuffles. "Many of them aren't even from this city—it's just a game for them, a dangerous game."

Perhaps the most interesting facet of this situation to a Westerner is the opportunity it affords to observe the occasional collisions between the two Communist groups. When Yugoslavia first broke with the Kremlin, in June, 1948, the Titoists and Stalinists in Trieste promptly joined battle. For a time, there was a wave of kidnapings, with both sides after the opposition leaders. The police broke that up. Nowadays the enemy Red groups keep busy with impromptu street fights and efforts to infiltrate each other's organizations.

Although Tito's Communists have the advantage of being close to their headquarters, the Kremlin's operatives are graced by the presence of one of Stalin's most successful international assassins, barrel-chested, stubby, Trieste-born Vittorio Vidali, probably the most feared Communist in Italy.

Vidali has been credited with planning



Pfc John Costello, of Winchester, Mass., on duty at U.S. observation post overlooking Yugoslav territory

Maj. Wendell L. Garrison, of Joplin, Mo., with young DP at camp in Trieste for refugees from Yugoslavia

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

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the murder of Leon Trotsky in Mexico City and of Carlo Tresca, the anti-Fascist, anti-Communist Italian trade-union leader, in New York, and with having purged the International Brigade of non-Communists in the Spanish Civil War, when he was known as Commandante Carlos Contreras. For years, when he wasn't hopping around the world, Vidali lived illegally in the United States, terrorizing water-front workers and performing a variety of chores for his Moscow bosses.

Five years ago, when it became apparent that there was political capital to be made in Trieste, Stalin sent Vidali back home to keep things stirred up—and, while he was about it, to help plot the overthrow, and perhaps execution, of Marshal Tito.

Although these writers had interviewed Vidali in the past, in recent months he has become somewhat shy of reporters. However, we caught up with him in Gabrovizza, one of the little villages in the Triestini hills, a few minutes' walk from the Yugoslav border, and he talked to us briefly, while three bodyguards hovered anxiously around us. He didn't have much to say that we couldn't have picked up by listening to him harangue the crowd that day.

Vidali Speaks—and Smiles

"The Fascists and the Anglo-Americans are co-operating," declared Vidali blandly, with a broad smile that showed gold teeth, mark of distinction among Europe's Communists. "But we will never lose our strength in Trieste . . ."

If the United States and Britain are co-operating with the Fascists, the Reds are the only ones aware of it. At MSI headquarters we were the targets of a bitter tirade because of the recent agreement giving Italy greater administrative responsibility in Trieste. A couple of characters, bundled up in black, turtle-necked sweaters, the unofficial Black Shirt uniform, did the talking while others nodded approvingly.

"Either give us back all the Trieste territory or we'll take it back," shouted Giuseppe Boncampagna, middle-aged and unemployed. "We've had enough of your concessions!"

"We are not weak and stupid Christian Democrats," Francesco Mello, a university student, chimed in. "If you can't recognize the new real spirit of Italy, we have the means to make it recognized."

The MSI has attracted a large number of malcontents in Italy; since the party is currently concentrating its propaganda on the Trieste issue, many of these elements have congregated in the disputed city. Police fear this backwash from the slums of Naples and other gang-ridden cities may give the international crime syndicates the wedge they are known to be seeking in Trieste.

"Thus far, we've managed to keep out the Mafia and the dope-smuggling rings," we were told by Major Al Carbone, ex-New York cop and former Piedmont League baseball player, who is now chief of the Allied Criminal Investigation Division of the Venezia Giulia police force. "But there's a chance they might use these imported thugs to get a foothold."

The C.I.D. is the intelligence agency for Trieste's British-trained and Allied-directed police force of 4,400 men. That's one of the largest police forces per capita for any city in the world, which explains why there has been practically no major crime in Trieste since the war.

But although vice, narcotics and similar crimes have been kept to a minimum, our officials have had a much rougher time moving in on the really big international racketeers—the smugglers of strategic materials which the Western democracies have banned for shipment to Russia and the Iron Curtain countries.

To provide regular payment channels for his agents and simultaneously obtain badly needed materials, Stalin has established smoothly functioning business offices for illegal East-West trade. These outfits are one of the big mysteries in Trieste. They operate so well they don't often get caught. When they do, they usually have papers and bills of lading from Swiss, Belgian and Scandinavian companies.

Most of these deals are transacted by brand-new Austrian citizens, just out of Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Romania. Under Austrian law, if your parents were citizens and you were born in what was once part of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, both they and you may claim Austrian citizenship. This has made it possible for eligible "Austrians" to emerge from behind the Iron Curtain and set up businesses in Trieste that have proved highly profitable to their Kremlin bosses. They operate as middlemen, receiving material from northern and central Europe and reshipping it, properly disguised, to eastern Europe.

"They're highly organized and very efficient," a police officer who searches cargo explained to us. "You can't go through every bag of wheat, every drum of oil. Ball bearings and tools are easy to conceal. We can catch the big stuff like trucks, but these people never make the same mistake twice."

There's a certain irony in this illicit trade with the East. For Trieste really became a great trading center as the seaport for the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Its natural trade routes lie to the north and to the east. Before World War I, it prospered as a port for Vienna, Prague, Belgrade and Budapest. After World War II, it flourished principally because of a Marshall Plan decision to siphon all aid to Austria through Trieste. To implement this plan, the United States provided cash for the restoration of the shattered port, where 120 ships lay sunk as the result of wartime bombardment.

But now that Marshall Aid is finished and Mutual Security Agency shipments to Austria promise to be little more than a trickle, Trieste is faced with an enormous economic crisis. The city can lean to some extent on its shipbuilding industry, which employs almost 7,000 workers; and it produces a small amount of steel and pig iron, most of which goes into the shipyards. It also has a limited agriculture and is the headquarters for large insurance firms, import-export houses and shipping lines. But none of these enterprises is sufficient to support the city, and with its significance as a port dwindling, Trieste is threatened with real disaster. There is already considerable unemployment, and it promises to become worse.

KENNESAW

COLLIER'S "Okay, Bessie, I'll buy you a book!" REAMER KELLER

The only ones likely to derive any advantage from a depression are the Communists, who, in Trieste as elsewhere in the world, are vigorously selling their program as the answer to all local economic problems. We spoke to one party member, forty-year-old shipyard worker Teodoro Cervici, who effectively and bitterly summarized the Red viewpoint.

Accuses Americans of Self-Interest

"The Allied officials can talk all they want about recovery," Cervici said, "but what's going to happen when trade falls off, as it's starting to do now? You Americans were interested in restoring Trieste as long as you needed the port. Now you've lost interest. The fact is, you don't care about helping others unless it benefits you!"

Fortunately, few of the Triestinis feel that way. But almost all are bewildered by the rapid changes in their fortune, and all will tell you that they are worried about the future.

In discussing their economic plight, the people of Trieste sometimes pause to glower across the harbor at the handsome white fortress façade of famous Miramare Castle, which has been the local symbol of misfortune almost since it was built in 1854 by Austria's ill-fated Archduke Maximilian, who later became Emperor of Mexico.

Virtually every occupant of the castle

ias died under tragic circumstances: Maximilian was shot to death in Mexico; iis wife died insane; another tenant, the Emperor Franz Joseph's wife Elizabeth, vas murdered by an Italian anarchist; he assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, last of the Hapsburgs to live here, touched off World War I; Italy's oung, handsome Duke of Aosta, who owned the castle after that, died as a British prisoner in 1942. The Nazi gaueiter of Trieste moved in toward the end of World War II; he was shot down by Tito's machine gunners in 1945. The United States Army then took the castle over. Its first occupant was General Bryant Moore, and he was later killed n Korea.

Until a few weeks ago, the commander of the American forces (which are called TRUST, for Troops, U.S., Trieste) was Major General Edmund B. Sebree, a lively, garrulous combat veteran who, as right-hand man to the zone commander, Britain's Major General Sir John Winterton, had tactical command of the Allied forces in Trieste. We interviewed General Sebree shortly before he was succeeded by Major General William B. Bradford. As might be expected, Miramare's reputation didn't bother Sebree a bit.

"Hell, I've got too much work to do to worry about superstitions," he told us.

Neutral observers in Trieste agree that he did his work well. Although the forces at his command were limited, he was determined to make the best possible use of them; Triestinis would pause on their way to work in the morning to watch as even his service detachments lunged and parried in bayonet practice, before going to their jobs as clerks, mechanics and truck drivers.

"I'm not here for politics," Sebree said. "But if my installations are attacked, they will be more than adequately defended."

They *must* be adequately defended, and, with that in mind, General Bradford has picked up where Sebree left off.

The same geographical considerations which once made Trieste the sole port of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the "Gateway to Eastern Europe" make it vulnerable today to attack from the East. For it might also be called "the Gateway to Italy." And all that stands between Italy and the Soviet satellite armies in Bulgaria and Hungary are the Yugoslav armies of Marshal Tito and the 10,000 British-U.S. troops in Trieste.

And, of course, there's always the possibility that disaster will strike from within. The resurgent Fascists of Italy have threatened that if they take control of the Italian government, which is not inconceivable, they will walk out of the Atlantic Pact—unless they get exactly what they want in Trieste.

Promises Might Sway Populace

"The MSI people could make a lot of trouble," an American diplomat informed us. "They have the Christian Democrats on a spot. Since they don't have the responsibilities of government, they can make extravagant promises about Trieste which have mass appeal throughout Italy. No party of any real integrity could hope to match those promises, so the Fascists gain strength. Heaven help us all if they ever make good their threat!"

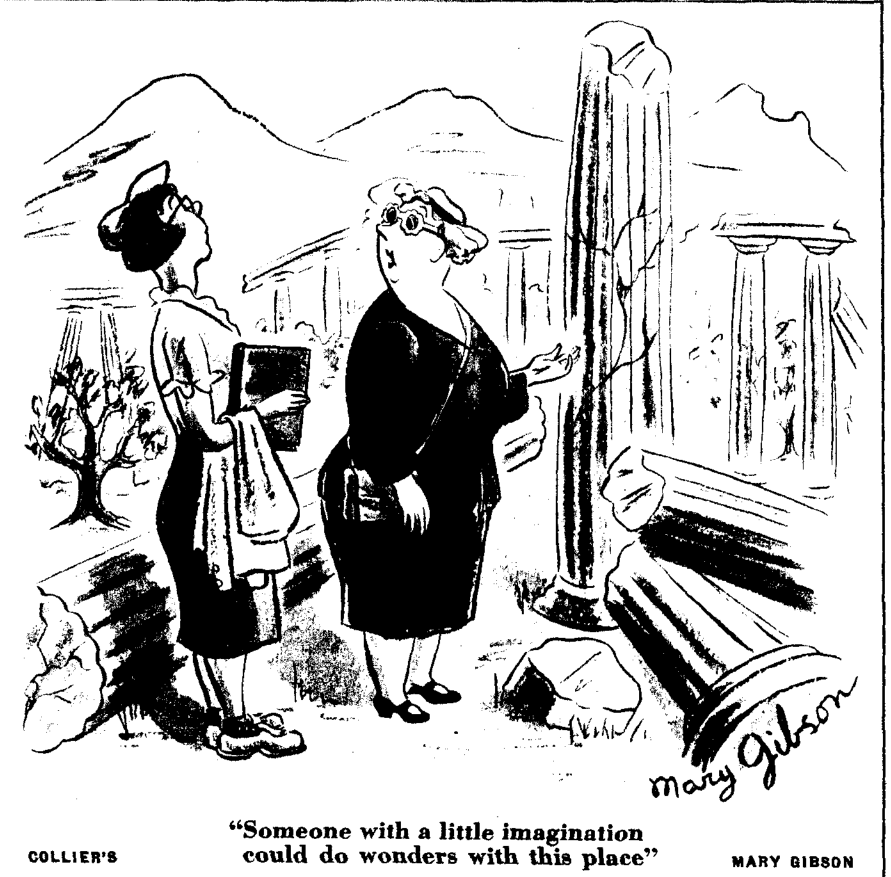
That prospect causes Vittorio Vidali's gold-toothed smile to grow broader. For Stalin's hatchetman, Italian withdrawal from the North Atlantic Treaty Organization would be even a greater coup than the sabotaging of Tito's regime in Yugoslavia. And it is not at all impossible that the Reds and the Fascists might work together toward that end. They have worked together before.

The solution? On that, at least, Western diplomats and the moderate Italian and Yugoslav politicians can find ground for agreement. Somehow, they say, Italy and Yugoslavia must sit down together and find a workable compromise. Marshal Tito himself has said he believes a peaceful settlement can be worked out that way.

For Tito knows that furthering bickering over Trieste can help only Stalin. All responsible Italians know that, too—and so does Vittorio Vidali.

As we stood talking to him in the street of Gabrovizza, the squat Communist leader exuded confidence, and he took no pains to hide his reason.

"Time," said Vidali, cheerfully, "is always on our side." ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S "Someone with a little imagination could do wonders with this place" MARY GIBSON

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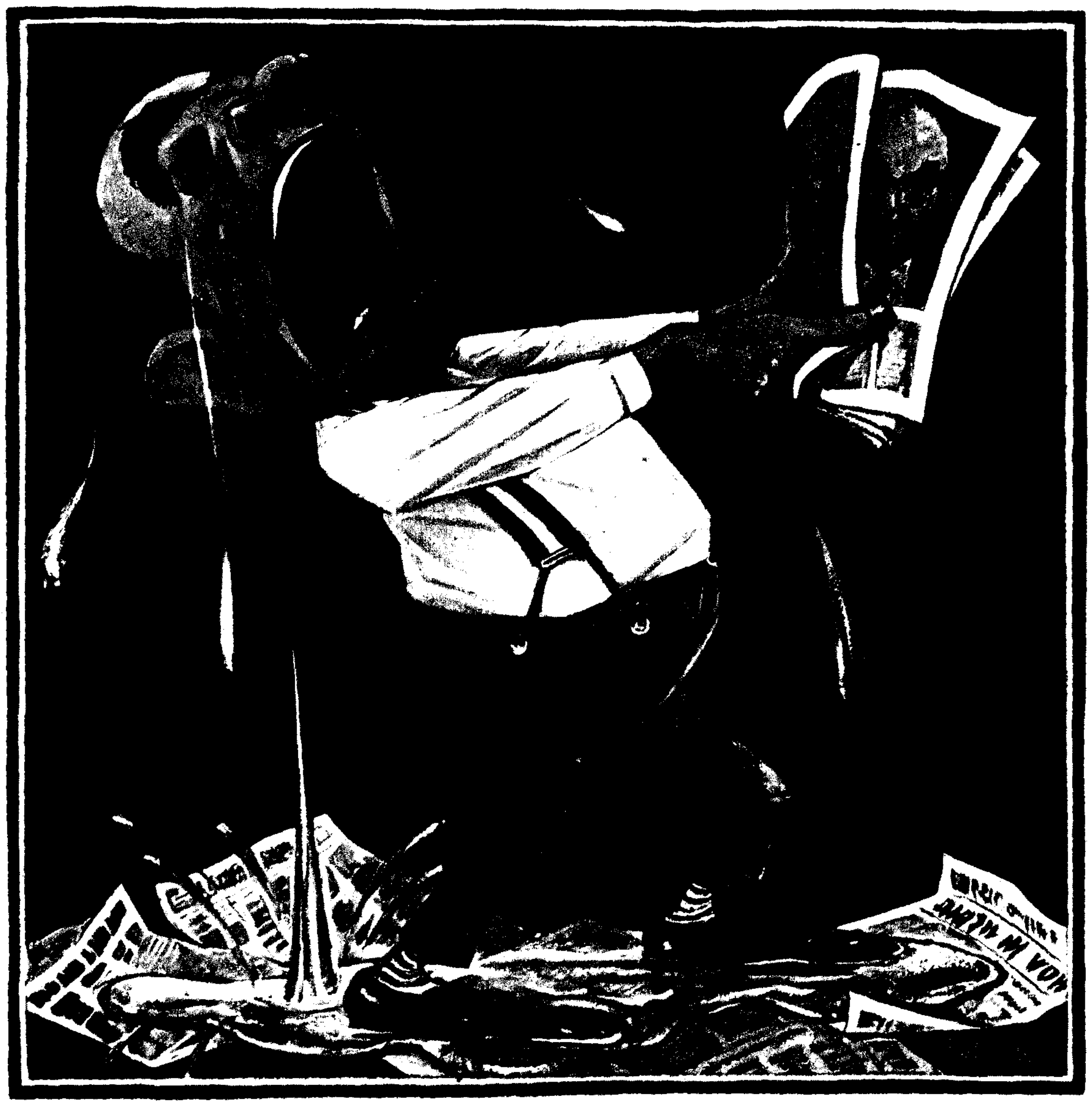

SAM BERMAN

McCarthy Cries Again

A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO Senator Joe McCarthy buckled on his armor and, like a twentieth-century Don Quixote, set out to slay the dragon of American Communism single-handed. His intentions seemed noble as those of the good knight. But also like the good knight, who attacked a procession of monks and a flock of sheep under the impression that they were brigands and ogres, he got a little confused about the targets of his sallies.

Thus it has come to pass, as his crusade continues, that anyone who takes issue with him assumes the look of the Red dragon itself. Disagreement becomes lies or crookedness. An adverse editorial comment is automatically a "left-wing smear." And the senator charges treason against a countryman as recklessly as Don Quixote charged the windmill.

Mr. McCarthy has had a busy time of it, because there are a great many people who approve the purpose of his crusade, but object strongly to his methods. There are many publications which feel the same way. One of them is Collier's. Another is Time. And we at Collier's feel just a little discriminated against because, so far, the senator has ignored us while singling out Time and accusing it of "twisting and distorting the facts about my (McCarthy's) fight to expose and remove Communists from government."

This charge apparently grew out of a Time cover story on Senator McCarthy. The senator had earlier attacked it as a "vicious and malicious lie." But recently he employed a new tactic which was definitely not cricket.

Backed by the prestige of his office, he sent a letter to "practically all Time advertisers," according to his own statement, which, while it did not come right out and ask them to take their business elsewhere, suggested that they were doing their country a disservice by their continued support of the magazine.

Since some of these advertisers were "not aware of the facts," the letter stated, they were "unknowingly helping to pollute and poison the waterholes of information." Still swimming along in his aquatic metaphor, the senator said that "it is much more important to expose a liar, a crook or a traitor who is able to poison the streams of information flowing into a vast number of American homes than to expose an equally vicious crook, liar or traitor who has no magazine or newspaper outlet for his poison."

The source of the senator's "facts" was an article from the American Mercury and a reprint from the Congressional Record. On the basis of these, the gentleman who complains about distortions and smears virtually accused Time's editors of dishonesty and treason in so many words.

Naturally Mr. McCarthy anticipated some criticism. "I realize," he said, "that bringing these facts to the attention of Time's advertisers will cause some of the unthinking to shout that this is endangering 'freedom of the press.' " But, he added, "To allow a liar to hide behind the cry 'You are endangering freedom of the press' is not only ridiculous, it is dangerous."

To this we can only answer that when a man hides behind the cry "You are a liar" before anyone has accused him of endangering freedom of the press, he must be feeling rather insecure. And when he tries to intimidate a critical publication by seeking to alienate its chief sources of revenue, he is something less than courageous.

Senator McCarthy has set himself up as the final authority on loyalty and Americanism. He insists that his accusations are not to be doubted, and his judgment is not to be questioned. Yet, a few weeks after he wrote his letter to Time's advertisers, he testified in Syracuse, New York, that the Washington Post and the New York (Communist) Daily Worker "parallel each other quite closely in editorials." And when he was asked whether he would consider the Christian Science Monitor a "left-wing smear paper," he replied, "I can't answer yes or no."

Those are the statements of a man who is either woefully unperceptive or wholly irresponsible. And when such a man asks that his wild-swinging attacks be accepted without question, he is, to borrow his own words, not only ridiculous but dangerous.

We are not concerned that, on the basis of this editorial, the senator may now add us to his company of "left-wing smearers," or that he may also warn our advertisers of the danger of supporting another publication which pollutes the waterholes of information. What does concern us is the real danger of Communist infiltration in government, and the fact that this danger is too serious to be obscured and clouded by Senator McCarthy's eccentricities, exaggerations and absurdities.

Your Stake in Bigness

IN THIS WEEK'S ISSUE, Ben Merson's article takes up where David E. Lilienthal left off last month. Mr. Lilienthal's series on Big Business for a Big Country stressed the desirability, value and need of encouraging industrial expansion for the sake of our national safety and economic health. Now, in his article on insurance, Mr. Merson tells in some detail of the major part that America's life-insurance companies play in making that growth and expansion possible.

We imagine that most of Mr. Merson's readers will be surprised to learn that insurance companies are the principal source of money for capital expenditures in this country, and that their investments in the nation's economy are so vast and diverse. We hope that the surprise is a pleasant one. It was for us. And it gave us even greater faith in our system of free enterprise to realize that millions of policyholders are partners in American business, and dollars which they have directly invested in security and protection are indirectly providing much of the lifeblood that nourishes the nation's industrial growth.

Speaking of bigness, America's life-insurance companies are a tremendously big business themselves. Yet they are curbed by their own prudent code of ethics and by state regulations which control enormous financial power without inhibiting their normal and beneficial growth. And they present a pattern and example which, we believe, the makers and enforcers of federal law might study with profit in reconciling some old, unreasoning fears of bigness with the economic facts of present-day life.

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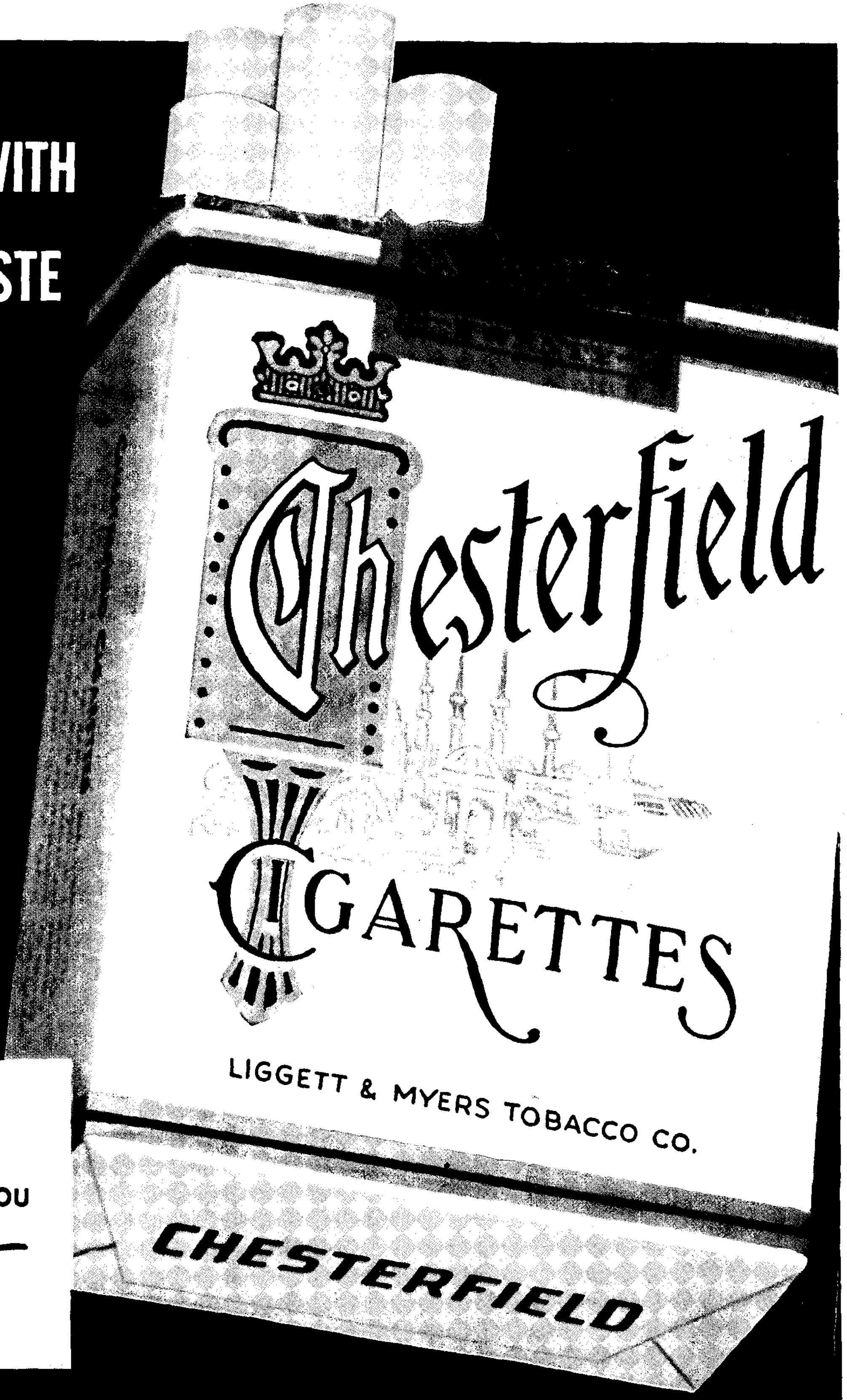

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